THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

THOSE DRUGGIST CASES.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY MADE THE COMPLAINTS.

Judge Hadley Finds the Defendants "Not Guilty" and They Were Discharged.

Thomas Morris and Joseph W. Fitch, who were complained of by Rev. Hugh Montgomery for maintaining a liquor nuisance at Morris' store in Centralville, were tried before Judge Hadley this morning and were discharged.

NAVY YARD LETTER.

What a Weaver Says About the Cause of the Strikers.

LOWELL, March 17th, '93.

Editor of THE SUN.

Dear Sir: I would like the space in your paper to say a few words on the situation at the Navy Yard. We have refrained from saying much on our side of the question. It is generally believed by people in Lowell that a job in the Navy Yard mills is a bonanza. I have worked in mills in all the New England states and the people in the Navy Yard have to work harder and to a greater disadvantage for their money than in any mill in which I have worked.

The spinners have to do more work here than in any other mill in the country; they have to carry all their own roping from the spare floor to their machines, put it up on the racks, strip their spools and carry their empty bobbins, and in one room they have to travel up and down a flight of stairs. *In other mills they have men to do this* for the spinners. The spoolers and winding girls were receiving $1 per day; they were cut 20 per cent., which leave them 80 cents a day. The finishing room girls were getting 75 cents per day are reduced to 66 cents per day. Now, if Mr. Fels or any one else can show me how those young women can live on these wages and lead an honest life I would like them to do so.

The picker house and dye hands have been reduced from $1.10 to 95 cents per day and many of the men have families to support.

The fringers and burlers, who have only been working about one-third time all winter, have been cut down shamefully. Shawls on which they received 12 cents for burling are reduced to 10 cents; those of 30 cents, reduced to 20; those of 35 cents, reduced to 20.

In the weaving department the loom fixers are reduced from $2 per day to $1.10, leaving them the poorest paid men for their work of any in the country. In Providence, R. I., after the reduction loom fixers receive $2.10 per day for sections of 17 looms; $2.15 for 18 looms; $2.20 for 20 looms. The fixers in the Navy Yard have sections of 16 looms at $1.70 per day. At the reduced price they are the poorest paid in the country.

The average pay for weavers on beavers in the Navy Yard for the two weeks ending Feb. 26th, after working 145 hours instead of 116 hours, or 58 hours per week, as the law calls for, was $10.07 per week; on spring cloaking for the same hours the average was $9.36; on the reduced price list the weavers will be paid less than weavers in other places. This I can prove by comparing the price list with the price list paid in other places, and which I am prepared to do when the state board of arbitration puts in an appearance.

If the weavers and spinners accept the cut-down they would be required to work 14 hours per day all summer, or a further reduction would take place. The schedule time for the summer months as made out by Mr. Fels to go into effect April 1st, is start at 6.30 a. m.; 45 minutes for dinner; stop at 6.45 p. m.; half holiday on Saturday. These are nice hours to ask people to work during the heat of the summer days! These facts are given for the benefit of the public, so that they may judge whether we are justified or not in the action we have taken.

JAMES CRYAN.

PERSONAL.

Miss Wilkinson of Providence is the guest of Miss Harriet White of Gates street. Yesterday Miss Wilkinson and Miss White were guests at the Tufts' college assembly.

Miss Lizzie Phillips of Bridge street is seriously ill.

BOWLING NEWS.

The scores at the city league games on Les Miserables alleys last night were very *tame indeed. The winners were the Un*derwriters against the Unknowns, and Pastimes No. 2 against Brousseau's team.

The crowds were large but enthusiasm did not run high as but one 500 score was made, that of Willett, 507. The highest single string in the two matches was Swift's 183. The scores were as follows:

Underwriters—J. B. Swift 491, Edwards 435, Keyes 435, Kerwin 433, Peabody 434; total 2248.

Unknown—Sturtevant, 410, Galer 452, Smith 425, Leigton 436, Hartwell 428; total 2160.

The other match was on the private alleys, which were to have been used by the Bankers vs Boston Bankers. This game fell through on account of the Boston men not showing up.

The Pastimes did not put up big scores neither did their opponents as these scores show:

Pastimes No. 2—Going 396, Reynold's 473, Willett 507, Dearborn 400, Hounsell 402; total, 2178.

Brosseau's—Brosseau 391, Moisan 463, Biscornet 412, Lamoureux 378, Lord 417; total, 2061.

Bid on Bonds Accepted.

The committee on finance met last evening. Nine bids were received for the $100,000 water board loan. The loan was awarded to R. L. Day & Co. of Boston at 106.216. The other bidders were: Third National bank, Boston, 103.55; E. H. Rollins & Sons, 105.815; W. H. Harris & Co., 104.19; Lowell & Co., 105.750; Blodgett, *Merritt & Co., 105.91; Brewster*, Cobb & Ester company, 104.35; Lee, Higginson & Co., 105.395; Blake, 105.07.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

ERIN'S DAY

Lowell Irishmen Honor the Memory of St. Patrick.

HEAVEN SMILES UPON THE FITTING OBSERVANCE.

Immense Congregations in the Catholic Churches.

Today the Celt throws off all care and lives in the glory of Ireland's past and the sanguine hopes of her future. The exiles of Erin wherever they roam on this 17th day of March, the national holiday of Ireland, look around for a sprig of the trefoil that is emblematic of their country. Thousands of residents of this city receive the genuine shamrock from Ireland by mail and revive it by tender care. The day is replete with memories of the past and bright hopes of the future, and well may the Irish exile grow enthusiastic in the hope that one day the flag which now represents but the aspirations of an oppressed people, the hopes of a nation yearning to be free, will yet float proudly over an Irish parliament in College Green, and be truly the flag of a nation rather than the emblem of her hope.

Today the sons of Erin may well rejoice in the prospect that

Yet on her shores shall Young Liberty rally
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west shall yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

A Fine Parade.

At 8.30 o'clock the Young Catholic cadets headed by St. Patrick's Cadet band formed at the school hall on Suffolk street and marched down Market to Prescott street where the Hibernian Knights in full uniform and under command of John A. O'Hearn, Div. S, A. O. H., and delegates of Divisions 1, 2, 11 and 28 A. O. H., were received. The line of march was then taken up to city hall. The sidewalks on *both sides of Merrimack street were* crowded with people. St. Patrick's band wore their new uniforms, and their playing called forth many complimentary remarks. The American flag was carried at the head of the column and by its side waved the green flag of Ireland. The cadets in their uniforms of blue and white, and carrying imitation rifles marched well and looked neat.

At the city hall the city government were received. Mayor Pickman and City Messenger Cahill headed the line of local statesmen. They were followed by Aldermen S. J. Johnson, C. R. Johnson and Dickinson, Supt. Whitcomb, President Sparks of the common council, Councilmen O'Connell, Robinson, Ryan, O'Connor, Gormley, Barclay, Noble, Lebarge, Roarke and Collins, and Assessor John P. Mahoney.

The city officials were assigned places in line and the column moved up Merrimack to Suffolk, to St. Patrick's church.

At the church yard the paraders were received by a detachment of cadets and the members of St. Patrick's Temperance society and the Holy Name society.

St. Patrick's Church.

As the procession filed into the church, the Cadets stood at "present arms". Mayor Pickman and the city officials occupied the seats nearest the altar. The church was crowded to the doors, just as it is every St. Patrick's day. The pupils of Notr Dame and the parochial school were as signed seats in the transcepts.

City Clerk Dowd, E. F. Slattery, of the *public reading room, T. P. Sullivan, of the* auditor's office, and Clerk Wm. Reardon of the assessors' office, were present at the services.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the procession of acolytes, altar boys and priests filed from the vestry to the sanctuary, and the celebration of the solemn high mass commenced. Rev. John. J. Shaw of Chelmsford was celebrant, Rev. John J. Gilday of Woburn, deacon, and Rev. Richard S. Burke, sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Leonard was master of ceremonies.

Within the sanctuary sat the esteemed pastor, Rev. Michael O'Brien.

The choir was directed by Mr. E. F. Faulkner and rendered Hayden's 2nd mass. At the offertory, "Hibernia's Champion Saint" was sung, the solo parts being sustained by Miss Finn and Mr. C. F. Calnin. The hymn to St. Patrick, "Hail, Glorious Apostle," was rendered with great volume, at the conclusion of the mass. The soloists were Miss Finn, Miss Dunn, Miss Mack, Miss Faulkner, Miss Long and Mr. Calnin.

The panegyric, delivered by Rev. Fr. Gleason, was a masterly effort. He reviewed the life of Ireland's patron saint, and his discourse commanded the closest attention.

Immaculate Conception Church.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint was observed at the Immaculate Conception church with a solemn high mass at nine o'clock, at which Rev. Fr. Smith, O. M. I., was celebrant; Rev. Fr. Dacey, O. M. I., deacon; Rev. Fr. Burns, O. M. I., sub-deacon, and Mr. McQuade master of ceremonies. The sermon, an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick, was delivered by Rev. Fr. Joyce, O. M. I. The music by the choir was particularly fine, and was sung under the direction of Prof. Haggerty, Mrs. Haggerty presiding at the organ. The soloists were Mrs. Williams, Miss Ware, and Messrs. Murphy, McCaffrey and Martin. The attendance was large.

St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's church was crowded this morning when a solemn high mass was celebrated at nine o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. McKenna, assisted by Rev. Fr. McManus, deacon, and Rev. Fr. McDonough, sub-deacon. The choir under the direction of T. F. Molloy rendered *Weiner's mass. At the offertory*, Mr. Molloy rendered the beautiful hymn, "Hibernian's Champion Saint" with fine effect. At the conclusion of the mass "Hail Glorious Apostle" was rendered by the full choir, the solos being sustained by Misses McLaughlin, Hinchey and Lee.

Sacred Heart Church.

High mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock, the panegyric on St. Patrick being delivered by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I. The choir, directed by Miss Adelaide Sullivan, rendered appropriate music in addition to that of the mass.

City Treasurer Resigns.

City Treasurer Chadwick has his resignation already written out. It is addressed to the mayor, board of aldermen and common council, and will probably be presented to Mayor Pickman today.

Fifteen Cents

Buys a jumbo cup and saucer, handsomely decorated, regular price 25c, or given with a pound of tea. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

LAWYERS AT VARIANCE.

MR. COWLEY HAS HIS INNINGS AT HIGH COURT.

Moved That Brethren-at-the-Bar be Committed to Jail for Contempt—Arguments Pro and Con Heard by Judge Sheldon.

The case of Cheney vs. Cheney was resumed in the Superior court civil session yesterday. Timothy D. Kendall a former bookkeeper for the defendant identified several entries. At the noon adjournment the case was put over until Monday, and in the afternoon motions were heard.

The first concerned Waltham parties.

Then Dr. Thompson of Moxie fame, appeared for himself in the case of Moxie Nerve Food Co. vs. George P. Walker for damages for alleged infringement of trade mark. He said that he made a motion and Judge Dunbar sustained it, that the defendant should answer some questions asked by him. Out of 67 queries Walker answered about a dozen. No action was taken and Dr. Thompson was allowed to file an amended declaration.

Cowley-Donahue.

Then Lawyer Cowley started in with his motions. His first was that the case he had pending, entitled Cowley vs. Donahue, adm., be delayed because of the slanderous and malicious publication "procured by D. J. Donahue, the defendant, in a morning paper and its annex, of a report of a trial of a similar case, Cowley vs. Donahue, before Referee Atwood." He gave the court some clippings from the papers in question. This motion was overruled because Mr. Donahue proved that Mr. Cowley entered the case for trial after reading said articles.

Lawyer Cowley then made a motion that D. J. Donahue, B. D. O'Connell and John R. Martin, "journalist," be committed for contempt. He charged Mr. Donahue with aiding and procuring an alleged scandalous publication. Judge Sheldon will consider the motion.

The next motion he made was to have B. D. O'Connell committed to the common jail for contempt in refusing to comply with an order of Judge Dunbar ordering O'Connell to pay counsel fees and alimony to his wife pending her application for divorce. Mr. O'Connell testified that he was unable to pay as he had been sick and this *together with the distress caused by his* domestic troubles had divorced him from proper attention to his business. He testified further that he had no money to pay his alimony. It seems however that Mr. O'Connell has paid his wife $100 since the time she entered the suit. Mr. O'Connell was granted an indulgence of time. Judge Sheldon extending the limit, so the motion for his committal will fail if the counsel fees, alimony and arrears are paid within thirty days.

THE OWNER'S STORY.

How the Merrimack Woolen Mill's Strike Affects Mr. Bachman's Pocketbook.

There is some speculation as to whether the Merrimack Woolen mill operatives will go into work, Monday. Solomon Bachman has sent to the operatives a letter which in substance is as follows:

"Six months ago it was under consideration to make a reduction in wages at my mill for the simple reason that I had to sell the goods manufactured at a loss from what they cost. After consulting with my people at the mill they were against a reduction in wages, but preferred to run the mill eleven hours, which would bring the cost down somewhat, even if goods had to be sold temporarily at a loss. I determined to abide by their judgment and the mill has been run. A good many goods have been produced since that time, and after offering these goods to the market we find that we are undersold by our competitors, who reduced wages six months ago, and we *are still obliged* to sell ours at a loss on what they cost to produce. Now, I want to know if any of those employed by us will run a mill when they see beforehand that they must sell their productions at a loss, unless they can reduce the cost of such goods? It was my intention to run the mill to its full capacity and take the risk of further loss, but I find that my employes do not take in the situation, and are guided by a few inconsiderate leaders. The mill has run since 1877 without any of the operatives being necessarily out of work, and I think their present condition is unreasonable. I am ready to keep the mill closed for an indefinite period. If they can show that they can earn more wages elsewhere let them do so. I am ready to employ them at the terms made by my agent, Mr. Fels, even if I have to sell the goods at cost. I am ready to show by my books that my statements are correct. I write this to show that Mr. Fels is justified in the course he has taken."

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles L. Rogers is on a trip to New York and Norfolk.

The Daughters of Liberty and the O. U. A. M. have presented Joseph W. Stiles, Jr., with a tool chest.

Mrs. Dudley, Miss Abbey Smith, Miss Montplaisir and Miss Braim of the Bon Marche have returned from New York.

Dudley Foster, who is 80 years old and at present is town clerk and treasurer of Billerica, is a candidate for reelection.

A break occurred at Lyon's store on Agawam street, early this week, and 100 pounds of tobacco, 40 or 50 pounds of sugar and other articles were stolen.

Mr. E. P. Sanborn of Royal street entertained the Dirigo Whist club at his home, Thursday evening. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. E. F. Smith and Mrs. Gilman, Mr. E. P. Sanborn won the gentle*man's prize and the consolation prize went* to Miss M. L. Shirley.

Next week will be holy week to be brought to a close by the glorious Easter. The custom of giving Easter cards and booklets is a charming one. Lawler, the fashionable stationer, has an especially fine line of both, as well as prayer books and hymnals. 79 Merrimack and 15 John streets.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Patrick Shea took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon from his late home, 7 Clark street, and was very largely attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Chambre gives the closing Lenten lecture tomorrow night, subject, "Laud, archbishop and martyr."

Rev. G. H. Johnson preaches a sermon appropriate to Palm Sunday tomorrow.

DEATHS.

Mr. John R. Churchill of Chelmsford, formerly of Lowell, died at the home of Elbridge G. Nichols yesterday, aged 77 years. He leaves two sons, Ludlow D., of this city, and Dr. Churchill of New York, and a daughter, Mrs. Manning of Andover. Prayers at the house tomorrow at 2 p. m. The late Mrs. C. R. Johnson was a daughter of the deceased.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

REV. DR. DANA

His Letter of Resignation Was Considered.

KIRK STREET CHURCH ACCEPTED IT BY BALLOT.

Margin Was Close After Interesting Debate.

The Kirk street church held its regular weekly meeting for prayer and praise service last night. The attendance was undoubtedly the largest for five years. The reason was that the church was called upon to take action on the letter of resignation of Rev. Dr. Dana, the pastor.

The devotional exercises were brief, the pastor conducting them. Afterwards he said it was not possible for him to act as moderator. He first read the following statement:

"I am glad to say that I had an interview this morning with Messrs. Pickering, Thompson and Adams, which was pervaded by a kind and conciliatory spirit and accomplished what no formal or official meeting could have effected. At this interview such explanations were made to me and such misstatements corrected as modified the appearance of unfriendliness or bitterness that seemed to be apparent heretofore, so that the action of the society's meeting appeared to me in a somewhat altered light. The facts this interview brought out were made known to me the first time yesterday by Mr. Pickering and repeated this morning, and they have so far altered the situation as to lift a great burden from my heart and to bring light where hitherto there has been only darkness. These facts were: (1.) That my proposition made to Messrs. Thompson and Pickering, Jan. 15, in the former's office was reported to the committee on appropriations at the annual society meeting, Jan. 16.; (2.) was not reported to the general meeting because Mr. Pickering did not feel like having the pastor of the Kirk street church put his hands in his own pocket and pay a deficit in its current expenses.

And now while the facts stated in my letter of resignation before you tonight remain unchanged this interview disclosed a more considerate and generous feeling towards me that has not been without effect on both mind and health.

On nomination Mr. George W. Bachelder became moderator, and took the chair and the pastor returned to a rear seat. The records of the last meeting were read.

Mr. Adams' Appeal.

The first motion made was by Mr. Charles E. Adams, and it was "that we, as *members of the Kirk street church decline* to accept the resignation of Rev. Dr. M. G. Dana as pastor of the church.

In support of his motion he said: We, as members of Kirk street church, have a duty to perform exceeding in importance any ever placed before the church, for upon our action depends the future welfare of the pastor and the efficiency as well as the usefulness of the religious society over which he now presides.

Although the matter before us concerns particularly the members of Kirk street church and society, yet in its consideration, it is gratifying to know that the manly course Rev. Dr. Dana has pursued relative to questions of a public nature, has won the admiration and respect of the citizens of Lowell, irrespective of creed, and that there seems to be a well defined sentiment throughout the city that this community should not be deprived of his valuable services.

We know no reason why we should accept his resignation, but on the contrary, firmly believe that we should decline to accept, and further testify to our friendly feeling toward him by resolutions similar to those passed and recorded to the church roll-call meeting a short time since.

Rev. Dr. Dana was called to this church in 1888. As a scholar, preacher and pastor, his reputation ranked among the highest, and we were congratulated in being able to secure the services of one so well fitted to continue the work of his predecessors.

I believe that he has, so far as possible, fulfilled his part, and it now remains for us to indicate by our action, that we appreciate his efforts to retain Kirk street church in the position she has always maintained.

I appeal to you, as a member of Kirk street church desiring only her best interest. I appeal to you as a citizen of Lowell, desiring to retain in my native city, one who has proved himself firm in the advancement of her moral and business welfare. I ask you to vote not to accept his resignation.

The motion was heartily seconded by Henry M. Southworth, who said he hoped the resignation would not be accepted.

A Lively Discussion.

Mr. Samuel Sewell offered an amendment that the question be decided by ballot. J. Edward Gibson seconded the amendment.

Mr. Adams said the amendment was something unusual he thought, upon the part of a church organization where it is *not provided in the rules for a ballot*. He did not believe such a thing had occurred in 35 years at Kirk Street church. He did not believe in allowing it to be said that the church had sanctioned a secret ballot when a majority of the members had expressed themselves repeatedly as friendly to the pastor.

Deacon Philetus Burnham believed the vote a delicate matter, and many would not care to be placed in a position where their action might be seen.

W. W. Johnson wanted each person to write his or her name on the ballot. Deacon Burnham said the question at issue was not of the pastor or people, but of the church.

The chairman stated that the Congregational custom of voting was by show of hands. After further discussion it was voted to ballot, 47 to 18.

A long discussion followed on the question at issue, for the motion of Mr. Adams seemed misleading. As the result of a breezy discussion, in which several members became confused, the chair ruled that "yes" meant that the pastor should keep the pastor, and "no," let him go.

Against the Pastor.

The ballot resulted in 76 nos and 63 yes, and the chairman said the church had voted to accept the resignation of the pastor.

Then Dr. Dana rose and read a second statement, in which he quite sharply called to account and rebuked the alleged mischief makers of the church who had been making inquiries as to whether or not he preached in Brooklyn, the first Sunday of this month. He said people had telephoned and telegraphed the Brooklyn Eagle to ascertain if he had preached in that city and how his sermon had been received, they had haunted the railroad depot, talked with trainmen and in other ways showed their inquisitiveness.

He said he had preached in Brooklyn and paid his own expenses.

The doctor left the meeting with the request that a committee be appointed to act with the pastor in dismissal. Charles E. Adams, Dr. S. L. Ward and Jacob Rogers were chosen. The meeting closed with prayer and benediction.

STANLEY'S BIG BREWERY.

FIRE SWEEPS IT OUT OF EXISTENCE EARLY TODAY.

General Alarm in Lawrence and the Loss Was $125,000—Origin of the Fire Unknown—An English Syndicate Had Control of the Plant.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. Shortly before 2 o'clock, while the night gang of workmen was engaged in rushing out a supply of bock beer, fire was discovered around a new boiler which had recently been put into the establishment.

An alarm was rung in at 1.55 a. m., and six minutes later a general alarm was sounded.

The flames spread rapidly, and before the engines could arrive the whole structure was involved.

The main building was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $125,000, covered by insurance for the same amount.

The structure was four stories high, and extended along Oxford street about 200 feet, with a depth of 75 feet. The fire consumed everything on the premises except the small outbuildings.

The brewery was owned by the New England Brewery company, the principal stockholders in which are the English syndicate which some time ago purchased a number of similar establishments in this section.

The brewery manufactured and sold large quantities of ale and beer, and employed a considerable force of workmen.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

Entries for Whist Tourney.

The following teams have entered in the whist tournament which commenced at L'Association Catholique last Wednesday evening: Charles Giroux and Adelarde Guimond, Emil Prevost and O. Page, A. A. Pelletier and J. T. Fontaine, E. Lanoue and E. Trepanier, W. Barrette and J. Choquette, J. Fortier and A. Lefebere, W. Cadorette and A. Lebrun, J. B. Ledoux and T. Caron, J. Delorme and F. J. Bousquet, Fred Eno and L. Flamand, J. L'Heureaux and P. L. Benault, S. Rock and Amode Guimond, F. Rock and N. Denault, A. Choquette and unknown, Mr. Tremblay and J. Cote. Each team will play 14 games and the team scoring the greatest number of points will be awarded the prizes. Considerable interest is manifested in the games and lots of amusement *is furnished those who watch the games* each evening.

Once Arrested Here.

Charles C. Hildreth is under arrest in Boston for obtaining money under false pretences from Charles J. Todd of Walpole. Hildreth is the same man who served six months at Cambridge for swindling Cyrus Wexford of this city out of $75.

GOV. WAITE

Will Submit to Supreme Court Ruling.

THE CITY OFFICES ARE AGAIN OPENED.

Interesting Questions for the President's Decision.

DENVER, March 17.—Notwithstanding all the warlike preparations, the controversy between Governor Waite and the old police board will be settled peacefully and that by the supreme court. The governor considered a proposition submitted to him by Attorneys Steves, Hartzell, Rogers and Ward to ask the supreme court to decide who are the legal police commissioners. The court can compel the attorneys for the old board to appear and argue the question, and, under the circumstances, will undoubtedly consent to take up the case at once.

During the day the militia guard at Douglass place, where Governor Waite resides, was recalled to the armory, and for the first time since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the building was left unprotected. Shortly afterward the governor left for the executive chamber, but refused to discuss the situation further than to say that he would like a consultation with General McCook, U. S. A.

The conference lasted but a short time, and it is understood was exceedingly peppery, the governor being angry because General McCook refused to aid the governor in his purpose to seat the new commissioners, but confined himself to dis*persing the crowd and maintaining the* peace.

At the termination of the interview the governor sent General McCook a letter, which was taken by the public as an evidence that the governor was weakening and would accept any reasonable proposition to compromise that might be offered him.

General McCook did not answer Governor Waite's letter and will take no further action until he hears from Washington. General McCook declares that Governor Waite in his letter makes several erroneous statements, one of which is that he stated for what purpose he desired the government troops. General McCook says Governor Waite did not specify for what purpose they were wanted.

Judge Graham, who issued the injunction against Governor Waite and his new police board restraining them from interfering with the old members, and which caused all the disgraceful proceedings of the last few days, said: "I shall take no action on the application made to me for a writ of attachment for Governor Waite for contempt unless there is a new display of force at the city hall or somebody is hurt, or some other important change in the present status of things occurs. The situation does not call for action on my part."

Fire and Police Commissioners Orr and Martin, over whose office the fight is being made, were at their offices yesterday, but *no efforts were made to do business.* Judge Orr looked upon the governor's actions as a bluff, and having failed in its purpose did not anticipate any further demonstration of a hostile or threatening nature. Mr. Martin indicated that he was of the same opinion. All of the city offices were opened for business, but there was little going on.

Problem For the President.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The president has another grave question before him, involving the propriety of using United States troops in the dispute between Governor Waite and the Denver police authorities. The matter was brought to the attention of the president by Secretary Lamont, who had received a telegraphic report from General McCook, commanding the United States forces in Colorado.

The general reports that Governor Waite stated to him that he has called out the militia in Denver to enforce the laws of the state, and that he found an organized opposition composed of the city police and detectives forces and the sheriff's people. The governor says he can enforce the law, but not without great bloodshed, and therefore as governor of the state calls on General McCook to assist him in preserving order and preventing bloodshed.

General McCook, in his dispatch to Washington, adds that in pursuance of this demand he has ordered the United States troops from Fort Logan to go at once to Denver for the sole purpose of preserving the peace, under paragraph 585, army regulations. General McCook says he considers a crisis imminent, as this is insurrection and riot against the executive authority of the state of Colorado. The troops, he says, will be directed to act with great discretion, and he will see that the laws of the land are not violated.

General McCook's report created a stir in the war department, for the authorities there have always deprecated the use of the army in public disturbances. There are questions of doubtful [illegible] at issue. General McCook has acted to the extent of bringing his troops to the scene of the difficulty. It is now for the president to say whether his action shall be approved.

If approved, the troops will at once be returned to Fort Logan, while if the action so far is approved General McCook will continue to preserve the peace as long as he finds it necessary. It is evident that under the statutes he has large discretion as to how far he may co-operate with Governor Waite.

Manderson Was Absent.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The meeting of the printing committee to pursue the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the contract for printing The Patent Office Gazette was postponed, owing to the absence of Senator Manderson.

Our Store Will Be Open Friday Nights Until Further Notice.

The hat manufacturer who makes hats for half the swell retail hatters of New York, makes for us also.

The New York retailer has the name in the hat and charges $5 for it. We sell the same Derby—without the name for $3. It's worth $2 for you to know this.

Same shapes in Black and Brown Derbys, of less costly materials, $1.69 and $2. Good Silk Hats, $5.

Very swell patterns in fancy shirts to be worn with white collars: Scotch Reps, English Oxfords and Madras Cloths. New neck fixings, such as should go with these shirts.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

FAST DAY ABOLISHED.

APRIL 19 WILL HENCEFORTH BE A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

Bill Passed the Enactment Stage in the Senate Yesterday Afternoon Without Opposition—Gov. Greenhalge Immediately Signed It With an Eagle's Quill.

Fast day is abolished.

The bill to abolish the day and substitute April 19 as a legal holiday was enacted in the senate just before adjournment yesterday afternoon. Senator Buckley of Holyoke had risen to make a motion to adjourn, when President Butler asked him to give way for a moment, as there was an important bill which he wished to put through the enactment stage.

The president then read the title of the Fast day bill, and it was passed to be enacted without dissent.

Executive Clerk Hamlin was waiting in the senate to take the bill to the governor for his signature.

Gov. Greenhalge signed the bill with an eagle's quill, furnished for the purpose by the Lexington Historical society. The quill will be returned to the society and placed on exhibition in its rooms.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART.

A Strol Into a Studio Reveals Some New Ideas in Photography.

The elevator boy pulled the rope and in a few seconds I was landed on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building. With the curiosity of a reporter, finding the door of the photographer's studio opened, I stepped in to see if I could learn anything about the photographer's art. Inside I met Mr. W. J. Freeman, a gentleman with a very pleasing manner who, after knowing my business was pleased to show me the latest novelties of the camera. Mr. Freeman has bought the studio formerly occupied by W. H. Allen and judging from the samples of his work he is an artist of no mean ability. Mr. Freeman was formerly connected with Glines, one of the leading photographers of Boston, and originator of the famous "crayonette."

Among the newest thingsin photography is photographing on silk handkerchiefs.

Mr. Freeman showed samples of his work on silk, which he claims can be washed without injuring the photograph. The cabinette which he is making for $2.00 a dozen, is quite an idea; it is a trifle smaller than the old style cabinet and is gaining in popular favor. He has a nice selection of enameled cabinets, Paris panels, diamonds, minuettes, pastels, [illegible]tings and crayon work.

[illegible]eman invites all the ladies to [illegible] his studio and see his fine work.

[illegible] elevator boy to let you off on the [illegible] floor of the Hildreth building, at Freeman's, the photographer.

The Best Known Man in Town.

Is there any one in town who does not know Bob Adams? He's the king butcher, and can handle a cleaver and knife with the best men in the country. Not only can he cut up beef but he slaughters prices in such a taking way that the people all catch on and trade at his store. He is now in the White Meat market, corner of John and Lee streets. His competitors growl but Bob smiles and is happy. Some day he will be popular enough on his reputation for cutting steaks to run for mayor. Call tonight and get your Sunday dinner.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

--- TODAY ---

We open our usual beautiful and artistic line of

Easter Cards and Easter Booklets.

Appropriate also to the occasion you will find a full line of Episcopal and Catholic Prayer Books and Hymnals—new editions. Beautiful pictures mounted on glass at greatly reduced prices. All the new things in fine stationery. Books at Boston discounts.

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THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXII. NO. 15. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

THOSE DRUGGIST CASES.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY MADE THE COMPLAINTS.

Judge Hadley Finds the Defendants "Not Guilty" and They Were Discharged.

Thomas Morris and Joseph W. Fitch, who were complained of by Rev. Hugh Montgomery for maintaining a liquor nuisance at Morris' store in Centralville, were tried before Judge Hadley this morning and were discharged.

NAVY YARD LETTER.

What a Weaver Says About the Cause of the Strikers.

LOWELL, March 17th, '93.

Editor of THE SUN.

Dear Sir: I would like the space in your paper to say a few words on the situation at the Navy Yard. We have refrained from saying much on our side of the question. It is generally believed by people in Lowell that a job in the Navy Yard mills is a bonanza. I have worked in mills in all the New England states and the people in the Navy Yard have to work harder and to a greater disadvantage for their money than in any mill in which I have worked.

The spinners have to do more work here than in any other mill in the country; they have to carry all their own roping from the spare floor to their machines, put it up on the racks, strip their spools and carry their empty bobbins, and in one room they have to travel up and down a flight of stairs.

In other mills they have men to do this for the spinners. The spoolers and winding girls were receiving $1 per day; they were cut 20 per cent., which leave them 80 cents a day. The finishing room girls were getting 75 cents per day are reduced to 06 cents per day. Now, if Mr. Fels or any one else can show me how those young women can live on these wages and lead an honest life I would like them to do so.

The picker house and dye hands have been reduced from $1.10 to 95 cents per day and many of the men have families to support.

The fringers and burlers, who have only been working about one-third time all winter, have been cut down shamefully. Shawls on which they received 12 cents for burling are reduced to 10 cents; those of 90 cents, reduced to 20; those of 35 cents, reduced to 20.

In the weaving department the loom fixers are reduced from $2 per day to $1.70, leaving them the poorest paid men for their work of any in the country. In Providence, R. I., after the reduction loom fixers receive $2.10 per day for sections of 17 looms; $2.15 for 18 looms; $2.20 for 20 looms. The fixers in the Navy Yard have sections of 10 looms at $1.70 per day. At the reduced price they are the poorest paid in the country.

The average pay for weavers on beavers in the Navy Yard for the two weeks ending Feb. 26th, after working 145 hours instead of 110 hours, or 58 hours per week, as the law calls for, was $10.07 per week; on spring cloaking for the same hours the average was $9.36; on the reduced price list the weavers will be paid less than weavers in other places. This I can prove by comparing the price list with the price list paid in other places, and which I am prepared to do when the state board of arbitration puts in an appearance.

If the weavers and spinners accept the cut-down they would be required to work 14 hours per day all summer, or a further reduction would take place. The schedule time for the summer months as made out by Mr. Fels to go into effect April 1st, is start at 6.30 a. m.; 45 minutes for dinner; stop at 6.45 p. m.; half holiday on Saturday. These are nice hours to ask people to work during the heat of the summer days! These facts are given for the benefit of the public, so that they may judge whether we are justified or not in the action we have taken.

JAMES CRYAN.

PERSONAL.

Miss Wilkinson of Providence is the guest of Miss Harriet White of Gates street. Yesterday Miss Wilkinson and Miss White were guests at the Tufts' college assembly.

Miss Lizzie Phillips of Bridge street is seriously ill.

BOWLING NEWS.

The scores at the city league games on Les Miserables alleys last night were very tame indeed. The winners were the Underwriters against the Unknowns, and Pastimes No. 2 against Brousseau's team.

The crowds were large but enthusiasm did not run high as but one 500 score was made, that of Willett, 507. The highest single string in the two matches was Swift's 183. The scores were as follows:

Underwriters—J. B. Swift 491, Edwards 446, Keyes 435, Kerwin 433, Peabody 434; total 2218.

Unknown—Sturtevant, 419, Galer 452, Smith 425, Leigton 430, Hartwell 428; total 2160.

The other match was on the private alleys, which were to have been used by the Bankers vs Boston Bankers. This game fell through on account of the Boston men not showing up.

The Pastimes did not put up big scores neither did their opponents as these scores show:

Pastimes No. 2—Going 399, Reynold's 473, Willett 507, Dearborn 400, Hounsell 402; total, 2178.

Brosseau's—Brosseau 391, Moisan 463, Biscornet 412, Lamoureux 378, Lord 417; total, 2061.

Bid on Bonds Accepted.

The committee on finance met last evening. Nine bids were received for the $100,000 water board loan. The loan was awarded to R. L. Day & Co. of Boston at 106.216. The other bidders were: Third National bank, Boston, 103.55; E. H. Rollins & Sons, 105.815; W. H. Harris & Co., 104.19; Lowell & Co., 105.760; Blodgett, Merrill & Co., 105.91; Brewster, Cobb & Estes company, 104.35; Lee, Higginson & Co., 105.395; Blake, 105.07.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

ERIN'S DAY

Lowell Irishmen Honor the Memory of St. Patrick.

HEAVEN SMILES UPON THE FITTING OBSERVANCE.

Immense Congregations in the Catholic Churches.

Today the Celt throws off all care and lives in the glory of Ireland's past and the sanguine hopes of her future. The exiles of Erin wherever they roam on this 17th day of March, the national holiday of Ireland, look around for a sprig of the trefoil that is emblematic of their country. Thousands of residents of this city receive the genuine shamrock from Ireland by mail and revive it by tender care. The day is replete with memories of the past and bright hopes of the future, and well may the Irish exile grow enthusiastic in the hope that one day the flag which now represents but the aspirations of an oppressed people, the hopes of a nation yearning to be free, will yet float proudly over an Irish parliament in College Green, and be truly the flag of a nation rather than the emblem of her hope.

Today the sons of Erin may well rejoice in the prospect that

Yet on her shores shall Young Liberty rally
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west shall yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

A Fine Parade.

At 8.30 o'clock the Young Catholic cadets headed by St. Patrick's Cadet band formed at the school hall on Suffolk street and marched down Market to Prescott street where the Hibernian Knights in full uniform and under command of John A. O'Hearn, Div. 8, A. O. H., and delegates of Divisions 1, 2, 11 and 28 A. O. H., were received. The line of march was then taken up to city hall. The sidewalks on both sides of Merrimack street were crowded with people. St. Patrick's band wore their new uniforms, and their playing called forth many complimentary remarks. The American flag was carried at the head of the column and by its side waved the green flag of Ireland. The cadets in their uniforms of blue and white, and carrying imitation rifles marched well and looked neat.

At the city hall the city government were received. Mayor Pickman and City Messenger Cahill headed the line of local statesmen. They were followed by Aldermen S. J. Johnson, C. R. Johnson and Dickinson, Supt. Whitcomb, President Sparks of the common council, Councilmen O'Connell, Robinson, Ryan, O'Connor, Gormley, Barclay, Noble, Lebarge, Rourke and Collins, and Assessor John P. Mahoney.

The city officials were assigned places in line and the column moved up Merrimack to Suffolk, to St. Patrick's church.

At the church yard the paraders were received by a detachment of cadets and the members of St. Patrick's Temperance society and the Holy Name society.

St. Patrick's Church.

As the procession filed into the church, the Cadets stood at "present arms". Mayor Pickman and the city officials occupied the seats nearest the altar. The church was crowded to the doors, just as it is every St. Patrick's day. The pupils of Notr Dame and the parochial school were assigned seats in the transcepts.

City Clerk Dowd, E. F. Slattery, of the public reading room, T. P. Sullivan, of the auditor's office, and Clerk Wm. Reardon of the assessors' office, were present at the services.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the procession of acolytes, altar boys and priests filed from the vestry to the sanctuary, and the celebration of the solemn high mass commenced. Rev. John. J. Shaw of Chelmsford was celebrant, Rev. John J. Gilday of Woburn, deacon, and Rev. Richard S. Burke, sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Leonard was master of ceremonies.

Within the sanctuary sat the esteemed pastor, Rev. Michael O'Brien.

The choir was directed by Mr. E. F. Faulkner and rendered Hayden's 2nd mass. At the offertory, "Hibernia's Champion Saint" was sung, the solo parts being sustained by Miss Finn and Mr. C. F. Calnin. The hymn to St. Patrick, "Hail, Glorious Apostle," was rendered with great volume, at the conclusion of the mass. The soloists were Miss Finn, Miss Dunn, Miss Mack, Miss Faulkner, Miss Long and Mr. Calnin.

The panegyric, delivered by Rev. Fr. Gleason, was a masterly effort. He reviewed the life of Ireland's patron saint, and his discourse commanded the closest attention.

Immaculate Conception Church.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint was observed at the Immaculate Conception church with a solemn high mass at nine o'clock, at which Rev. Fr. Smith, O. M. I., was celebrant; Rev. Fr. Darcy, O. M. I., deacon; Rev. Fr. Burns, O. M. I., subdeacon, and Mr. McQuade master of ceremonies. The sermon, an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick, was delivered by Rev. Fr. Joyce, O. M. I. The music by the choir was particularly fine, and was sung under the direction of Prof. Huggerty, Mrs. Haggerty presiding at the organ. The soloists were Mrs. Williams, Miss Ware, and Messrs. Murphy, McCaffrey and Martin. The attendance was large.

St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's church was crowded this morning when a solemn high mass was celebrated at nine o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. McKenna, assisted by Rev. Fr. McManus, deacon, and Rev. Fr. McDonough, sub-deacon. The choir under the direction of T. F. Molloy rendered Weiner's mass. At the offertory, Mr. Molloy rendered the beautiful hymn, "Hibernian's Champion Saint" with fine effect. At the conclusion of the mass "Hail Glorious Apostle" was rendered by the full choir, the solos being sustained by Misses McLaughlin, Hinchey and Lee.

Sacred Heart Church.

High mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock, the panegyric on St. Patrick being delivered by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I. The choir, directed by Miss Adelaide Sullivan, rendered appropriate music in addition to that of the mass.

City Treasurer Resigns.

City Treasurer Chadwick has his resignation already written out. It is addressed to the mayor, board of aldermen and common council, and will probably be presented to Mayor Pickman today.

Fifteen Cents

Buys a jumbo cup and saucer, handsomely decorated, regular price 25c, or given with a pound of tea. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

LAWYERS AT VARIANCE.

MR. COWLEY HAS HIS INNINGS AT HIGH COURT.

Moved That Brethren-at-the-Bar be Committed to Jail for Contempt—Arguments Pro and Con Heard by Judge Sheldon.

The case of Cheney vs. Cheney was resumed in the Superior court civil session yesterday. Timothy D. Kendall a former bookkeeper for the defendant identified several entries. At the noon adjournment the case was put over until Monday, and in the afternoon motions were heard.

The first concerned Waltham parties.

Then Dr. Thompson of Moxie fame, appeared for himself in the case of Moxie Nerve Food Co. vs. George P. Walker for damages for alleged infringement of trade mark. He said that he made a motion and Judge Dunbar sustained it, that the defendant should answer some questions asked by him. Out of 67 queries Walker answered about a dozen. No action was taken and Dr. Thompson was allowed to file an amended declaration.

Cowley-Donahue.

Then Lawyer Cowley started in with his motions. His first was that the case he had pending, entitled Cowley vs. Donahue, adm., be delayed because of the slanderous and malicious publication "procured by D. J. Donahue, the defendant, in a morning paper and its annex, of a report of a trial of a similar case, Cowley vs. Donahue, before Referee Atwood." He gave the court some clippings from the papers in question. This motion was overruled because Mr. Donahue proved that Mr. Cowley entered the case for trial after reading said articles.

Lawyer Cowley then made a motion that D. J. Donahue, B. D. O'Connell and John R. Martin, "journallst," be committed for contempt. He charged Mr. Donahue with aiding and procuring an alleged scandalous publication. Judge Sheldon will consider the motion.

The next motion he made was to have B. D. O'Connell committed to the common jail for contempt in refusing to comply with an order of Judge Dunbar ordering O'Connell to pay counsel fees and alimony to his wife pending her application for divorce. Mr. O'Connell testified that he was unable to pay as he had been sick and this together with the distress caused by his domestic troubles had divorced him from proper attention to his business. He testified further that he had no money to pay his alimony. It seems however that Mr. O'Connell has paid his wife $100 since the time she entered the suit. Mr. O'Connell was granted an indulgence of time. Judge Sheldon extending the limit, so the motion for his committal will fail if the counsel fees, alimony and arrears are paid within thirty days.

THE OWNER'S STORY.

How the Merrimack Woolen Mill's Strike Affects Mr. Bachman's Pocketbook.

There is some speculation as to whether the Merrimack Woolen mill operatives will go into work, Monday. Solomon Bachman has sent to the operatives a letter which in substance is as follows:

"Six months ago it was under consideration to make a reduction in wages at my mill for the simple reason that I had to sell the goods manufactured at a loss from what they cost. After consulting with my people at the mill they were against a reduction in wages, but preferred to run the mill eleven hours, which would bring the cost down somewhat, even if goods had to be sold temporarily at a loss. I determined to abide by their judgment and the mill has been run. A good many goods have been produced since that time, and after offering these goods to the market we find that we are undersold by our competitors, who reduced wages six months ago, and we are still obliged to sell ours at a loss on what they cost to produce. Now, I want to know if any of those employed by us will run a mill when they see beforehand that they must sell their productions at a loss, unless they can reduce the cost of such goods? It was my intention to run the mill to its full capacity and take the risk of further loss, but I find that my employes do not take in the situation, and are guided by a few incconsiderate leaders. The mill has run since 1877 without any of the operatives being necessarily out of work, and I think their present condition is unreasonable. I am ready to keep the mill closed for an indefinite period. If they can show that they can earn more wages elsewhere let them do so. I am ready to employ them at the terms made by my agent, Mr. Fels, even if I have to sell the goods at cost. I am ready to show by my books that my statements are correct. I write this to show that Mr. Fels is justified in the course he has taken."

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles L. Rogers is on a trip to New York and Norfolk.

The Daughters of Liberty and the O. U. A. M. have presented Joseph W. Stiles, Jr., with a tool chest.

Mrs. Dudley, Miss Abbey Smith, Miss Montplaisir and Miss Braim of the Bon Marche have returned from New York.

Dudley Foster, who is 80 years old and at present is town clerk and treasurer of Billerica, is a candidate for reelection.

A break occurred at Lyon's store on Agawam street, early this week, and 100 pounds of tobacco, 40 or 50 pounds of sugar and other articles were stolen.

Mr. E. P. Sanborn of Royal street entertained the Dirigo Whist club at his home, Thursday evening. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. E. F. Smith and Mrs. Gilman, Mr. E. P. Sanborn won the gentleman's prize and the consolation prize went to Miss M. L. Shirley.

Next week will be holy week to be brought to a close by the glorious Easter. The custom of giving Easter cards and booklets is a charming one. Lawler, the fashionable stationer, has an especially fine line of both, as well as prayer books and hymnals. 79 Merrimack and 15 John streets.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Patrick Shea took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon from his late home, 7 Clark street, and was very largely attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Chambre gives the closing Lenten lecture tomorrow night, subject, "Laud, archbishop and martyr."

Rev. G. H. Johnson preaches a sermon appropriate to Palm Sunday tomorrow.

DEATHS.

Mr. John R. Churchill of Chelmsford, formerly of Lowell, died at the home of Elbridge G. Nichols yesterday, aged 77 years. He leaves two sons, Ludlow D., of this city, and Dr. Churchill of New York, and a daughter, Mrs. Manning of Andover. Prayers at the house tomorrow at 2 p. m. The late Mrs. C. R. Johnson was a daughter of the deceased.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

REV. DR. DANA

His Letter of Resignation Was Considered.

KIRK STREET CHURCH ACCEPTED IT BY BALLOT.

Margin Was Close After Interesting Debate.

The Kirk street church held its regular weekly meeting for prayer and praise service last night. The attendance was undoubtedly the largest for five years. The reason was that the church was called upon to take action on the letter of resignation of Rev. Dr. Dana, the pastor.

The devotional exercises were brief, the pastor conducting them. Afterwards he said it was not possible for him to act as moderator. He first read the following statement:

"I am glad to say that I had an interview this morning with Messrs. Pickering, Thompson and Adams, which was pervaded by a kind and conciliatory spirit and accomplished what no formal or official meeting could have effected. At this interview such explanations were made to me and such misstatements corrected as modified the appearance of unfriendliness or bitterness that seemed to be apparent heretofore, so that the action of the society's meeting appeared to me in a somewhat altered light. The facts this interview brought out were made known to me the first time yesterday by Mr. Pickering and repeated this morning, and they have so far altered the situation as to lift a great burden from my heart and to bring light where hitherto there has been only darkness. These facts were: (1.) That my proposition made to Messrs. Thompson and Pickering, Jan. 15, in the former's office was reported to the committee on appropriations at the annual society meeting, Jan. 16.; (2.) was not reported to the general meeting because Mr. Pickering did not feel like having the pastor of the Kirk street church put his hands in his own pocket and pay a deficit in its current expenses.

And now while the facts stated in my letter of resignation before you tonight remain unchanged this interview disclosed a more considerate and generous feeling towards me that has not been without effect on both mind and health.

On nomination Mr. George W. Bachelder became moderator, and took the chair and the pastor returned to a rear seat. The records of the last meeting were read.

Mr. Adams' Appeal.

The first motion made was by Mr. Charles E. Adams, and it was "that we, as members of the Kirk street church decline to accept the resignation of Rev. Dr. M. G. Dana as pastor of the church.

In support of his motion he said: We, as members of Kirk street church, have a duty to perform exceeding in importance any ever placed before the church, for upon our action depends the future welfare of the pastor and the efficiency as well as the usefulness of the religious society over which he now presides.

Although the matter before us concerns particularly the members of Kirk street church and society, yet in its consideration, it is gratifying to know that the manly course Rev. Dr. Dana has pursued relative to questions of a public nature, has won the admiration and respect of the citizens of Lowell, irrespective of creed, and that there seems to be a well defined sentiment throughout the city that this community should not be deprived of his valuable services.

We know no reason why we should accept his resignation, but on the contrary, firmly believe that we should decline to accept, and further testify to our friendly feeling toward him by resolutions similar to those passed and recorded to the church roll-call meeting a short time since.

Rev. Dr. Dana was called to this church in 1888. As a scholar, preacher and pastor, his reputation ranked among the highest, and we were congratulated in being able to secure the services of one so well fitted to continue the work of his predecessors.

I believe that he has, so far as possible, fulfilled his part, and it now remains for us to indicate by our action, that we appreciate his efforts to retain Kirk street church in the position she has always maintained.

I appeal to you, as a member of Kirk street church desiring only her best interest. I appeal to you as a citizen of Lowell, desiring to retain in my native city, one who has proved himself firm in the advancement of her moral and business welfare. I ask you to vote not to accept his resignation.

The motion was heartily seconded by Henry M. Southworth, who said he hoped the resignation would not be accepted.

A Lively Discussion.

Mr. Samuel Sewell offered an amendment that the question be decided by ballot. J. Edward Gibson seconded the amendment.

Mr. Adams said the amendment was something unusual he thought, upon the part of a church organization where it is not provided in the rules for a ballot. He did not believe such a thing had occurred in 35 years at Kirk Street church. He did not believe in allowing it to be said that the church had sanctioned a secret ballot when a majority of the members had expressed themselves repeatedly as friendly to the pastor.

Deacon Philetus Burnham believed the vote a delicate matter, and many would not care to be placed in a position where their action might be seen.

W. W. Johnson wanted each person to write his or her name on the ballot. Deacon Burnham said the question at issue was not of the pastor or people, but of the church.

The chairman stated that the Congregational custom of voting was by show of hands. After further discussion it was voted to ballot, 47 to 18.

A long discussion followed on the question at issue, for the motion of Mr. Adams seemed misleading. As the result of a breezy discussion, in which several members became confused, the chair ruled that "yes" meant that the pastor should keep the pastor, and "no," let him go.

Against the Pastor.

The ballot resulted in 70 nos and 63 yes, and the chairman said the church had voted to accept the resignation of the pastor.

Then Dr. Dana rose and read a second statement, in which he quite sharply called to account and rebuked the alleged mischief makers of the church who had been making inquiries as to whether or not he preached in Brooklyn, the first Sunday of this month. He said people had telephoned and telegraphed the Brooklyn Eagle to ascertain if he had preached in that city and how his sermon had been received, they had haunted the railroad depot, talked with trainmen and in other ways showed their inquisitiveness.

He said he had preached in Brooklyn and paid his own expenses.

The doctor left the meeting with the request that a committee be appointed to act with the pastor in dismissal. Charles E. Adams, Dr. S. L. Ward and Jacob Rogers were chosen. The meeting closed with prayer and benediction.

STANLEY'S BIG BREWERY.

FIRE SWEEPS IT OUT OF EXISTENCE EARLY TODAY.

General Alarm in Lawrence and the Loss Was $125,000—Origin of the Fire Unknown—An English Syndicate Had Control of the Plant.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. Shortly before 2 o'clock, while the night gang of workmen was engaged in rushing out a supply of buck beer, fire was discovered around a new boiler which had recently been put into the establishment.

An alarm was rung in at 1.55 a. m., and six minutes later a general alarm was sounded.

The flames spread rapidly, and before the engines could arrive the whole structure was involved.

The main building was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $125,000, covered by insurance for the same amount.

The structure was four stories high, and extended along Oxford street about 200 feet, with a depth of 75 feet. The fire consumed everything on the premises except the small outbuildings.

The brewery was owned by the New England Brewery company, the principal stockholders in which are the English syndicate which some time ago purchased a number of similar establishments in this section.

The brewery manufactured and sold large quantities of ale and beer, and employed a considerable force of workmen.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

Entries for Whist Tourney.

The following teams have entered in the whist tournament which commenced at L'Association Catholique last Wednesday evening: Charles Giroux and Adelarde Guimond, Emil Prevost and O. Page, A. A. Pelletier and J. T. Fontaine, E. Lanoue and E. Trepanier, W. Barrette and J. Choquette, J. Fortier and A. Lefebvre, W. Cadorette and A. Lebrun, J. B. Ledoux and T. Caron, J. Delorme and F. J. Bousquet, Fred Eno and L. Flamand, J. O'Heureaux and P. L. Benault, S. Rock and Amode Guimond, F. Rock and N. Denault, A. Choquette and unknown, Mr. Tremblay and J. Cote. Each team will play 14 games and the team scoring the greatest number of points will be awarded the prizes. Considerable interest is manifested in the games and lots of amusement is furnished those who watch the games each evening.

Once Arrested Here.

Charles C. Hildreth is under arrest in Boston for obtaining money under false pretences from Charles J. Todd of Walpole. Hildreth is the same man who served six months at Cambridge for swindling Cyrus Woxford of this city out of $75.

GOV. WAITE

Will Submit to Supreme Court Ruling.

THE CITY OFFICES ARE AGAIN OPENED.

Interesting Questions for the President's Decision.

DENVER, March 17.—Notwithstanding all the warlike preparations, the controversy between Governor Waite and the old police board will be settled peacefully and that by the supreme court. The governor considered a proposition submitted to him by Attorneys Steves, Hartzell, Rogers and Ward to ask the supreme court to decide who are the legal police commissioners. The court can compel the attorneys for the old board to appear and argue the question, and, under the circumstances, will undoubtedly consent to take up the case at once.

During the day the militia guard at Douglass place, where Governor Waite resides, was recalled to the armory, and for the first time since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the building was left unprotected. Shortly afterward the governor left for the executive chamber, but refused to discuss the situation further than to say that he would like a consultation with General McCook, U. S. A.

The conference lasted but a short time, and it is understood was exceedingly peppery, the governor being angry because General McCook refused to aid the governor in his purpose to seat the new commissioners, but confined himself to dispersing the crowd and maintaining the peace.

At the termination of the interview the governor sent General McCook a letter, which was taken by the public as an evidence that the governor was weakening and would accept any reasonable proposition to compromise that might be offered him.

General McCook did not answer Governor Waite's letter and will take no further action until he hears from Washington. General McCook declares that Governor White in his letter makes several erroneous statements, one of which is that he stated for what purpose he desired the government troops. General McCook says Governor Waite did not specify for what purpose they were wanted.

Judge Graham, who issued the injunction against Governor Waite and his new police board restraining them from interfering with the old members, and which caused all the disgraceful proceedings of the last few days, said: "I shall take no action on the application made to me for a writ of attachment for Governor Waite for contempt unless there is a new display of force at the city hall or somebody is hurt, or some other important change in the present status of things occurs. The situation does not call for action on my part."

Fire and Police Commissioners Orr and Martin, over whose office the fight is being made, were at their offices yesterday, but no efforts were made to do business. Judge Orr looked upon the governor's actions as a bluff, and having failed in his purpose did not anticipate any further demonstration of a hostile or threatening nature. Mr. Martin indicated that he was of the same opinion. All of the city offices were opened for business, but there was little going on.

Problem For the President.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The president has another grave question before him, involving the propriety of using United States troops in the dispute between Governor Waite and the Denver police authorities. The matter was brought to the attention of the president by Secretary Lamont, who had received a telegraphic report from General McCook, commanding the United States forces in Colorado.

The general reports that Governor Waite stated to him that he has called out the militia in Denver to enforce the laws of the state, and that he found an organized opposition composed of the city police and detectives forces and the sheriff's people. The governor says he can enforce the law, but not without great bloodshed, and therefore as governor of the state calls on General McCook to assist him in preserving order and preventing bloodshed.

General McCook, in his dispatch to Washington, adds that in pursuance of this demand he has ordered the United States troops from Fort Logan to go at once to Denver for the sole purpose of preserving the peace, under paragraph 585, army regulations. General McCook says he considers a crisis imminent, as this is insurrection and riot against the executive authority of the state of Colorado. The troops, he says, will be directed to act with great discretion, and he will see that the laws of the land are not violated.

General McCook's report created a stir in the war department, for the authorities there have always deprecated the use of the army in public disturbances [illegible] there are questions of doubtful [illegible] at issue. General McCook has acted [illegible] the extent of bringing his troops to the scene of the difficulty. It is now for the president to say whether his action shall be approved.

If approved, the troops will at once be returned to Fort Logan, while if the action so far is approved General McCook will continue to preserve the peace as long as he finds it necessary. It is evident that under the statutes he has large discretion as to how far he may co-operate with Governor Waite.

Manderson Was Absent.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The meeting of the printing committee to pursue the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the contract for printing The Patent Office Gazette was postponed, owing to the absence of Senator Manderson.

Our Store Will Be Open Friday Nights Until Further Notice.

The hat manufacturer who makes hats for half the swell retail hatters of New York, makes for us also.

The New York retailer has the name in the hat and charges $5 for it. We sell the same Derby—without the name for $3. It's worth $2 for you to know this.

Same shapes in Black and Brown Derbys, of less costly materials, $1.59 and $2. Good Silk Hats, $5.

Very swell patterns in fancy shirts to be worn with white collars: Scotch Reps, English Oxfords and Madras Cloths. New neck fixings, such as should go with these shirts.

—o—

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

FAST DAY ABOLISHED.

APRIL 19 WILL HENCEFORTH BE A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

Bill Passed the Enactment Stage in the Senate Yesterday Afternoon Without Opposition—Gov. Greenhalge Immediately Signed It With an Eagle's Quill.

Fast day is abolished.

The bill to abolish the day and substitute April 19 as a legal holiday was enacted in the senate just before adjournment yesterday afternoon. Senator Buckley of Holyoke had risen to make a motion to adjourn, when President Butler asked him to give way for a moment, as there was an important bill which he wished to put through the enactment stage.

The president then read the title of the Fast day bill, and it was passed to be enacted without dissent.

Executive Clerk Hamlin was waiting in the senate to take the bill to the governor for his signature.

Gov. Greenhalge signed the bill with an eagle's quill, furnished for the purpose by the Lexington Historical society. The quill will be returned to the society and placed on exhibition in its rooms.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART.

A Stroll Into a Studio Reveals Some New Ideas in Photography.

The elevator boy pulled the rope and in a few seconds I was landed on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building. With the curiosity of a reporter, finding the door of the photographer's studio opened, I stepped in to see if I could learn anything about the photographer's art. Inside I met Mr. W. J. Freeman, a gentleman with a very pleasing manner who, after knowing my business was pleased to show me the latest novelties of the camera. Mr. Freeman has bought the studio formerly occupied by W. H. Allen and judging from the samples of his work he is an artist of no mean ability. Mr. Freeman was formerly connected with Glines, one of the leading photographers of Boston, and originator of the famous "crayonette."

Among the newest things in photography is photographing on silk handkerchiefs.

Mr. Freeman showed samples of his work on silk, which he claims can be washed without injuring the photograph. The cabinette which he is making for $2.00 a dozen, is quite an idea; it is a trifle smaller than the old style cabinet and is gaining in popular favor. He has a nice selection of enameled cabinets, Paris panels, diamonds, minuettes, pastels, [illegible]tints and crayon work.

[illegible]eman invites all the ladies to [illegible] his studio and see his fine work. [illegible] elevator boy to let you off on the [illegible] floor of the Hildreth building, at Freeman's, the photographer.

The Best Known Man In Town.

Is there any one in town who does not know Bob Adams? He's the king butcher, and can handle a cleaver and knife with the best men in the country. Not only can he cut up beef but he slaughters prices in such a taking way that the people all catch on and trade at his store. He is now in the White Meat market, corner of John and Lee streets. His competitors growl but Bob smiles and is happy. Some day he will be popular enough on his reputation for cutting steaks to run for mayor. Call tonight and get your Sunday dinner.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

--- TODAY ---

We open our usual beautiful and artistic line of

Easter Cards and Easter Booklets.

Appropriate also to the occasion you will find a full line of Episcopal and Catholic Prayer Books and Hymnals—new editions. Beautiful pictures mounted on glass at greatly reduced prices. All the new things in fine stationery. Books at Boston discounts.

Thomas H. Lawler

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79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. Telephone 373-4

THE MODERN MILITIA.

Why Is It Kept Up, by Whom and For What Purpose?

How the Principal Embodied In the Constitution Has Been Perverted—"These Troublous Times" Necessitate a Well Equipped Soldiery.

The First Illinois regiment is, as will be remembered, at present homeless. It was proud of its new castlelike armory a year or so ago, but the boys lost it—not in battle, while bravely defending it, but by a mere accidental combination of the elements, where in the struggle not they, but the fire laddies, reaped the glory.

It is sad indeed that these fair young men, accustomed to luxuries and laudations, have not where to lay their arms, and the pathos of the situation seems to appeal strongly to a certain class. A stirring appeal is being addressed to wealthy business men in the city. I read one of these letters not long since which had been sent to a merchant not so interested in the matter as to hold the communication sacred. It touchingly alluded to the homelessness of the First regiment, called attention to the necessity "in these troublous times" of having a well equipped militia ready at hand for any emergency and asking that any sum from $25 up be donated for the purpose of building a new armory. In this instance the plea was not successful, but there is ample proof that most of the appeals were well responded to. The Times of Feb. 12 contains the following:

The heavy contributions made by such corporations as the North and South Chicago Street railway corporations toward the rebuilding of the First regiment's medieval fort, which frowns over Michigan boulevard, giving the lie to our civilization, will not tend to popularize that organization among the people. The militia, if it is to exist at all, should exist without obligations to corporations.

The editorial item sounds sensible except that by inference something is supposed that never could be true. Is it possible that an armed class can exist at all unless it be by "obligations to corporations?" Why should any one expect the militia to be "popular among the people?" And, when we come to think of it, what business has a frowning fort, filled to the roof with murderous implements, manned by trained soldiers, in the midst of a "civilized" community?

For the militia of today is not what was intended at the foundation of this country. The second amendment of the constitution reads thus:

A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

This provision for security looks to defense against enemies from the outside, possible attacks from foreign foes, Indians, Mexicans and other hostile invaders. It is the only possible excuse for the existence of a state militia, for as the state is but a government of the people by the people it is absurd to suppose they would set up a killing institution that might at any time be turned upon themselves.

In the earlier days of this nation the border states were by no means secure from invasion. It was considered necessary to the public safety that all men should be prepared to protect themselves and their homes, and their right to bear arms was secured to them in the constitution. But all the ablebodied citizens of a state comprised its militia. Every man drilled. There were regular training days, which were also holidays for all the people. The right of the people to keep and bear arms was not to be infringed, and they were all on an equal footing. The militiamen were at the same time producers, tradesmen, citizens. There was never a thought that some would turn against the others or that any occasion could arise which should make foemen and defenders out of the same body.

But as business grew and the system of privilege and monopoly thrived artificial inequalities, such as enormous aggregations of wealth, powerful corporations and consequent poverty, became factors in society. The rich found it would no longer do to trust to all the people for security. A nation of equally armed and drilled people is dangerous material out of which to make drudges and victims. Slaves and paupers do not fit in well with a populace armed and ready for defense. Enormous fortunes cannot be made without making slaves and paupers. So the argument was advanced that all the people could not give their time and attention to purposes of defense, and it was urged that a class be set apart and trained with that object, leaving the others free to pursue their callings undisturbed. The argument prevailed. The people's right to keep and bear arms was infringed. They have been disarmed and an armed class set over them.

There is no longer scarcely a pretense that a militia is kept for the purpose of resisting outside invasion. Perhaps a few old fashioned patriots still thoughtlessly believe that the militia would protect them or any ordinary citizen who needed protection. But almost every one who thinks about it at all knows that it exists but for one purpose. The facts that rich corporations are especially generous and anxiously considerate toward this class; that only upon rich men do the officers urge their claims for a well armed, well housed soldiery; that it is times like these, when a vast number of workingmen are unemployed, that the necessity for a perfect body of militia is most zealously urged, go to prove why the armed soldiers are kept, who needs their services and what enemy is feared.

A community in which justice prevailed, where the only inequalities were those resulting from natural differences in physical and mental ability, with no possible outside enemy in sight, could not find a use for an established armed class for expensive "frowning castles" and improved artillery. It is only when a privileged class grown wrongfully rich by unjust methods begins to confront the ghastly consequences of their work in the great, hungry, idle, desperate hordes about them that the need of a strong militia is so earnestly felt.

There is no enemy in sight except the workingman. He has been driven from his rightful heritage—the land. He has been rent ridden, interest ridden, profit ridden until he can no longer consume and therefore has no chance to produce. He is idle, destitute, homeless. He drifts about, patiently as yet, in crowds. Organized in trade unions, he is feared and warned off by legal enactments and the lash of starvation; unorganized, he is feared as a mob and threatened with militia. It is conscience stricken fear that is strengthening regiments and building forts in the midst of peaceful homes. Free, busy, justly used citizens do not need them.

To the workingmen everywhere I would say: Do not mistake the reason for the existence of this armed body among you. Do not be cajoled into joining it for a little pomp and flattery. Do not allow your sons to become the trick dudes of a smartly dressed "company." Watch well the organization. Do your own organizing, convert the soldier boys if you can, but do not let them convert you, and remember it is to your degradation, not your glory, that in a free republic an armed class exists, ever ready to respond to the call of rich corporations. They were never known to be called out to protect the workingmen's interests.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Good Wages Mean Good Work.

If it be true that want is the parent of work, the converse is also true that comfort begets idleness. Adam Smith notes the complaint common in his day and our own—that workmen are discontented, are everywhere stirring to improve their condition and to attain to a higher standard of food, clothing and housing.

But, so far from drawing the conclusion that this rise has diminished industry, he lays it down that higher wages mean a greater amount of work done. Not merely, he says, does better living increase the strength and efficiency of the laborer, but the prospect of yet higher earnings and a yet better position is the sharpest spur which can be applied to his energy.

When we pass to the present century, we find McCulloch and Senior attacking it as a popular error. Does experience, asks the former, show the Irish, the Poles and the Hindoos, whose wages are uniformly small, to be more industrious than the highly paid Englishman, Dutchman or American? The cost of production, says the latter, in France, where wages are low, is far greater than in England, where they are high, if you compare the same industry in the two countries, while the amount of capital required for the same amount of production is greater in France than in England, because more laborers are needed and larger buildings and more superintendence.

Wages in Ireland are a third only of wages in England, and the work done is in the same proportion. These conclusions are borne out in a striking manner by the experience of the late Mr. Brassey, who found, as a result of his manifold undertakings in all parts of the world, that the cost of unskilled labor at any rate was everywhere the same. The actual payments might be higher in one place than another, but what was saved in wages was lost in efficiency.—Edinburgh Review.

It Won't Hurt the Workingman.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing on the proposed income tax, expresses himself in this plain fashion:

How some people do squeal when one treads on their toes! They squeal more still when their pocketbook is tread upon. The workingmen, having nothing to lose, but much to gain by the projected income tax, have nothing to say against the measure. It is only the well to do that complain. No one need be at a loss now to discover the culprits. They are just foolish enough to tell the story themselves. The $500 a year men are safe. The taxgatherer will let them alone. He's only after the rat that's got the bait. Such lucky fellows ought to be compelled to deliver up a portion of that they never earned.

I would like to pay the income tax myself should the measure become a law. It would be far better than keeping a grocery store. If one retail grocer in a thousand pays that tax this year or next, I will buy him a new hat. We poor fellows have enough to do to keep square in this land of catch as catch can. When the great body of workingmen are cast down, I want it to be the lot of all. To make men think alike you must make them feel alike. No kind of labor, not even the worthless labor of a congressman, deserves $4,000 a year. A large manufacturer ought perhaps to have more to meet possible losses, and men of extraordinary skill, such as Edison, deserve as much or more, as they are the greatest benefactors to the race.

Do They Believe In God?

At the meeting recently held in Cooper Union, New York, Father Ducey of St Leo's church said: "When I see the pampered woman of fashion spending in frivolities many dollars through lack of which other women, as good if not better, are starving, I feel within me the thought, 'Do these women believe in a God?' The more I see of charity, the more I think of hypocrisy." Turning to the ministers on the platform, he said, "Do not hesitate to refuse the $5,000 gifts and the stained glass windows if you know they come from the men who live luxuriously upon the flesh and blood of their employees."

An English paper took a ballot on the subject of favorite names for boys and girls received 4,000 replies. A list of 31 boys and 33 girls' names was submitted, and the voting showed Harold and Dorothy to be the two most popular appellations.

OUR HORRIBLE CONDITION.

Something Must Be Done to Check the Downward Tendency So Powerful.

Another very striking fact which must impress every earnest man and woman who seriously studies this great question is found in the increasing downward pressure which bears upon the retreating battalion. Every step from the independent surroundings of those who are able to earn an honest living toward the ocean of hopeless existence known as the slums robs a man of some of his natural manly spirit and dignity, taking from him hope, which is God's torch in the soul, and brings his family into an environment which as a rule is more or less impregnated by moral contagion, whose deadly character increases as necessity presses the toiler nearer and nearer the precipice which marks the line between the poor strugglers and those who are in the depths of the social cellar.

We find that during recent years the slums of our great cities have season by season encroached upon the shelving rocks where honest poverty exists, and year by year those who have watched current events, with an eye single to truth and the happiness of the people, have noticed with mingled apprehension and horror the giving way of layer after layer of that treacherous boundary which marks the precipice between hope and despair, between honest, self respecting industry and hopeless, abandoned want.

The slums—the great nurseries of vice, crime and immorality, as they are the reservoirs of filth—are today many times more populous and menacing to society than ever before. The problem of uninvited poverty, the very existence of which was denied half a decade ago by easy going conservatism, and which a little later was sneered at as of little moment, has during the past three years grown to such commanding proportions that now it is one of the most alarming and momentous issues confronting our civilization.

Only education, justice and freedom can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution—education, addressed to the conscience of both rich and poor, or the awakening of the divine in man; justice, which will be the flower of such an education, compelling the privileged class to yield what is right and just to those who have suffered, that all may enjoy equal opportunities to earn a livelihood; freedom, which the people never can know until the right to the crust of the earth is given to all God's children by the abolition of monopoly in land, with all that it implies; freedom, which furthermore demands that the country's highways of trade, the arterial system of the nation, be so controlled or regulated by the people that the millions of farmers, miners and fruitgrowers of west and south and the communities of other regions be not robbed of their earnings to pay dividends on stock which represents four parts water to one part true value, while the real wealth producer is yearly being pressed toward serfdom; freedom, which will be unknown until the greatest wealth producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments, ceases to become year by year more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten off the wealth earning peoples.—B. O. Flower in Arena.

Oh, the Misery and Despair!

Kaufmann hasn't had steady work for six months. He got little jobs for awhile, made a dollar or two in a week, but for the last four months he hasn't had a stitch to do. He hasn't earned a dollar. The man is almost crazy. The landlord's agent was around yesterday. Kaufmann begged and pleaded for a little more time.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the agent. "If it was me, I suppose I'd let you stay. But you see how it is. The landlord needs his money. He has to pay taxes and all that. He'd rather let the rooms stand empty than have people in here who don't pay any rent. The place runs down when you're here, and it wouldn't if it were empty. You'll have to get the rent somehow or other."

Then Kaufmann's heart sank within him, and his bosom was contracted with grief.

One of the neighbors tried to comfort him. "Don't get discouraged. Times are going to pick up."

"Yes, but how shall I get the money to pay my rent? We haven't a cent to buy food with. How can I pay rent?"

"Business will pick up pretty soon."

"For me, not. I'll be dead when it does. I can die but once, and why not die quick instead of dragging along?"

Then he started off on a run.

"Where are you going?" the neighbor called after him.

"To hell!" cried Kaufmann.

The neighbors think he will not kill himself. They expect he will make the same old weary round of the shops asking for a little job that will give him something to eat.—New York World.

Paris Labor Exchange.

It is long since there has been any mention of the Labor Exchange in Paris, which M. Dupuy, president of the council, closed, thanks to the support of 30,000 troops, either armed with good rifles or mounted on good horses. A workingman deputy, M. Faberot, has now asked M. Rynal, minister of the interior, and M. Casimir-Perier, president of the council, why the closing of the building was still maintained.

The reply of the government was that a scheme for the regulation of all labor exchanges in France has been submitted to the council of state, and that when it is finally completed the Labor Exchange in Paris may be reopened. The new regulations will impose upon all trades unions the obligation of conforming to the regulations in force in regard to professional syndicates.

Whether the workingmen's associations will submit to the law or follow the counsels of agitators who advise them to the contrary remains to be seen. —Paris Herald.

The Last Was First.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New Pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name?

Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward. —Brooklyn Life.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

USEFUL HINTS IN GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

How to Remove Stains on Marble—Why a Cap Is Symbolic of Liberty—How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Most countries owe their importance to the fact that they produce something that mankind uses in one way or another. Study the productions, at least the most important ones, and also give the reasons why certain countries have certain productions and not others. This will bring in matters of temperature, rainfall, elevation, latitude, nature of soil, etc., and the children will see why they are required to learn these facts, and they will seem realities.

Find out what other countries have the same productions, and which produce the greater amount, with causes, etc. Many of the teachers would astonish their pupils by asking them why the United States produces large quantities of corn, while England produces none, or why the coasts of Mexico have productions different from the inland regions, or why Russia is anxious to get control of Constantinople, etc.

But the use of a country does not depend alone upon what it can produce. It also depends upon its advantages for sending away what is not used at home, and also for getting the products of other countries which it does not have. The study of this question will involve the proximity of a country to the seacoast, its navigable rivers, railroads, canals, etc., thus bringing out the vital points and showing their importance. The pupils are thus learning the facts as means to an end, and not as a large assortment of dry, disconnected ends. Ask them if they would rather live in Mexico than England, and why? Always why? Interesting and animated debates may often be carried on in this way.

How to Remove Stains From Marble.

Marble is a very difficult article to clean if the stain has sunk into the stone. Slight stains may be removed with a pumice stone or with vigorous scrubbing. Greasy stains are best removed with a paste of fuller's earth applied in the same way it is to wall paper. Stains of ink on marble may be removed by hydrochloric acid, which is a powerful poison, and must be washed off with water almost as soon as it is applied to prevent its eating into the stone.

Why a Cap Is Symbolical of Liberty.

The right of covering the head was in early times a mark of liberty, slaves only going bareheaded. When a slave was given his freedom, it was customary for his late master to place on his head a small red cloth cap, called pileus. When this had been done, he was termed libertinus (a freedman), and his name was registered in the city tribes. In 263 B. C., Saturnius, on taking possession of the capital, hoisted a cap on the top of his spear to indicate that all slaves who joined his standard should be free. Marius used the same symbol when he incited the slaves against Sylla. When Cæsar was murdered, the conspirators marched forth with a cap on a spear as a token of liberty. The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine mount was represented as holding in her hand a cap. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap. In England a blue cap bordered in white, with the word liberty in gold, is a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and in our country the statue of Liberty always wears a cap.

How to Dispose of Duplicate Presents.

Some people who have a good many presents have a way of disposing of duplicate or generally inappropriate gifts. They put them carefully away in a drawer by themselves and consider this a depot of supplies to go to in an emergency when called upon to make a donation in return. The great care has to be that the donation does not go back to its original giver.

How to Rest.

To begin with, women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Standing about and sitting are not resting, however cleverly women may delude themselves on this point. Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest—relaxed. The middle aged woman should learn how to rest. Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so styled rest in an armchair or in that unreposeful tempter, the rocking chair. Some one has said to the women of today, "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best recipe for beauty I know of. I recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Do not use any so called russet polishes. They are all harmful. Simply rub off the shoes every morning with a damp cloth and then polish them briskly with a soft, dry brush. They will soon show a beautiful polish without any stickiness.

How to Make Cream of Macaroons.

A delicious sweet to offer at luncheon is made of whipped cream and macaroons. Use the rich cream that is of the proper consistency to whip well. Sweeten and whip until quite stiff. Get macaroons that have been kept about two days and roll them until they are finely crumbled, but not powdered. Stir enough of them with the whipped cream to give it a delicate brown color. This should be served heaped lightly in dainty cups, as, while it makes a most delectable compound, it is altogether too rich to be taken in any but the most moderate quantities.

How to Clean Willow.

Willow chairs require only soap and water, with good scrubbrush, to make them look like new. Let the soap be good, the water warm, and give a good rinsing to remove all traces of soap. Do not dry, but leave in the air until well drained, then remove to their place in the house.

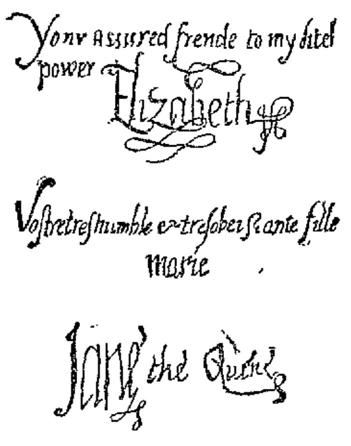
THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

EARLY HANDWRITING AND NOTED ROYAL SIGNATURES.

Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Grey—Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne

Whether the earlier English kings and princes could write or not is not always certain, but after the conquest 300 years elapsed before they left specimens of their caligraphy. A collection of facsimiles of these, with many explanatory details, has recently been made, from which it is learned that at the period just referred to names were appended to documents, but the writing is that of the scribes, and only attested by the sign of the cross, though even that was not always made with a pen and is often stamped. Of this kind we have examples reaching back to the conqueror and including kings, queens, bishops and nobles, but no royal handwriting is produced earlier than the latter part of the fourteenth century, the first being that of Edward, the Black Prince, in 1370, and the next that of Richard II, in 1386, after which royal writing becomes more frequent. There are letters by Henry IV, both in French and in English. The first sample of a woman's signature is that of Jaquetta of Luxemburg, wife of the Regent Bedford, to whom she was married in 1432.

The first English queen whose handwriting has been preserved is Elizabeth Wydeville, wife of Edward IV, but it is a signature only and dates from several years after Edward's death. With Henry VIII we enter upon a new era, for not only did he write much himself, but of Henry's half dozen wives we have examples of the hand



FAMOUS SIGNATURES.

writing of five—Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves and Catherine Parr. Among these a letter written by Anne Boleyn is a beautiful specimen of penmanship.

Edward VI, both as prince and king, was a careful and diligent scribe. Of the Lady Jane Grey, whose shadow of a reign is so well known, we get a few examples, including her signature as "Jane the Quene." Queen Mary furnishes signatures to some important documents, but Elizabeth's is much more fully illustrated and at various periods of her life. Subsequent kings and rulers have left abundant examples of their writing, many of them historically interesting.

A Curious Siamese Custom.

Among the curious customs observed in Siam and that still maintain to the present day, though modified in some cases through recent contact with western nations, the following may be of interest:

Men are often subjected to severe punishment for very trivial offenses, and the many modes adopted, though intensely painful and galling, are borne with apparently complete indifference. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the king to sentence two men to be chained together, who are then compelled to go about perhaps for years yoked in this manner, as no one dare release them without the king's permission, and of course he soons forgets the circumstance.

An instance of this character occurred not very long ago, when one of the prisoners died, and the other unfortunate wretch was seen dragging the body of his late companion about beside him, unable to escape from his horrible yoke. The European consuls, shocked by the sight, endeavored to obtain his immediate release, but during the delay occasioned by the absence of the king the poor fellow became insane and soon afterward died.

Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment, says The New England Magazine, than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National hall in the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The great singer suddenly turned her face toward the part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

At the Kimberley Diamond Mines.

The compound is a wide space within a great stockade about 12 feet high. Strong wire netting is fastened above, so that it looks like a monstrous aviary. Here the natives who work in the mines live to the number of I am afraid to say how many hundreds. They engage to work in the mine for a term of months, agreeing to remain prisoners for that period. They sleep in sheds round the compound, have shops where they can buy what they choose and dens where they smoke a sort of narcotic plant, in its effects not unlike Indian hemp. All these precautions are taken to prevent the diamonds from being stolen. But for the wire the men would throw the stones over the stockade. As it is, they contrive to steal some. The difficulty is to get their spoil out of the compound. A day or two before their time expires they are carefully searched.

He Remembered.

Public Library Official (tearing up card)—What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago!

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squirt with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

How English Is Spreading.

Friend—So you think English will become the universal language?

Philosopher—Unquestionably. There are already in it 250,000 words, mostly from other languages, and it won't take long to add the rest.—New York Weekly.

Their Need.

A bookman superintending readers in the British museum told a visitor something that suits all libraries—"Don't give books too much 'eat, and give 'em plenty of hair, and they'll be all right."—Lynn Item.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

AN ARTICLE OF VALUE FROM REMOTE TIMES.

Crystalline of Salt—About Licorice—Varnish From Linseed Oil.

When man first learned the value of salt is not known. From time most remote, prompted by an irresistible call of nature, he has been incited to search for it. The savage recognized the value of salt. A black king's wealth was estimated in accord with his possession of salt and ivory. The first whites to cross the dark continent established a significant salt trade. In the capitals of Hindustan, stamped in the shape

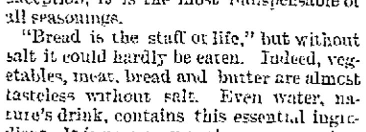


FIG 1. FIG 2.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

of cakes, it passed for money. To both man and beast it is invaluable. Without exception, it is the most indispensable of all seasonings.

"Bread is the staff of life," but without salt it could hardly be eaten. Indeed, vegetables, meat, bread and butter are almost tasteless without salt. Even water, nature's drink, contains this essential ingredient. It is necessary to the proper conduction of digestion, supplying hydrochloric acid for the gastric juices and soda for the bile and pancreatic fluid. The healthy condition of the higher animals, especially cattle and horses, demands a quantity of salt. Instinctively the dumb creatures seem to know this, as is demonstrated in their intense liking for it. In connection with the manufacture of chemicals and in mining pursuits it is of vast importance.

Sodium forms with chlorine but a single combination ($NaCl$)—that is, common salt. It is a little less soluble in cold than in warm water. When crystallization sets in, evaporation is very rapid. The crystals are very minute. Ordinarily one builds upon the other in the form of an inverted pyramid. A tiny cube crystal forms on the surface of the solution. The crystal has a tendency to fall below the surface because of its greater density, but owing to capillary attraction it remains near the surface. Soon a new crystal develops and attaches itself to the first form.

In this manner a little crystal on each of the four sides forms a row about the upper edges of the first cube. This formation sinks below the surface of the liquid, and a new system of crystals groups itself in identical manner, forming another row of cubes about the upper edges of the first row formed. Similar buildings of rows of such crystals repeat themselves, resulting in a cube crystal, the face of which resembles an inverted trough or pyramid formed of tiny cubes.

The method of procuring salt varies with the conditions under which it occurs. It is obtained by evaporation of water from

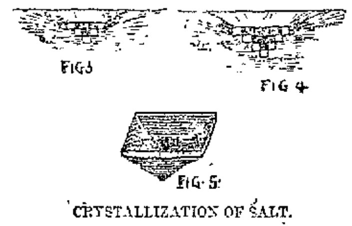


FIG 3. FIG 4. FIG 5.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

the ocean and of interior saline lakes, from evaporation of water rising naturally in brine springs or obtained by boring, and by mining it in its solid state from the earth—rock salt. In numerous localities it exists in beds thousands of feet in thickness. As it is found in solid form, it is, as a rule, associated with earthy impurities—clay, sandstone and gypsum.

Popular Science News, from which the foregoing is reproduced, says that countries containing salt deposits are generally flat, the most extensive salt deposition in the world being perhaps that at Wieliczka, near Cracow, in Poland. Its excavations from east to west extend for a distance of over three miles.

About Licorice.

Annually for several years, according to Meehan's Monthly, the amount of licorice imported into America has been continually on the increase. At the present time the importation is simply enormous. As there are no doubt portions of the United States in which this plant would grow to perfection, it is remarkable that few or possibly no attempts have been made to cultivate it. Nearly all that we have now comes from various parts of Greece. The roots run somewhat deep into the ground, and the dislike of our people is the hard digging. After digging the roots they have to be dried somewhat, and the juice is obtained by heavy pressure. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are produced in Greece alone annually. The botanical name of licorice is Glycyrrhiza glabra.

Varnish From Linseed Oil.

A German is reported to have taken out a patent for producing varnish from linseed oil by means of an electric current. The oil, after being purified in a proper manner, is thoroughly mixed and agitated with sulphuric acid and water and subjected to the action of an electric current for two or three hours, so that the oxygen produced in the nascent state by the passage of the current converts the oil into varnish. The varnish so produced is said to be almost colorless and perfectly free from all mineral or metallic admixtures or impurities.

Predicting the Weather by Photographs.

Dr. Zergler, a foreign scientist, is of the opinion that it will be possible to predict the weather by means of photographs of the sun far more accurately than by a study of the barometer. Circular or elliptical halos round the orb of day indicate violent storms, especially if the halos are dark in tint or of a large diameter. Lightning and magnetic disturbances may also be expected from these signs.

Solid Air.

Solid air may be mentioned as Professor Dewar's last wonderful achievement, says The Industrial World. An empty tube was placed inside another full of liquid oxygen, the latter was boiled off under a high vacuum, and the intense cold produced by the evaporation brought down the air in the empty tube first in a liquid and eventually in a solid or icy form.

To Take Ink Spots Out of Carpet.

Pour sweet milk on the spot. Scrape with a silver spoon and dip it up. Then pour on more milk and repeat until the milk is very little colored. Wash thoroughly with warm soapsuds, rinsing well to take out the milk. If this is done immediately after the ink is spilled, it comes out easily. If dry, let the milk remain on the spot a short time before scraping.

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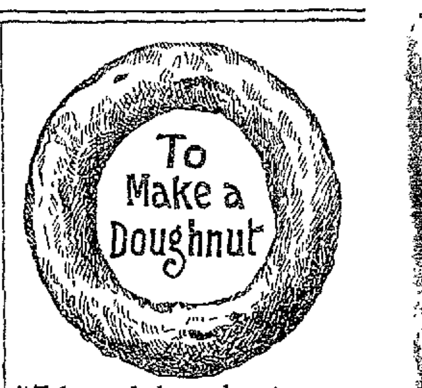

"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

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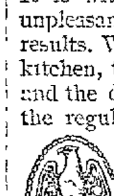

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The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte [illegible] ... which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chatauqua, Square Minuet Quadrille, the Advance and the Two Step.

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THE MODERN MILITIA.

Why Is It Kept Up, by Whom and For What Purpose?

How the Principal Embodied In the Constitution Has Been Perverted—"These Troublous Times" Necessitate a Well Equipped Soldiery.

The First Illinois regiment is, as will be remembered, at present homeless. It was proud of its new castlelike armory a year or so ago, but the boys lost it—not in battle, while bravely defending it, but by a mere accidental combination of the elements, where in the struggle not they, but the fire laddies, reaped the glory.

It is sad indeed that these fair young men, accustomed to luxuries and laudations, have not where to lay their arms, and the pathos of the situation seems to appeal strongly to a certain class. A stirring appeal is being addressed to wealthy business men in the city. I read one of these letters not long since which had been sent to a merchant not so interested in the matter as to hold the communication sacred. It touchingly alluded to the homelessness of the First regiment, called attention to the necessity "in these troublous times" of having a well equipped militia ready at hand for any emergency and asking that any sum from $25 up be donated for the purpose of building a new armory. In this instance the plea was not successful, but there is ample proof that most of the appeals were well responded to. The Times of Feb. 12 contains the following:

> The heavy contributions made by such corporations as the North and South Chicago Street railway corporations toward the rebuilding of the First regiment's medieval fort, which frowns over Michigan boulevard, giving the lie to our civilization, will not tend to popularize that organization among the people. The militia, if it is to exist at all, should exist without obligations to corporations.

The editorial item sounds sensible except that by inference something is supposed that never could be true. Is it possible that an armed class can exist at all unless it be by "obligations to corporations?" Why should any one expect the militia to be "popular among the people?" And, when we come to think of it, what business has a frowning fort, filled to the roof with murderous implements, manned by trained soldiers, in the midst of a "civilized" community?

For the militia of today is not what was intended at the foundation of this country. The second amendment of the constitution reads thus:

> A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

This provision for security looks to defense against enemies from the outside, possible attacks from foreign foes, Indians, Mexicans and other hostile invaders. It is the only possible excuse for the existence of a state militia, for as the state is but a government of the people by the people it is absurd to suppose they would set up a killing institution that might at any time be turned upon themselves.

In the earlier days of this nation the border states were by no means secure from invasion. It was considered necessary to the public safety that all men should be prepared to protect themselves and their homes, and their right to bear arms was secured to them in the constitution. But all the ablebodied citizens of a state comprised its militia. Every man drilled. There were regular training days, which were also holidays for all the people. The right of the people to keep and bear arms was not to be infringed, and they were all on an equal footing. The militiamen were at the same time producers, tradesmen, citizens. There was never a thought that some would turn against the others or that any occasion could arise which should make foemen and defenders out of the same body.

But as business grew and the system of privilege and monopoly thrived artificial inequalities, such as enormous aggregations of wealth, powerful corporations and consequent poverty, became factors in society. The rich found it would no longer do to trust to all the people for security. A nation of equally armed and drilled people is dangerous material out of which to make drudges and victims. Slaves and paupers do not fit in well with a populace armed and ready for defense. Enormous fortunes cannot be made without making slaves and paupers. So the argument was advanced that all the people could not give their time and attention to purposes of defense, and it was urged that a class be set apart and trained with that object, leaving the others free to pursue their callings undisturbed. The argument prevailed. The people's right to keep and bear arms was infringed. They have been disarmed and an armed class set over them.

There is no longer scarcely a pretense that a militia is kept for the purpose of resisting outside invasion. Perhaps a few old fashioned patriots still thoughtlessly believe that the militia would protect them or any ordinary citizen who needed protection. But almost every one who thinks about it at all knows that it exists but for one purpose. The facts that rich corporations are especially generous and anxiously considerate toward this class; that only upon rich men do the officers urge their claims for a well armed, well housed soldiery; that it is times like these, when a vast number of workingmen are unemployed, that the necessity for a perfect body of militia is most zealously urged, go to prove why the armed soldiers are kept, who needs their services and what enemy is feared.

A community in which justice prevailed, where the only inequalities were those resulting from natural differences in physical and mental ability, with no possible outside enemy in sight, could not find a use for an established armed class for expensive "frowning castles" and improved artillery. It is only when a privileged class grown wrongfully rich by unjust methods begins to confront the ghastly consequences of their work in the great, hungry, idle, desperate hordes about them that the need of a strong militia is so earnestly felt.

There is no enemy in sight except the workingman. He has been driven from his rightful heritage—the land. He has been rent ridden, interest ridden, profit ridden until he can no longer consume and therefore has no chance to produce. He is idle, destitute, homeless. He drifts about, patiently as yet, in crowds. Organized in trade unions, he is feared and warned off by legal enactments and the lash of starvation; unorganized, he is feared as a mob and threatened with militia. It is conscience stricken fear that is strengthening regiments and building forts in the midst of peaceful homes. Free, busy, justly used citizens do not need them.

To the workingmen everywhere I would say: Do not mistake the reason for the existence of this armed body among you. Do not be cajoled into joining it for a little pomp and flattery. Do not allow your sons to become the trick dudes of a smartly dressed "company." Watch well the organization. Do your own organizing, convert the soldier boys if you can, but do not let them convert you, and remember it is to your degradation, not your glory, that in a free republic an armed class exists, ever ready to respond to the call of rich corporations. They were never known to be called out to protect the workingmen's interests.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Good Wages Mean Good Work.

If it be true that want is the parent of work, the converse is also true that comfort begets idleness. Adam Smith notes the complaint common in his day and our own—that workmen are discontented, are everywhere stirring to improve their condition and to attain to a higher standard of food, clothing and housing.

But, so far from drawing the conclusion that this rise has diminished industry, he lays it down that higher wages mean a greater amount of work done. Not merely, he says, does better living increase the strength and efficiency of the laborer, but the prospect of yet higher earnings and a yet better position is the sharpest spur which can be applied to his energy.

When we pass to the present century, we find McCulloch and Senior attacking it as a popular error. Does experience, asks the former, show the Irish, the Poles and the Hindoos, whose wages are uniformly small, to be more industrious than the highly paid Englishman, Dutchman or American? The cost of production, says the latter, in France, where wages are low, is far greater than in England, where they are high, if you compare the same industry in the two countries, while the amount of capital required for the same amount of production is greater in France than in England, because more laborers are needed and larger buildings and more superintendence.

Wages in Ireland are a third only of wages in England, and the work done is in the same proportion. These conclusions are borne out in a striking manner by the experience of the late Mr. Brassey, who found, as a result of his manifold undertakings in all parts of the world, that the cost of unskilled labor at any rate was everywhere the same. The actual payments might be higher in one place than another, but what was saved in wages was lost in efficiency.—Edinburgh Review.

It Won't Hurt the Workingman.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing on the proposed income tax, expresses himself in this plain fashion:

How some people do squeal when one treads on their toes! They squeal more still when their pocketbook is tread upon. The workingmen, having nothing to lose, but much to gain by the projected income tax, have nothing to say against the measure. It is only the well to do that complain. No one need be at a loss now to discover the culprits. They are just foolish enough to tell the story themselves. The $500 a year men are safe. The taxgatherer will let them alone. He's only after the rat that's got the bait. Such lucky fellows ought to be compelled to deliver up a portion of that they never earned.

I would like to pay the income tax myself should the measure become a law. It would be far better than keeping a grocery store. If one retail grocer in a thousand pays that tax this year or next, I will buy him a new hat. We poor fellows have enough to do to keep square in this land of catch as catch can. When the great body of workingmen are cast down, I want it to be the lot of all. To make men think alike you must make them feel alike. No kind of labor, not even the worthless labor of a congressman, deserves $4,000 a year. A large manufacturer ought perhaps to have more to meet possible losses, and men of extraordinary skill, such as Edison, deserve as much or more, as they are the greatest benefactors to the race.

Do They Believe In God?

At the meeting recently held in Cooper Union, New York, Father Ducey of St. Leo's church said: "When I see the pampered woman of fashion spending in frivolities many dollars through lack of which other women, as good if not better, are starving, I feel within me the thought, 'Do these women believe in a God?' The more I see of charity, the more I think of hypocrisy." Turning to the ministers on the platform, he said, "Do not hesitate to refuse the $5,000 gifts and the stained glass windows if you know they come from the men who live luxuriously upon the flesh and blood of their employees."

An English paper took a ballot on the subject of favorite names for boys and girls received 4,000 replies. A list of 81 boys and 83 girls' names was submitted, and the voting showed Harold and Dorothy to be the two most popular appellations.

OUR HORRIBLE CONDITION.

Something Must Be Done to Check the Downward Tendency So Powerful.

Another very striking fact which must impress every earnest man and woman who seriously studies this great question is found in the increasing downward pressure which bears upon the retreating battalion. Every step from the independent surroundings of those who are able to earn an honest living toward the ocean of hopeless existence known as the slums robs a man of some of his natural manly spirit and dignity, taking from him hope, which is God's torch in the soul, and brings his family into an environment which as a rule is more or less impregnated by moral contagion, whose deadly character increases as necessity presses the toiler nearer and nearer the precipice which marks the line between the poor strugglers and those who are in the depths of the social cellar.

We find that during recent years the slums of our great cities have season by season encroached upon the shelving rocks where honest poverty exists, and year by year those who have watched current events, with an eye single to truth and the happiness of the people, have noticed with mingled apprehension and horror the giving way of layer after layer of that treacherous boundary which marks the precipice between hope and despair, between honest, self respecting industry and hopeless, abandoned want.

The slums—the great nurseries of vice, crime and immorality, as they are the reservoirs of filth—are today many times more populous and menacing to society than ever before. The problem of uninvited poverty, the very existence of which was denied half a decade ago by easy going conservatism, and which a little later was sneered at as of little moment, has during the past three years grown to such commanding proportions that now it is one of the most alarming and momentous issues confronting our civilization.

Only education, justice and freedom can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution—education, addressed to the conscience of both rich and poor, or the awakening of the divine in man; justice, which will be the flower of such an education, compelling the privileged class to yield what is right and just to those who have suffered, that all may enjoy equal opportunities to earn a livelihood; freedom, which the people never can know until the right to the crust of the earth is given to all God's children by the abolition of monopoly in land, with all that it implies; freedom, which furthermore demands that the country's highways of trade, the arterial system of the nation, be so controlled or regulated by the people that the millions of farmers, miners and fruitgrowers of west and south and the communities of other regions be not robbed of their earnings to pay dividends on stock which represents four parts water to one part true value, while the real wealth producer is yearly being pressed toward serfdom; freedom, which will be unknown until the greatest wealth producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments, ceases to become year by year more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten off the wealth earning peoples.—B. O. Flower in Arena.

Oh, the Misery and Despair!

Kaufmann hasn't had steady work for six months. He got little jobs for awhile, made a dollar or two in a week, but for the last four months he hasn't had a stitch to do. He hasn't earned a dollar. The man is almost crazy. The landlord's agent was around yesterday. Kaufmann begged and pleaded for a little more time.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the agent. "If it was me, I suppose I'd let you stay. But you see how it is. The landlord needs his money. He has to pay taxes and all that. He'd rather let the rooms stand empty than have people in here who don't pay any rent. The place runs down when you're here, and it wouldn't if it were empty. You'll have to get the rent somehow or other."

Then Kaufmann's heart sank within him, and his bosom was contracted with grief.

One of the neighbors tried to comfort him. "Don't get discouraged. Times are going to pick up."

"Yes, but how shall I get the money to pay my rent? We haven't a cent to buy food with. How can I pay rent?"

"Business will pick up pretty soon."

"For me, not. I'll be dead when it does. I can die but once, and why not die quick instead of dragging along?"

Then he started off on a run.

"Where are you going?" the neighbor called after him.

"To hell!" cried Kaufmann.

The neighbors think he will not kill himself. They expect he will make the same old weary round of the shops asking for a little job that will give him something to eat.—New York World.

Paris Labor Exchange.

It is long since there has been any mention of the Labor Exchange in Paris, which M. Dupuy, president of the council, closed, thanks to the support of 30,000 troops, either armed with good rifles or mounted on good horses. A workingman deputy, M. Faberot, has now asked M. Rynal, minister of the interior, and M. Casimir-Perier, president of the council, why the closing of the building was still maintained.

The reply of the government was that a scheme for the regulation of all labor exchanges in France has been submitted to the council of state, and that when it is finally completed the Labor Exchange in Paris may be reopened. The new regulations will impose upon all trades unions the obligation of conforming to the regulations in force in regard to professional syndicates.

Whether the workingmen's associations will submit to the law or follow the counsels of agitators who advise them to the contrary remains to be seen.—Paris Herald.

The Last Was First.

Teacher, (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New Pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name?

Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward.—Brooklyn Life.

PRACTICAL "HOWS.

USEFUL HINTS IN GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

How to Remove Stains on Marble—Why a Cap Is Symbolic of Liberty—How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Most countries own their importance to the fact that they produce something that mankind uses in one way or another. Study the productions, at least the most important ones, and also give the reasons why certain countries have certain productions and not others. This will bring in matters of temperature, rainfall, elevation, latitude, nature of soil, etc., and the children will see why they are required to learn these facts, and they will seem realities.

Find out what other countries have the same productions, and which produce the greater amount, with causes, etc. Many of the teachers would astonish their pupils by asking them why the United States produces large quantities of corn, while England produces none, or why the coasts of Mexico have productions different from the inland regions, or why Russia is anxious to get control of Constantinople, etc.

But the use of a country does not depend alone upon what it can produce. It also depends upon its advantages for sending away what is not used at home, and also for getting the products of other countries which it does not have. The study of this question will involve the proximity of a country to the seacoast, its navigable rivers, railroads, canals, etc., thus bringing out the vital points and showing their importance. The pupils are thus learning the facts as means to an end, and not as a large assortment of dry, disconnected ends. Ask them if they would rather live in Mexico than England, and why? Always why? Interesting and animated debates may often be carried on in this way.

How to Remove Stains From Marble.

Marble is a very difficult article to clean if the stain has sunk into the stone. Slight stains may be removed with a pumice stone or with vigorous scrubbing. Greasy stains are best removed with a paste of fuller's earth applied in the same way it is to wall paper. Stains of ink on marble may be removed by hydrochloric acid, which is a powerful poison, and must be washed off with water almost as soon as it is applied to prevent its eating into the stone.

Why a Cap Is Symbolical of Liberty.

The right of covering the head was in early times a mark of liberty, slaves only going bareheaded. When a slave was given his freedom, it was customary for his late master to place on his head a small red cloth cap, called pileus. When this had been done, he was termed libertinus (a freedman), and his name was registered in the city tribes. In 263 B. C., Saturnius, on taking possession of the capital, hoisted a cap on the top of his spear to indicate that all slaves who joined his standard should be free. Marius used the same symbol when he incited the slaves against Sylla. When Cæsar was murdered, the conspirators marched forth with a cap on a spear as a token of liberty. The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine mount was represented as holding in her hand a cap. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap. In England a blue cap bordered in white, with the word liberty in gold, is a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and in our country the statue of Liberty always wears a cap.

How to Dispose of Duplicate Presents.

Some people who have a good many presents have a way of disposing of duplicate or generally inappropriate gifts. They put them carefully away in a drawer by themselves and consider this a depot of supplies to go to in an emergency when called upon to make a donation in return. The great care has to be that the donation does not go back to its original giver.

How to Rest.

To begin with, women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Standing about and sitting are not resting, however cleverly women may delude themselves on this point. Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest—relaxed. The middle aged woman should learn how to rest. Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so styled rest in an armchair or in that unreposeful tempter, the rocking chair. Some one has said to the women of today, "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best recipe for beauty I know of. I recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Do not use any so called russet polishes. They are all harmful. Simply rub off the shoes every morning with a damp cloth and then polish them briskly with a soft, dry brush. They will soon show a beautiful polish without any stickiness.

How to Make Cream of Macaroons.

A delicious sweet to offer at luncheon is made of whipped cream and macaroons. Use the rich cream that is of the proper consistency to whip well. Sweeten and whip until quite stiff. Get macaroons that have been kept about two days and roll them until they are finely crumbled, but not powdered. Stir enough of them with the whipped cream to give it a delicate brown color. This should be served heaped lightly in dainty cups, as, while it makes a most delectable compound, it is altogether too rich to be taken in any but the most moderate quantities.

How to Clean Willow.

Willow chairs require only soap and water, with good scrubbrush, to make them look like new. Let the soap be good, the water warm, and give a good rinsing to remove all traces of soap. Do not dry, but leave in the air until well drained, then remove to their place in the house.

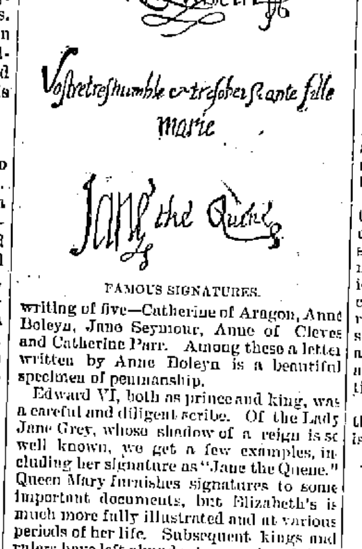
THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

EARLY HANDWRITING AND NOTED ROYAL SIGNATURES.

Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Grey—Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

Whether the earlier English kings and princes could write or not is not always certain, but after the conquest 300 years elapsed before they left specimens of their caligraphy. A collection of facsimiles of these, with many explanatory details, has recently been made, from which it is learned that at the period just referred to names were appended to documents, but the writing is that of the scribes, and only attested by the sign of the cross, though even that was not always made with a pen and is often stamped. Of this kind we have examples reaching back to the conqueror and including kings, queens, bishops and nobles, but no royal handwriting is produced earlier than the latter part of the fourteenth century, the first being that of Edward, the Black Prince, in 1370, and the next that of Richard II, in 1386, after which royal writing becomes more frequent. There are letters by Henry IV, both in French and in English. The first sample of a woman's signature is that of Jaquetta of Luxemburg, wife of the Regent Bedford, to whom she was married in 1433.

The first English queen whose handwriting has been preserved is Elizabeth Wydeville, wife of Edward IV, but it is a signature only and dates from several years after Edward's death. With Henry VIII we enter upon a new era, for not only did he write much himself, but of Henry's half dozen wives we have examples of the handwriting of five—Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves and Catherine Parr. Among these a letter written by Anne Boleyn is a beautiful specimen of penmanship.



FAMOUS SIGNATURES.

Edward VI, both as prince and king, was a careful and diligent scribe. Of the Lady Jane Grey, whose shadow of a reign is so well known, we get a few examples, including her signature as "Jane the Quene." Queen Mary furnishes signatures to some important documents, but Elizabeth's is much more fully illustrated and at various periods of her life. Subsequent kings and rulers have left abundant examples of their writing, many of them historically interesting.

A Curious Siamese Custom.

Among the curious customs observed in Siam and that still maintain to the present day, though modified in some cases through recent contact with western nations, the following may be of interest:

Men are often subjected to severe punishment for very trivial offenses, and the many modes adopted, though intensely painful and galling, are borne with apparently complete indifference. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the king to sentence two men to be chained together, who are then compelled to go about perhaps for years yoked in this manner, as no one dare release them without the king's permission, and of course he soon forgets the circumstance.

An instance of this character occurred not very long ago, when one of the prisoners died, and the other unfortunate wretch was seen dragging the body of his late companion about beside him, unable to escape from his horrible yoke. The European consuls, shocked by the sight, endeavored to obtain his immediate release, but during the delay occasioned by the absence of the king the poor fellow became insane and soon afterward died.

Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment, says The New England Magazine, than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National hall in the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The great singer suddenly turned her face toward the part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

At the Kimberley Diamond Mines.

The compound is a wide space within a great stockade about 12 feet high. Strong wire netting is fastened above, so that it looks like a monstrous aviary. Here the natives who work in the mines live to the number of I am afraid to say how many hundreds. They engage to work in the mine for a term of months, agreeing to remain prisoners for that period. They sleep in sheds round the compound, have shops where they can buy what they choose and dens where they smoke a sort of narcotic plant, in its effects not unlike Indian hemp. All these precautions are taken to prevent the diamonds from being stolen. But for the wire the men would throw the stones over the stockade. As it is, they contrive to steal some. The difficulty is to get their spoil out of the compound. A day or two before their time expires they are carefully searched.

He Remembered.

Public Library Official (tearing up card)—What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago!

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squirt with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

How English Is Spreading.

Friend—So you think English will become the universal language?

Philosopher—Unquestionably. There are already in it 250,000 words, mostly from other languages, and it won't take long to add the rest.—New York Weekly.

Their Need.

A bookman superintending readers in the British museum told a visitor something that suits all libraries—"Don't give books too much 'eat, and give 'em plenty of 'air, and they'll be all right."—Lynn Item.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

AN ARTICLE OF VALUE FROM REMOTE TIMES.

Crystalline of Salt—About Licorice—Varnish From Linseed Oil.

When man first learned the value of salt is not known. From time most remote, prompted by an irresistible call of nature, he has been incited to search for it. The savage recognized the value of salt. A black king's wealth was estimated in accord with his possession of salt and ivory. The first whites to cross the dark continent established a significant salt trade. In the capitals of Hindustan, stamped in the shape of cakes, it passed for money. To both man and beast it is invaluable. Without exception, it is the most indispensable of all seasonings.

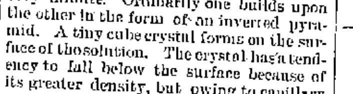


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

"Bread is the staff of life," but without salt it could hardly be eaten. Indeed, vegetables, meat, bread and butter are almost tasteless without salt. Even water, nature's drink, contains this essential ingredient. It is necessary to the proper conduction of digestion, supplying hydrochloric acid for the gastric juices and soda for the bile and pancreatic fluid. The healthy condition of the higher animals, especially cattle and horses, demands a quantity of salt. Instinctively the dumb creatures seem to know this, as is demonstrated in their intense liking for it. In connection with the manufacture of chemicals and in mining pursuits it is of vast importance.

Sodium forms with chlorine but a single combination ($NaCl$)—that is, common salt. It is a little less soluble in cold than in warm water. When crystallization sets in, evaporation is very rapid. The crystals are very minute. Ordinarily one builds upon the other in the form of an inverted pyramid. A tiny cube crystal forms on the surface of the solution. The crystal has a tendency to fall below the surface because of its greater density, but owing to capillary attraction it remains near the surface. Soon a new crystal develops and attaches itself to the first form.

In this manner a little crystal on each of the four sides forms a row about the upper edges of the first cube. This formation sinks below the surface of the liquid, and a new system of crystals groups itself in identical manner, forming another row of cubes about the upper edges of the first row formed. Similar buildings of rows of such crystals repeat themselves, resulting in a cube crystal, the face of which resembles an inverted trough or pyramid formed of tiny cubes.

The method of procuring salt varies with the conditions under which it occurs. If is obtained by evaporation of water from

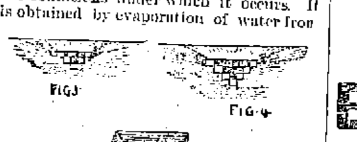


FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

the ocean and of interior saline lakes, from evaporation of water rising naturally in brine springs or obtained by boring, and by mining it in its solid state from the earth—rock salt. In numerous localities it exists in beds thousands of feet in thickness. As it is found in solid form, it is, as a rule, associated with earthy impurities—clay, sandstone and gypsum.

Popular Science News, from which the foregoing is reproduced, says that countries containing salt deposits are generally flat, the most extensive salt deposition in the world being perhaps that at Wieliczka, near Cracow, in Poland. Its excavations from east to west extend for a distance of over three miles.

About Licorice.

Annually for several years, according to Meehan's Monthly, the amount of licorice imported into America has been continually on the increase. At the present time the importation is simply enormous. As there are no doubt portions of the United States in which this plant would grow to perfection, it is remarkable that few or possibly no attempts have been made to cultivate it. Nearly all that we have now comes from various parts of Greece. The roots run somewhat deep into the ground, and the dislike of our people is the hard digging. After digging the roots they have to be dried somewhat, and the juice is obtained by heavy pressure. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are produced in Greece alone annually. The botanical name of licorice is Glycyrrhiza glabra.

Varnish From Linseed Oil.

A German is reported to have taken out a patent for producing varnish from linseed oil by means of an electric current. The oil, after being purified in a proper manner, is thoroughly mixed and agitated with sulphuric acid and water and subjected to the action of an electric current for two or three hours, so that the oxygen produced in the nascent state by the passage of the current converts the oil into varnish. The varnish so produced is said to be almost colorless and perfectly free from all mineral or metallic admixtures or impurities.

Predicting the Weather by Photographs.

Dr. Zergler, a foreign scientist, is of the opinion that it will be possible to predict the weather by means of photographs of the sun far more accurately than by a study of the barometer. Circular or elliptical halos round the orb of day indicate violent storms, especially if the halos are dark in tint or of a large diameter. Lightning and magnetic disturbances may also be expected from these signs.

Solid Air.

Solid air may be mentioned as Professor Dewar's last wonderful achievement, says The Industrial World. An empty tube was placed inside another full of liquid oxygen, the latter was boiled off under a high vacuum, and the intense cold produced by the evaporation brought down the air in the empty tube first in a liquid and eventually in a solid or icy form.

To Take Ink Spots Out of Carpet.

Pour sweet milk on the spot. Scrape with a silver spoon and dip it up. Then pour on more milk and repeat until the milk is very little colored. Wash thoroughly with warm soapsuds, rinsing well to take out the milk. If this is done immediately after the ink is spilled, it comes out easily. If dry, let the milk remain on the spot a short time before scraping.

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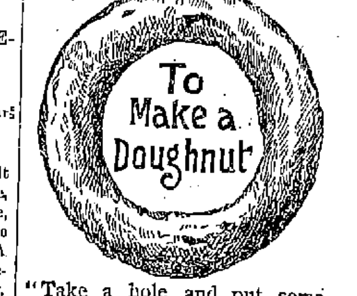
P. S.—$40.00. A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.



"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With COTTOLENE in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare.

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Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m.; ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Advance and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER.

Member National Association Masters of Dancing.

Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.

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18 CHURCH STREET.

BUSINESS

A Fresh Impetus in the Upward Direction.

SOUTHERN MILLS ARE REPORTED AS BUSY.

Indications of Spring Trade in the Provinces.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Bradstreet's today says: The unusual prolongation of mild spring-like weather during the early portion of March has greatly stimulated consumptive demand in almost all staple lines. Corroboration of this is found in almost unanimous reports of increased sales from six of the larger distributing points in the New England and middle states, where general trade has heretofore been reported barely steady.

More sales in general lines are reported from Boston, with special activity in lumber and building materials.

Providence manufacturers of cotton yarns report an improvement in the demand, and woolen mills in northern Rhode Island are starting up on heavy-weight clothes.

Philadelphia merchants report an improving outlook for dealings with the west and south and gains in sales of shoes. Increased distribution of woolens has been at a sacrifice in price.

At Pittsburg, Chicago and other iron centers, competition has further reduced prices for shaped as well as raw iron and steel.

The most striking evidence of improvement south is from Augusta, where all mills are running on full time, and the demand for cotton goods has increased, although improved crop prospects in Texas, tributary to Dallas, together with increased immigration, have stimulated sales as compared with February, and prices of real estate.

The stimulated demand for wholesale dry goods results in an oversale of ginghams, and prices are 1-4 cent higher, although it has taken concessions on some cotton goods to move them.

The Cereal Crops.

If to the government report of 114,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hand may be added 117,000,000 bushels of wheat out of farmers' hands, the resulting 231,000,000 bushels will supply food and seed for four months to come, a reserve on July 1, next, of 40,000,000 bushels, and, if required, 16,000,000 bushels a month for export, which is more than will be demanded.

Exports of wheat, flour, including both coasts of the United States and Canada this week, equal 3,258,000 bushels, against 2,851,000 bushels last week, 2,686,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 3,818,000 bushels in the week in 1892, and as compared with 2,733,000 bushels in the week in 189[illegible].

Trade at Montreal is quiet and is expected to remain so until after navigation opens a few weeks hence. Jobbers report demand for groceries and shoes most active.

Halifax advices are that an early spring trade is indicated. At Toronto the business situation is featureless. The volume of bank clearings at Hamilton, Halifax, Montreal and Toronto is $17,649,000 this week, a fraction of 1 per cent less than in the week before and 11 per cent less than in the corresponding week a year ago.

Exports of produce are 40 per cent above and imports 38 per cent below last year's for the month thus far.

The Failures.

Failures for the first week of March were few, with liabilities thus far reported of only $2,025,338, of which $816,284 were of manufacturing and $1,161,270 of trading concerns. Owing to large deferred statements, received too late for use last week, the aggregate of liabilities for February has been raised to $17,895,670. The number of failures this week is 264 in the United States against 190 last year, and 35 in Canada against 30 last year.

The absence of important embarrassments is still most encouraging.

Alleged Violation of Charter.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 17.—A petition has been circulated asking the city council to order the removal of the tracks of the Newport Street Railway company in Bath road. The line carries summer excursionists to the beach. Claim is made that the company broke requirements of the charter in failing to run cars for 60 days. Summer residents are ready to fight the company, as property is much depreciated by the tracks.

Rules Too Strict.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Chaplain Atwood of the state prison has resigned on account of difficulties in discharging his duties in accordance with the strict rules of the institution, it is said. He took the position May 1, 1892, and gained some notoriety by burying a dead convict-veteran with part of the Grand Army service.

Trouble Expected.

COLORADO SPRINGS, March 17.—Sheriff Bowers is in charge of a posse at Cripple Creek to prevent interference by the strikers with the men who have gone to work in the mines. It is thought trouble will break out first on Bull Hill. The miners are well armed.

Failure of Prouty & Co.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The boot and shoe manufacturing firm of Isaac Prouty & Co. of Spencer, one of the biggest concern of its kind in the country, made an assignment yesterday. The factory employs 2000 hands.

Husband Caused Her Death.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 17.—Mrs Joseph Moreau is dead, as a result of the injuries inflicted by her husband last Monday night, when in a drunken rage. Moreau will be arraigned on the charge of manslaughter.

Grand Jury Will Take It Up.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 17.—The case of the death of Henrietta Jackson, who, it is alleged, died from the effects of inhaling gas prepared by students at Cornell college, will be brought before the grand jury next week.

The Panama Canal.

COLON, March 17.—President Nunez has received encouraging news in regard to the formation of a new company being organized for the resumption of the work on the Panama canal.

Death of Sister Rosina.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Sister M. Rosina, mother superior of the order of Sisters of Charity of the United States, died at Westchester of paralysis.

Industrial Army's Threat.

LOS ANGELES, March 17.—The industrial army has received fresh accessions. Acting Commander Gould asked the city council for free transportation for the army over the Santa Fe. The answer will be a refusal, and then the leaders say they will seize the railroad and operate it themselves.

OXFORD BOYS WIN

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DEFEATED IN A GREAT RACE.

Great Interest Manifested in the Result Throughout England—The Finish 21 Minutes Advance of Oxfords.

LONDON, March 17.—The greatest event in the English aquatic world—the race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs—took place today in the presence of a great crowd of people that lined both banks of the river Thames from Putney bridge to the "Ship" at Mortlake, the points at which the race begun and ended.

Oxford won the toss and chose the Surrey side of the river.

At 9:12 the pistol was fired for the start and the both crews started well together. Eight minutes later the Cambridge crew was pulling 42 strokes to the minute and the Oxfords 40.

Off the soap works Oxford was in the lead. When the lead mills were reached Oxford had opened a gap of a length between themselves and the Cambridge crew.

At 9:25 Oxford still maintained the lead of a length and was gradually forging ahead. The crew pulled a magnificent and telling stroke, and it was evident that they were far superior to the Cambridge crew. Slowly but surely they forged ahead of their opponents, and when Hammersmith bridge was reached it was plainly evident that the Oxford crew would win.

The Oxford crew passed Throneycroft's four lengths in the lead, but here they eased off their stroke a little, and when the Devonshire meadows were reached they were only three lengths ahead.

Barnes' bridge was passed at 9.29, and when the Oxfords passed under it they were again four lengths in front.

The finish line at Mortlake was crossed by the Oxfords at 9.33. The unofficial time was 21 minutes. Cambridge did not gain on the Oxfords after Barnes' bridge was passed.

MELLO'S MOVEMENTS.

The Revolutionists Said to Be Organizing Land Forces.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 17.—President Peixoto insists on the surrender of Admiral da Gama and the other rebel officers who have taken refuge on board Portuguese vessels. The president declares that they will be tried by the ordinary tribunals.

The Portuguese admiral has refused to give up the officers who have sought refuge on board the Portuguese ships; but he has promised to refer the matter to the Portuguese government and to act in accordance with the instructions which he may receive from Lisbon.

The Portuguese steamer Ceida de Porto attempted to leave Rio de Janeiro with the insurgents on board; but she was stopped by Fort Santa Cruz, the officer in command of that post threatening to fire upon her if she did not put back.

Advices received from Rio Grande do Sul say that Admiral de Mello is actively engaged in organizing land forces. It is reported that De Mello has ordered the Aquidaban to attack some of the northern ports of Brazil. The rebel warship Republica is said to be repairing damages and recoaling at Parangua. The torpedo boats under the command of Admiral de Mello are said to have assembled at the entrance of Santos.

GREED FOR GOLD

Was the Primary Cause of the Slaughter of the Wilson Party.

CAPE TOWN, March 17.—It has been ascertained that King Lobengula sent three messengers to the patrol sent out by Major Forbes, on Dec. 3, with a present of 1000 pounds sterling and a verbal message asking the patrol to stop, as he, the king, would surrender.

The king's messengers assert that they handed the gold to two men belonging to the imperial police, who formed a part of the rear guard. Suspicion has fallen upon two troopers named Wilson and Daniels, who have been arrested.

Commissioner Jameson will endeavor to obtain further information from the natives in regard to this transaction as the men who stole the 1000 pounds in gold were morally guilty of the murders of the Wilson party and of King Lobengula.

Gathering Evidence Against Shea.

TROY, N. Y., March 17.—At the inquest in the election murder the brother of the murdered man testified. "I saw Shea shoot twice at my brother, the first shot was appareatly directed at the body, as Robert was a tall man. When my brother fell, Shea came up and lowered the revolver and fired into the head." Several witnesses testified to seeing Shea shoot Ross.

Sutherland Is Missing.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Kenneth F Sutherland was called for sentence in the supreme court yesterday. Sutherland did not respond. The explanation given by his counsel was that Sutherland was drunk. The impression is general that he will not return and face a year in jail, $500 fine and trial on three other indictments.

King's Movements Not Secret.

BRUSSELS, March 17.—There is no truth in the story saying that King Leopold had secretly left his country residence King Leopold arrived at Montreux yesterday.

Big Fire at Mobile.

MOBILE, March 17.—Fire broke out last night in Lienkauf & Strauss' wholesale dry goods and notions building, and spread rapidly to other buildings, causing a loss of $200,000, perhaps more.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

MISS POLLARD'S SUIT.

MAY BE THROWN OUT OF COURT TODAY.

Discovery of the Certificate of Marriage Between Col. Breckinridge and Mrs. Wing by Rev. Dr. Paxton of New York

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The Pollard-Breckinridge case may come to an end by being thrown out of court on account of a development from New York.

NEW YORK. The certificate of marriage between W. C. T. Breckinridge and Mrs. Louise R. S. Wing was filed today at the city clerk's office by Rev. Dr. J. R. Paxton, who performed the ceremony at his house on April 29th, 1893. Dr. Paxton is liable for a fine of $50 for withholding the certificate nearly a year.

The discovery means that Mr. Breckinridge was married to Mrs. Swan at the time alleged by Miss Pollard in her suit that Col. Breckinridge had promised to marry her.

FEARFUL SUFFERING.

Enduring by a Crew of 16 Men From Gloucester.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

GLOUCESTER, March 16.—The schooner Bessie M. Wells, arrived from the Grand Banks this morning, and the crew give the particulars of the wreck of the Blanche on March 1. This schooner was trying to make a harbor on Newfoundland and was caught by the ice. Sixteen men took to a floe and for 40 hours floated about until driven ashore by the wind. They saw the Blanche crushed and wrecked.

A Bigger Navy.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LONDON, March 16.—The naval estimates were reported today, and include $86,000,000 appropriation called for.

The number of men in the service will be increased by 6700, including marines.

In the coming year seven new battle ships of the first-class, six cruisers of the second class, two sloops and 36 torpedo destroyers of a new model are to be laid down.

Lucania Breaks a Record.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, March 16.—The Cunard office has received a despatch that the steamer Lucania has broken the eastern record, her last trip from Sandy Hook to the Fastnet being in 5 days, 9hrs., 24 min., bettering the record 2 hrs., 40 mins.

Russo-German Treaty.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BERLIN, March 16.—The Reichstag today passed the Russo-German commercial treaty.

Vote to Tear It Down.

By Telegraph to THE SUN

BOSTON, March 16—The committee on tearing down the front of the state house, voted today after a protracted fight to tear it down, 6 to 5.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

Case of it in Police Court Today.

Helen Boivine, a young French girl not much over 16 years of age, was charged with being a lewd and lascivious person. The principal witness against her was a fourteen year old boy who testified to her actions with himself and others. The evidence brought to light an awful state of depravity on the part of the girl. Medical testimony, which showed a serious physical state of the girl, as well as of one of the principal witnesses against her, was also put in.

PLAYING POLITICS.

Will Opposition on Normal School Amount to Anything.

It appears that the legislative committee on education will report the bill for a normal school at North Adams to the house, and the bills for Lawrence and Fitchburg in the senate. This move on the part of the committee looks like playing politics. Lawrence probably calculates to get the bill through the senate without a fight, and whatever is precipitated in the lower house will have little effect.

FOR LICENSE COMMISSIONS.

Committee on Liquor Laws Votes in Favor of It.

The committee on liquor law has voted 7 to 4, to recommend a bill for license commissions for all the large cities of the commonwealth. Rep. Donohoe of Lowell is a member of the committee and voted against the bill.

POLICE COURT.

Hadley, J.

Eight drunks.

Harry Percival who was arrested yesterday by Officer Gardner after a long and exciting chase, pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny of a fur cape and some silk, the property of Margaret McCarthy. Percival boarded at the McCarthy woman's home, and while she was away broke open a trunk and stole the articles. He received a sentence of four months in jail.

The case of Helen Boivine was continued until the girl's father can be found.

Alphonse Landry, a stubborn child, was sentenced to the Massachusetts reformatory.

James Murray, a vagrant, will do six months time at the Bridgewater farm.

Telesphore Bucher, who stole 35 yards of cloth from the Hamilton corporation, was sent to the reformatory.

CHENEY VS. CHENEY.

The Suit to Recover Money is Now on Trial at High Court.

At the opening of court yesterday afternoon Judge Sheldon decided to take the Fort Payne case from the jury by ruling in favor of the defence. Now the case goes to the supreme court. The court held that the defendant, Webster, could not have purchased land at auction which was by order of the directors of the plaintiff company held in trust at the time of the mortgage under bonds for $237,000 on $300,000 mortgage. Therefore there could be no sale and so the company could give no clear deed of the land. Judge Sheldon found that there could have been no sale and therefore the defence could not collect on the note given for the real estate. On that ground of law the plaintiffs go to the Supreme court.

The next case was that of Warren Cheney vs. Charles W. Cheney both of Lowell. G. F. Richardson appeared for the plaintiff and G. F. Lawton for the defence. The plaintiff sues for a balance of $4701 due on wages at $12 per week from 1880 to 1890. Defence says that the plaintiff made a promissory note to him for $1153 in 1892 and so owes him $2031 50. This the plaintiff denies and says that he made the note without consideration. A. F. Jewett was a witness to the note. The parties are brothers and the defendant is well known being proprietor of the restaurant, grocery and saloon on Central street.

In Mr. Richardson's opening he told of an auditor finding in favor of Warren Cheney and he described how it happened that Warren's pay ran for so many years without a settlement being made. The plaintiff was a bachelor and his habits quiet and simple, and as he had his food and clothing supplied, he asked for money only at rare intervals.

Mr. Lawton said in reference to an auditor's report that the moment it was attacked it fell worthless and its finding shouldn't prejudice the jury. Charles Cheney, he said, will not claim perfect remembrance of the business transactions that have led to the trial, but he clearly recollected the principal item in the case.

At this point jury number one was excused until Monday morning. Having rested on the auditor's report, the plaintiff introduced no witnesses, though they saved the right of rebutting with witnesses.

Charles W. Cheney was put on the stand and examined by Mr. Lawton. In July, 1879, his brother returned from California and he offered him $6 a week, his room rent and meals if he would come to work for him. Warren wanted clothing and he gave him $50 to get it. From that time till 1889 Warren was in witness' employ regularly when he left of his own will. During that time various sums were paid Warren and they were recorded in the ledger by Kendall and Nuttall, two clerks. The court then adjourned.

Capt. Partridge Reported Hurt.

It is reported that Capt. A. V. Partridge of the Merrimack house, was quite severely hurt in the corridor of the hotel, yesterday.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Rogers of West Fifth street have a son and heir.

Emile Rivet, a lad, fell from a grinder on Aiken street bridge and dislocated his right arm.

A new lodge to be named Thomas Talbot lodge, M. U. O. F., will be organized in North Billerica, April 2.

Mr. Patrick McDonough of this city received today a large bunch of shamrocks from a friend in Dublin.

Oliver Pateande, a resident of Chelmsford, is said to have dislocated his hip by jumping from an electric at the northern station last night.

The returns of the Kitson Machine company, filed at the state house, are: Assets, real estate, $77,600; cash, $186,944; stock, $54,430. Liabilities, capital, $150,000; debts, $3000; p. and l., $165,974.

Mr. Brogan, who owns buildings at the corner of Aiken and Hall streets, is the first landlord in Little Canada to buy his land from the Locks & Canals company. It is understood that 60 cents per foot was the price paid.

The opera of "Pinafore" was successfully produced in Groton last evening by local talent, under the direction of T. F. Molloy. The part of Josephine was ably sustained by Miss Lizzie G McLaughlin and that of captain by Harry V. Huse.

The eighth annual reunion and supper of the pastor's class of the First Congregational church was held last evening. Among the distinguished guests were: Dr. Smith Baker and Rev. J. M. Greene. About 150 persons were present and the reunion was a very enjoyable affair.

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

M. O'FLAHAVAN & CO.,

79 AND 81 MARKET STREET.

We are sole agents for the Gov. Winthrop B. Ranges and Winthrop Parlor which is superior to anything ever put on the market. Our stock is selected from the best patterns in the states, at prices that cannot be beat. Please call and examine before purchasing. Repairs for all Stoves furnished. Piping and Plumbing promptly attended to.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

Let the Clothes Talk

They will say every time "we are washed cleaner and quicker, look whiter, last longer, and feel better when washed with

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

PALMER, MASS.

"I fully appreciate Ivorine washing powder, having used it for years. I think there is nothing equal it for washing. It does not require half the labor and makes the clothes beautifully white."

MRS. L. LYNCH.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Look! Look!!

A Solid Oak Chamber Set,
Woven Wire Spring,
Soft Top Mattress,
Two Pillows,
Comforter, 20 Yds. Seamless
Straw Matting,
3-Piece Toilet Set,
Two Curtains.

All for $35.

Look in our windows and see this exceptional Bargain. The Chamber Set alone is worth the money.

A complete line of Household Goods always on hand. Easy terms of payment. Second-hand Goods taken in part payment for new or bought outright.

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court Within and for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully libels and represents Annie Hardy of Lowell in said county, that she was lawfully married to Joseph Hardy of 311 East 105th street, New York city, in the state of New York, at Lowell, the sixth day of September A. D., 1886, and thereafterwards your Libellant and the said Joseph Hardy lived together as husband and wife in this commonwealth, to wit, at said Lowell, that your Libellant has always been faithful to her marriage vows and obligations, but the said Joseph Hardy being wholly regardless of the same, at Lowell aforesaid, on or about the 29th day of March A. D., 1888, did utterly desert your Libellant and has continued such utter desertion of your Libellant up the date of filing this libel, being more than three consecutive years prior to the date hereof. And your Libellant further says and avers that said Joseph Hardy has grossly, wantonly and cruelly refused and neglected and still grossly, wantonly and cruelly refuses and neglects to provide suitable support or maintenance for your Libellant.

Wherefore your Libellant prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be decreed between your Libellant and the said Joseph Hardy, and that the care and custody of the two minor children of the Libellant and said Libellee, whose names and ages are as follows: Freddie Hardy, about seven years, Arthur Lincoln Hardy, about six years of age may be awarded to your Libellant. Dated the twenty-first day of July A. D., 1892.

ANNIE HARDY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

SUPERIOR COURT, February 2d A. D., 1894.

Upon the libel aforesaid, it is ordered that the Libellant notify the Libellee to appear before our justices of said court, at Cambridge, in said county, on the first Monday of April next by causing an attested copy of said libel and of the order thereon, to be published in the Lowell Daily Sun a newspaper published in Lowell in the County of Middlesex once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the said last mentioned day, and that an attested copy of said libel and order thereon be sent by registered letter to the residence of the libellee as set out in the libel, that he may then and there show cause, if any he have, why the prayer in said libel set forth should not be granted.

THEO C. HURD, Clerk

A true copy of the libel and of the order thereon.

Attest, THEO C. HURD, Clerk.

SHAMROCKS

Given with Each Piece of

NEWSBOY PLUG

At the Following Well Known Tobacco Stores:

CALDERWOOD & GORDON, next to Post Office; FLOOD & Choate, 434 Merrimack Street; CHADWICK & ARNOLD, 131 Central Street; JAMES J GALLAGHER next to depot, Merrimack Street; JOSEPH T. GRIFFIN, 56 Middlesex Street

COLDSMITH, SILVER & Co's

M.C.A.

10C. CIGARS

LEAD ALL OTHERS.

Everybody Should Try The

"108"

Havana Filled 5c. Cigar.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Gala Matinee St. Patrick's Day.

Return Engagement for Two Nights and Matinee. Friday Evening, Saturday Matinee and Evening.

MARCH 16 and 17.

Camille D'Arville Comic Opera Co.,

80 ARTISTS IN

RICE'S VENUS.

sumptuous production of the fantastic comic opera in two merry chapters, entitled, Libretto, by O. A. Bryne and Louis Harrison, music by Gustave Kerker, introducing the Peerless Queen of comic opera, CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, and the same great star cast as before. New music, new songs, new costumes, new scenic and electrical effects. Our own orchestra under the direction of the composer of Venus, Mr. Gustave Kerker, musical director of the Casino, N. Y. The entire production will be under the personal supervison and management of Mr Edward E. Rice.

Prices—Matinee, 25, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Evenings, $1 50, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Sale of seats will begin on Wednesday.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Commencing Monday, March 19th.

A terrific sensation. The original and only

PROF. O. R. GLEASON,

America's King of Horse Tamers, will handle some of the most vicious brutes that can be found by his agents in this country.

MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS.

Specially Featured for Ladies to Attend.

One of the most interesting entertainments that has been in your city, and the Only One of the Kind in the World.

Gleason does not see the horse until he walks upon the stage.

People owning vicious or nervous horses can book them to be handled by Prof. Gleason, at the theatre free of charge. Come one. Come all.

Prices to suit the times, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Seats on sale for the week Monday at 10 a. m.

Music - Hall

Thursday, 15th.
Friday, 16th.
Saturday, 17th.

GRAND ST. PATRICK'S MATINEE

SATURDAY AT 2.30. P. M.

Williams H. Rightmier's

THE TWO WANDERERS

Thomas and Watson in the Cast.

SPECIAL.—On Friday evening every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat will receive a finished cabinet of T. F THOMAS in character.

Popular Prices, 10, 20, 30c

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $4.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle. 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c, 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

190½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas. Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St.

OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE for sale. Clean stock, on good thoroughfare. Nice cash trade. Apply at SUN office.

NOW IS THE TIME to get your spring clothing cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing House. Ladies' and gents' clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired. All orders neatly and promptly done. Orders called for and delivered free of charge. 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Law, proprietor.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—A boarding house in a good location at a bargain. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor Merrimack & Bridge street.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, new cottage house of 7 rooms, large pantry and bath room, back stairs, furnace in cellar, large barn with 6000 ft. of land. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—Near Chelmsford street, two story 2 tenement house all in good repair, good barn, carriage house, 7000 feet of land with lots of fruit. This is a bargain and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 11 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

FOR SALE—In Ward 4, 150 feet from Westford street, nearly new cottage house of 7 rooms with all modern improvements, with good lot of land. This is a bargain if you want a home. Price $2300. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Belvidere, on Stackpole street, house of 12 rooms with large lot of land and plenty of fruit. This can be bought at a bargain. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street, (Courier building.)

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Office, Supervising architect, Washington, D. C., March 8, 1894. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 23d day of March, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place and complete a tower clock and bell, for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawing and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for tower clock and bell for the U S post office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, supervising architect.

Strikes!
Strikes!!
Strikes!!!

Strikes bring joy to the bowler, but I fear distress to the thousands of operatives in Lawrence and Fall River.

Strikes are successful only with a rising market—never with a falling one. The present depressed condition of the markets and trade generally, should deter the operatives from striking against a reduction of wages. A reduction of wages is always to be deplored, but in the winter time what are the operatives to do but submit; a half loaf is better than none, but with the return of spring it is hoped there will be a revival of trade, let us hope the old schedule of wages will be restored and consequently everybody made happy.

In the meantime be of good cheer, keep good hours, spend much time at home, you are then away from temptation, and if you must have something to cheer you and the family, why send an order to John Warburton, Globe Hotel, for Port or Sherry Wine, 3 large bottles for $4. Whiskey for family use 75c. per bottle, 3 for $2.

JOHN WARBURTON,
Globe Hotel, City.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coal.

E. G. PARKER,

29 Manchester, Branch Office 23 East Merrimack Street,

WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF

COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only, to help the laboring men. The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,

35 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

When in doubt to Maker's go,
His store is filled both high and low;
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles.
The most asthetic taste he pleases
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price

PICTURES AND FRAMES

No. 2 John St., Marble Bank Building.

Oh, Try It, Sure!

The Royal Cake Icing never sours or moulds; always fresh and ready for instant use, and will keep in any climate. Chocolate, Price 15c. Per Package.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH, ... Proprietor

The President's Family

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BUSINESS

A Fresh Impetus in the Upward Direction.

SOUTHERN MILLS ARE REPORTED AS BUSY.

Indications of Spring Trade in the Provinces.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Bradstreet's today says: The unusual prolongation of mild spring-like weather during the early portion of March has greatly stimulated consumptive demand in almost all staple lines. Corroboration of this is found in almost unanimous reports of increased sales from six of the larger distributing points in the New England and middle states, where general trade has heretofore been reported barely steady.

More sales in general lines are reported from Boston, with special activity in lumber and building materials.

Providence manufacturers of cotton yarns report an improvement in the demand, and woolen mills in northern Rhode Island are starting up on heavy-weight clothes.

Philadelphia merchants report an improving outlook for dealings with the west and south and gains in sales of shoes. Increased distribution of woolens has been at a sacrifice in price.

At Pittsburg, Chicago and other iron centers, competition has further reduced prices for shaped as well as raw iron and steel.

The most striking evidence of improvement south is from Augusta, where all mills are running on full time, and the demand for cotton goods has increased, although improved crop prospects in Texas, tributary to Dallas, together with increased immigration, have stimulated sales as compared with February, and prices of real estate.

The stimulated demand for wholesale dry goods results in an oversale of ginghams, and prices are 1-4 cent higher, although it has taken concessions on some cotton goods to move them.

The Cereal Crops.

If to the government report of 114,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hand may be added 117,000,000 bushels of wheat out of farmers' hands, the resulting 231,000,000 bushels will supply food and seed for four months to come, a reserve on July 1, next, of 40,000,000 bushels, and, if required, 10,000,000 bushels a month for export, which is more than will be demanded.

Exports of wheat, flour, including both coasts of the United States and Canada this week, equal 3,258,000 bushels, against 2,651,000 bushels last week, 2,886,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 3,818,000 bushels in the week in 1892, and as compared with 2,783,000 bushels in the week in 1891.

Trade at Montreal is quiet and is expected to remain so until after navigation opens a few weeks hence. Jobbers report demand for groceries and shoes most active.

Halifax advices are that an early spring trade is indicated. At Toronto the business situation is featureless. The volume of bank clearings at Hamilton, Halifax, Montreal and Toronto is $17,649,000 this week, a fraction of 1 per cent less than in the week before and 11 per cent less than in the corresponding week a year ago.

Exports of produce are 40 per cent above and imports 38 per cent below last year's for the month thus far.

The Failures.

Failures for the first week of March were few, with liabilities thus far reported of only $2,025,338, of which $816,284 were of manufacturing and $1,161,270 of trading concerns. Owing to large deferred statements, received too late for use last week, the aggregate of liabilities for February has been raised to $17,805,670. The number of failures this week is 204 in the United States against 190 last year, and 55 in Canada against 30 last year.

The absence of important embarrassments is still most encouraging.

Alleged Violation of Charter.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 17.—A petition has been circulated asking the city council to order the removal of the tracks of the Newport Street Railway company in Bath road. The line carries summer excursionists to the beach. Claim is made that the company broke requirements of the charter in failing to run cars for 60 days. Summer residents are ready to fight the company, as property is much depreciated by the tracks.

Rules Too Strict.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Chaplain Atwood of the state prison has resigned on account of difficulties in discharging his duties in accordance with the strict rules of the institution, it is said. He took the position May 1, 1892, and gained some notoriety by burying a dead convict-veteran with part of the Grand Army service.

Trouble Expected.

COLORADO SPRINGS, March 17.—Sheriff Bowers is in charge of a posse at Cripple Creek to prevent interference by the strikers with the men who have gone to work in the mines. It is thought trouble will break out first on Bull Hill. The miners are well armed.

Failure of Prouty & Co.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The boot and shoe manufacturing firm of Isaac Prouty & Co. of Spencer, one of the biggest concern of its kind in the country, made an assignment yesterday. The factory employs 2000 hands.

Husband Caused Her Death.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 17.—Mrs. Joseph Moreau is dead, as a result of the injuries inflicted by her husband last Monday night, when in a drunken rage. Moreau will be arraigned on the charge of manslaughter.

Grand Jury Will Take It Up.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 17.—The case of the death of Henrietta Jackson, who, it is alleged, died from the effects of inhaling gas prepared by students at Cornell college, will be brought before the grand jury next week.

The Panama Canal.

COLON, March 17.—President Nunez has received encouraging news in regard to the formation of a new company being organized for the resumption of the work on the Panama canal.

Death of Sister Rosina.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Sister M. Rosina, mother superior of the order of Sisters of Charity of the United States, died at Westchester of paralysis.

Industrial Army's Threat.

LOS ANGELES, March 17.—The industrial army has received fresh accessions. Acting Commander Gould asked the city council for free transportation for the army over the Santa Fe. The answer will be a refusal, and then the leaders say they will seize the railroad and operate it themselves.

OXFORD BOYS WIN

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DEFEATED IN A GREAT RACE.

Great Interest Manifested in the Result Throughout England—The Finish 21 Minutes Advance of Oxfords.

LONDON, March 17.—The greatest event in the English aquatic world—the race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs—took place today in the presence of a great crowd of people that lined both banks of the river Thames from Putney bridge to the "Ship" at Mortlake, the points at which the race began and ended.

Oxford won the toss and chose the Surrey side of the river.

At 9:12 the pistol was fired for the start and the both crews started well together. Eight minutes later the Cambridge crew was pulling 42 strokes to the minute and the Oxfords 40.

Off the soap works Oxford was in the lead. When the lead mills were reached Oxford had opened a gap of a length between themselves and the Cambridge crew.

At 9:25 Oxford still maintained the lead of a length and was gradually forging ahead. The crew pulled a magnificent and telling stroke, and it was evident that they were far superior to the Cambridge crew. Slowly but surely they forged ahead of their opponents, and when Hammersmith bridge was reached it was plainly evident that the Oxford crew would win.

The Oxford crew passed Thorneycroft's four lengths in the lead, but here they eased off their stroke a little, and when the Devonshire meadows were reached they were only three lengths ahead.

Barnes' bridge was passed at 9:29, and when the Oxfords passed under it they were again four lengths in front.

The finish line at Mortlake was crossed by the Oxfords at 9:33. The unofficial time was 21 minutes. Cambridge did not gain on the Oxfords after Barnes' bridge was passed.

MELLO'S MOVEMENTS.

The Revolutionists Said to Be Organizing Land Forces.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 17.—President Peixoto insists on the surrender of Admiral da Gama and the other rebel officers who have taken refuge on board Portuguese vessels. The president declares that they will be tried by the ordinary tribunals.

The Portuguese admiral has refused to give up the officers who have sought refuge on board the Portuguese ships; but he has promised to refer the matter to the Portuguese government and to act in accordance with the instructions which he may receive from Lisbon.

The Portuguese steamer Ceida de Porto attempted to leave Rio de Janeiro with the insurgents on board; but she was stopped by Fort Santa Cruz, the officer in command of that post threatening to fire upon her if she did not put back.

Advices received from Rio Grande do Sul say that Admiral de Mello is actively engaged in organizing land forces. It is reported that De Mello has ordered the Aquidaban to attack some of the northern ports of Brazil. The rebel warship Republica is said to be repairing damages and recoaling at Parangua. The torpedo boats under the command of Admiral de Mello are said to have assembled at the entrance of Santos.

GREED FOR GOLD

Was the Primary Cause of the Slaughter of the Wilson Party.

CAPE TOWN, March 17.—It has been ascertained that King Lobengula sent three messengers to the patrol sent out by Major Forbes, on Dec. 3, with a present of 1000 pounds sterling and a verbal message asking the patrol to stop, as he, the king, would surrender.

The king's messengers assert that they handed the gold to two men belonging to the imperial police, who formed a part of the rear guard. Suspicion has fallen upon two troopers named Wilson and Daniels, who have been arrested.

Commissioner Jameson will endeavor to obtain further information from the natives in regard to this transaction as the men who stole the 1000 pounds in gold were morally guilty of the murders of the Wilson party and of King Lobengula.

Gathering Evidence Against Shea.

TROY, N. Y., March 17.—At the inquest in the election murder the brother of the murdered man testified: "I saw Shea shoot twice at my brother, the first shot was apparently directed at the body, as Robert was a tall man. When my brother fell, Shea came up and lowered the revolver and fired into the head." Several witnesses testified to seeing Shea shoot Ross.

Sutherland Is Missing.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Kenneth F Sutherland was called for sentence in the supreme court yesterday. Sutherland did not respond. The explanation given by his counsel was that Sutherland was drunk. The impression is general that he will not return and face a year in jail, $500 fine and trial on three other indictments.

King's Movements Not Secret.

BRUSSELS, March 17.—There is no truth in the story saying that King Leopold had secretly left his country residence King Leopold arrived at Montreux yesterday.

Big Fire at Mobile.

MOBILE, March 17.—Fire broke out last night in Lienkauf & Strauss' wholesale dry goods and notions building, and spread rapidly to other buildings, causing a loss of $200,000, perhaps more.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

MISS POLLARD'S SUIT.

MAY BE THROWN OUT OF COURT TODAY.

Discovery of the Certificate of Marriage Between Col. Breckinridge and Mrs. Wing by Rev. Dr. Paxton of New York.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The Pollard-Breckinridge case may come to an end by being thrown out of court on account of a development from New York.

NEW YORK. The certificate of marriage between W. C. T. Breckinridge and Mrs. Louise R. S. Wing was filed today at the city clerk's office by Rev. Dr. J. R. Paxton, who performed the ceremony at his house on April 29th, 1893. Dr. Paxton is liable for a fine of $50 for withholding the certificate nearly a year.

The discovery means that Mr. Breckinridge was married to Mrs. Swan at the time alleged by Miss Pollard in her suit that Col. Breckinridge had promised to marry her.

FEARFUL SUFFERING.

Enduring by a Crew of 16 Men From Gloucester.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

GLOUCESTER, March 16.—The schooner Bessie M. Wells, arrived from the Grand Banks this morning, and the crew give the particulars of the wreck of the Blanche on March 1. This schooner was trying to make a harbor on Newfoundland and was caught by the ice. Sixteen men took to a floe and for 40 hours floated about until driven ashore by the wind They saw the Blanche crushed and wrecked.

A Bigger Navy.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LONDON, March 16.—The naval estimates were reported today, and include $80,000,000 appropriation called for.

The number of men in the service will be increased by 6700, including marines.

In the coming year seven new battle ships of the first-class, six cruisers of the second class, two sloops and 30 torpedo destroyers of a new model are to be laid down.

Lucania Breaks a Record.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, March 16.—The Cunard office has received a despatch that the steamer Lucania has broken the eastern record, her last trip from Sandy Hook to the Fastnet being in 5 days, 9hrs., 24 min., bettering the record 2 hrs., 40 mins.

Russo-German Treaty.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BERLIN, March 16.—The Reichstag today passed the Russo-German commercial treaty.

Vote to Tear It Down.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, March 16—The committee on tearing down the front of the state house, voted today after a protracted fight to tear it down, 6 to 5.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

Case of It in Police Court Today.

Helen Boivine, a young French girl not much over 16 years of age, was charged with being a lewd and lascivious person. The principal witness against her was a fourteen year old boy who testified to her actions with himself and others. The evidence brought to light an awful state of depravity on the part of the girl. Medical testimony, which showed a serious physical state of the girl, as well as of one of the principal witnesses against her, was also put in.

PLAYING POLITICS.

Will Opposition on Normal School Amount to Anything.

It appears that the legislative committee on education will report the bill for a normal school at North Adams to the house, and the bills for Lawrence and Fitchburg in the senate. This move on the part of the committee looks like playing politics. Lawrence probably calculates to get the bill through the senate without a fight, and whatever is precipitated in the lower house will have little effect.

FOR LICENSE COMMISSIONS.

Committee on Liquor Laws Votes in Favor of It.

The committee on liquor law has voted 7 to 4, to recommend a bill for license commissions for all the large cities of the commonwealth. Rep. Donohoe of Lowell is a member of the committee and voted against the bill.

POLICE COURT.

Hadley, J.

Eight drunks.

Harry Percival who was arrested yesterday by Officer Gardner after a long and exciting chase, pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny of a fur cape and some silk, the property of Margaret McCarthy. Percival boarded at the McCarthy woman's home, and while she was away broke open a trunk and stole the articles. He received a sentence of four months in jail.

The case of Helen Boivine was continued until the girl's father can be found.

Alphonse Landry, a stubborn child, was sentenced to the Massachusetts reformatory.

James Murray, a vagrant, will do six months time at the Bridgewater farm.

Telesphore Bucher, who stole 35 yards of cloth from the Hamilton corporation, was sent to the reformatory.

CHENEY VS. CHENEY.

The Suit to Recover Money is Now on Trial at High Court.

At the opening of court yesterday afternoon Judge Sheldon decided to take the Fort Payne case from the jury by ruling in favor of the defence. Now the case goes to the supreme court. The court held that the defendant, Webster, could not have purchased land at auction which was by order of the directors of the plaintiff company held in trust at the time of the mortgage under bonds for $237,000 on $800,000 mortgage. Therefore there could be no sale and so the company could give no clear deed of the land. Judge Sheldon found that there could have been no sale and therefore the defence could not collect on the note given for the real estate. On that ground of law the plaintiffs go to the Supreme court.

The next case was that of Warren Cheney vs. Charles W. Cheney both of Lowell. G. F. Richardson appeared for the plaintiff and G. F. Lawton for the defence. The plaintiff sues for a balance of $4701 due on wages at $12 per week from 1880 to 1890. Defence says that the plaintiff made a promissory note to him for $1153 in 1892 and so owes him $2031.60. This the plaintiff denies and says that he made the note without consideration. A. F. Jewett was a witness to the note. The parties are brothers and the defendant is well known, being proprietor of the restaurant, grocery and saloon on Central street.

In Mr. Richardson's opening he told of an auditor finding in favor of Warren Cheney and he described how it happened that Warren's pay ran for so many years without a settlement being made. The plaintiff was a bachelor and his habits quiet and simple, and as he had his food and clothing supplied, he asked for money only at rare intervals.

Mr. Lawton said in reference to an auditor's report that the moment it was attacked it fell worthless and its finding shouldn't prejudice the jury. Charles Cheney, he said, will not claim perfect remembrance of the business transactions that have led to the trial, but he clearly recollected the principal item in the case.

At this point jury number one was excused until Monday morning. Having rested on the auditor's report, the plaintiff introduced no witnesses, though they saved the right of rebutting with witnesses.

Charles W. Cheney was put on the stand and examined by Mr. Lawton. In July, 1879, his brother returned from California and he offered him $6 a week, his room rent and meals if he would come to work for him. Warren wanted clothing and he gave him $50 to get it. From that time till 1889 Warren was in witness' employ regularly when he left of his own will. During that time various sums were paid Warren and they were recorded in the ledger by Kendall and Nuttall, two clerks. The court then adjourned.

Capt. Partridge Reported Hurt.

It is reported that Capt. A. V. Partridge of the Merrimack house, was quite severely hurt in the corridor of the hotel, yesterday.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Rogers of West Fifth street have a son and heir.

Emile Rivet, a lad, fell from a grinder on Aiken street bridge and dislocated his right arm.

A new lodge to be named Thomas Talbot lodge, M. U. O. F., will be organized in North Billerica, April 2.

Mr. Patrick McDonough of this city received today a large bunch of shamrocks from a friend in Dublin.

Oliver Patenaude, a resident of Chelmsford, is said to have dislocated his hip by jumping from an electric at the northern station last night.

The returns of the Kitson Machine company, filed at the state house, are: Assets, real estate, $77,600; cash, $186,944; stock, $54,430. Liabilities, capital, $150,000; debts, $3000; p. and l., $165,974.

Mr. Brogan, who owns buildings at the corner of Aiken and Hall streets, is the first landlord in Little Canada to buy his land from the Locks & Canals company. It is understood that 60 cents per foot was the price paid.

The opera of "Pinafore" was successfully produced in Groton last evening by local talent, under the direction of T. F. Molloy. The part of Josephine was ably sustained by Miss Lizzie G. McLaughlin and that of captain by Harry V. Huse.

The eighth annual reunion and supper of the pastor's class of the First Congregational church was held last evening. Among the distinguished guests were: Dr. Smith Baker and Rev. J. M. Greene. About 150 persons were present and the reunion was a very enjoyable affair.

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

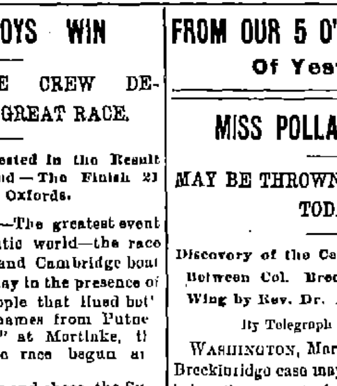
Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

M. O'FLAHAVAN & CO.,

70 AND 81 MARKET STREET.

We are sole agents for the Gov. Winthrop R. Ranges and Winthrop Parlor which is superior to anything ever put on the market. Our stock is selected from the best patterns in the states, at prices that cannot be beat. Please call and examine before purchasing. Repairs for all Stoves furnished. Piping and Plumbing promptly attended to.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.



Let the Clothes Talk

They will say every time "we are washed cleaner and quicker, look whiter, last longer, and feel better when washed with

Ivorine WASHING POWDER

PALMER, Mass.

"I fully appreciate Ivorine washing powder, having used it for years. I think there is nothing equal it for washing. It does not require half the labor and makes the clothes beautifully white."

MRS. L. LYNCH.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Look! Look!!

A Solid Oak Chamber Set,
Woven Wire Spring,
Soft Top Mattress,
Two Pillows,
Comforter, 20 Yds. Seamless
Straw Matting,
3-Piece Toilet Set,
Two Curtains,

All for $35.

Look in our windows and see this exceptional Bargain. The Chamber Set alone is worth the money.

A complete line of Household Goods always on hand. Easy terms of payment. Second-hand Goods taken in part payment for new or bought outright.

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court within and for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully libels and represents Annie Hardy of Lowell in said county, that she was lawfully married to Joseph Hardy of 311 East 105th street, New York city, in the state of New York, at Lowell, the sixth day of September A. D., 1886, and thereafterwards your Libellant and the said Joseph Hardy lived together as husband and wife in this commonwealth, to wit, at said Lowell, that your Libellant has always been faithful to her marriage vows and obligations, but the said Joseph Hardy being wholly regardless of the same, at Lowell aforesaid, on or about the 20th day of March A. D., 1889, did utterly desert your Libellant and has continued such utter desertion of your Libellant up the date of filing this libel, being more than three consecutive years prior to the date hereof. And your Libellant further says and avers that said Joseph Hardy has grossly, wantonly and cruelly refused and neglected and still grossly, wantonly and cruelly refuses and neglects to provide suitable support or maintenance for your Libellant.

Wherefore your Libellant prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be decreed between your Libellant and the said Joseph Hardy, and that the care and custody of the two minor children of the Libellant and said Libellee, whose names and ages are as follows: Freddie Hardy, about seven years, Arthur Lincoln Hardy, about six years of age may be awarded to your Libellant. Dated the twenty-first day of July A. D., 1892.

ANNIE HARDY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPERIOR COURT, February 2d A. D., 1894.

Upon the libel aforesaid, it is ordered that the Libellant notify the Libellee to appear before our justices of said court, at Cambridge, in said county, on the first Monday of April next, by causing an attested copy of said libel and of the order thereon, to be published in the Lowell Daily Sun a newspaper published in Lowell in the County of Middlesex once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the said last mentioned day, and that an attested copy of said libel and order thereon be sent by registered letter to the residence of the libellee as set out in the libel, that he may then and there show cause, if any he have, why the prayer in said libel set forth should not be granted.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy of the libel and of the order thereon,

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

SHAMROCKS

Given with Each Piece of

NEWSBOY PLUG

At the Following Well Known Tobacco Stores:

CALDERWOOD & GORDON, next to Post Office; FLOOD & Ohnste, 484 Merrimack Street; CHADWICK & ARNOLD, 131 Central Street; JAMES J. GALLAGHER next to depot, Merrimack Street; JOSEPH T. GRIFFIN, 56 Middlesex Street.

COLDSMITH, SILVER & Co's

M.C.A.

10C. CIGARS

LEAD ALL OTHERS.

Everybody Should Try The

"108"

Havana Filled 5c. Cigar.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Gala Matinee St. Patrick's Day.

Return Engagement for Two Nights and Matinee. Friday Evening, Saturday Matinee and Evening.

MARCH 16 and 17.

Camille D'Arville Comic Opera Co.,

80 ARTISTS IN

RICE'S sumptuous production of the fantastic comic opera in two merry chapters, entitled, libretto, by C. A. Bryne and Louis Harrison, music by Gustave Kerker, introducing the Peerless Queen of comic opera, CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, and the same great star cast as before. New music, new songs, new costumes, new scenic and electrical effects. Our own orchestra under the direction of the composer of Venus, Mr. Gustave Kerker, musical director of the Casino, N. Y. The entire production will be under the personal supervision and management of Mr. Edward E. Rice.

VENUS.

Prices—Matinee, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Evenings, $1.50, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Sale of seats will begin on Wednesday.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Commencing Monday, March 19th.

A terrific sensation. The original and only

PROF. O. R. GLEASON,

America's King of Horse Tamers, will handle some of the most vicious brutes that can be found by his agents in this country.

MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS.

Specially Featured for Ladies to Attend.

One of the most interesting entertainments that has been in your city, and the Only One of the Kind in the World.

Gleason does not see the horse until he walks upon the stage.

People owning vicious or nervous horses can book them to be handled by Prof. Gleason, at the theatre free of charge. Come one, Come all.

Prices to suit the times, 25, 35, 50 and 15c.

Seats on sale for the week Monday at 10 a. m.

Music - Hall

Thursday, 15th.
Friday, 16th.
Saturday, 17th.

GRAND ST. PATRICK'S MATINEE

SATURDAY AT 2.30. P. M.

Williams H. Rightmier's

THE TWO WANDERERS

Thomas and Watson in the Cast.

SPECIAL.—On Friday evening every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat will receive a finished cabinet of T. F. THOMAS in character.

Popular Prices, 10, 20, 30c

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

190½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St.

OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

The President's Family

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

H=O Hornby's Oatmeal

WANT COLUMN

Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE for sale. Clean stock, on good thoroughfare. Nice cash trade. Apply at SUN office.

NOW IS THE TIME to get your spring clothing cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing House. Ladies' and gents' clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired. All orders neatly and promptly done. Orders called for and delivered free of charge. 417 Merrimack street, F. P. Lew, proprietor.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—A boarding house in a good location at a bargain. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack & Bridge street.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 404 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, new cottage house of 7 rooms, large pantry and bath room, back stairs, furnace in cellar, large barn with 6000 ft. of land. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—Near Chelmsford street, two story 2 tenement house all in good repair, good barn, carriage house, 7000 feet of land with lots of fruit. This is a bargain and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

FOR SALE—In Ward 4, 150 feet from Westford street, nearly new cottage house of 7 rooms with all modern improvements, with good lot of land. This is a bargain if you want a home. Price $2300. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 foot. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1050. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Belvidere, on Stackpole street, house of 12 rooms with large lot of land and plenty of fruit. This can be bought at a bargain. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street, (Courier building.)

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4240 square foot of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Office, Supervising architect, Washington, D. C., March 8, 1894. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 23d day of March, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place and complete a tower clock and bell, for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawing and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for tower clock and bell for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, supervising architect.

Strikes!
Strikes!!
Strikes!!!

Strikes bring joy to the bowler, but I fear distress to the thousands of operatives in Lawrence and Fall River.

Strikes are successful only with a rising market—never with a falling one. The present depressed condition of the markets and trade generally, should deter the operatives from striking against a reduction of wages. A reduction of wages is always to be deplored, but in the winter time what are the operatives to do but submit; a half loaf is better than none, but with the return of spring it is hoped there will be a revival of trade; let us hope the old schedule of wages will be restored and consequently everybody made happy.

In the meantime be of good cheer, keep good hours, spend much time at home; you are then away from temptation, and if you must have something to cheer you and the family, why send an order to John Warburton, Globe Hotel, for Port or Sherry Wine, 3 large bottles for $1. Whiskey for family use 75c. per bottle, 3 for $2.

JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coal.

E. G. PARKER,

29 Manchester, Branch Office 23 East Merrimack Street,

WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF

COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only, to help the laboring men. The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,

55 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

When in doubt to Maker's go,
His store is filled both high and low;
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles.
The most aesthetic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

No. 2 John St., Marble Bank Building.

Oh, Try It, Sure!

The Royal Cake Icing never sours or moulds; always fresh and ready for instant use, and will keep in any climate. Chocolate, Price 15c. Per Package.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 190 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Bisel Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH, Proprietor.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 31
6 50	8 08	6 50	7 55
§7 01	7 59	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 41	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 52
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 02
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 40
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 53
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 34	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 55	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 35	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 53	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 52	10 25	11 43
10 59	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 29
3 25	4 39	4 30	5 47
4 10	5 26	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 16
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 27	10 35		

Sunday Trains

8 15	9 01	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 15	12 36
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 06	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is St. Patrick's day, a day that to the Irish heart awakens memories of Ireland's national greatness, her glorious past, her trials and tribulations, her struggles, her victories and defeats; the sacrifice of her patriots, their valor and their heroism, together with their irrepressible love of liberty that not even tyranny nor the force of overwhelming power could ever stamp out or conquer.

Away back in the early days of Ireland's history her people worshipped no graven images as did the people of other lands, but looked to the sun as indicative of one Supreme being, the giver of life, the vivifier of all nature and the source of human existence. With such a religion, false though it was, the people by an easy transition of thought came to believe that their day god was only a material body and that the real Creator was not seen by human eye, that the brightness of His face was too brilliant to behold, that the orb of day was but the merest spark of his transcendant glory. With the sun as giving the idea of the Godhead and the shamrock to explain the Trinity, St. Patrick soon planted the faith of Christ on the soil of Ireland and there it has flourished ever since despite the efforts of English sovereigns to eradicate it.

An age of learning, of culture, of enlightment, of religious advancement followed, and soon Ireland was the intellectual luminary of Europe, "the Island of Saints and of Scholars," whose schools were attended by students from every other country in Europe, whose learned men become the professors and teachers in all the leading institutions of learning on the continent.

This was the golden age of learning in Ireland but soon it was overcast by the arrival of the Danes in the eighth century. These savage hordes came like fierce birds of prey upon the quiet God-fearing people of Ireland pillaging their homes, tearing down and desecrating their churches and spreading ruin, disaster and death wherever they went. But the martial spirit of the people was eventually aroused, they united against the invaders and after one of the Danish kings had been captured and thrown into a lake, they determined to make a final effort to break the power of the invaders forever. The forces of Ireland assembled on Good Friday, 1014, at Clontarf and under the leadership of Brian Boru, in one of the most desperate battles in the annals of history, defeated the whole Danish army and drove the remnants of their forces into the sea.

The military glory of Ireland reaches its climax in this battle because here the Irish defeated the Danes, although England which was equally subject to their incursions was unable to drive them out. Brian Boru was murdered by a Dane after the victory while he knelt in prayer thanking God for the triumph achieved. Ireland was recovering from the ravages of the Danes when the Saxon foe came upon her. From the landing of Strongbow in 1172 with few interruptions until the close of the last century Ireland was a sea of gore subject to the most iniquitous and cruel persecution that tyranny could invent.

The battles of 1691, the rising of 1798 of 1805, of 1848 and 1867 are but the great landmarks in the history of the nation's woe. But after Ireland's resources for physicial force were almost exhausted Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, taught the people another method of fighting England and of securing their rights. He secured Catholic emancipation and left repeal of the union or the home rule movement to posterity and it was taken up by Charles Stewart Parnell who carried it within the domain of practical politics until the justice of Ireland's claims were acknowledged by England, and until Mr. Gladstone himself became the champion of that cause.

The progress made in constitutional agitation, for Ireland's rights has been largely due to the influence of American public opinion and American money, which was poured into Ireland in the home rule cause.

The question is still pending with the prospect of a certain settlement which will give Ireland the management of her own affairs and put her on a level with Canada as a self-governing nation, subject, of course, to imperial sway as a component part of the British empire.

Hence it is that today the Irish people can rejoice at the prospect of self-government in the near future, that never again will the hat be passed around for Ireland, and that yet their land may be—

"Great glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

The man who changes his politics so as to go with the side that appears to be on top is now an orthodox republican. Democratic successes in town and municipal elections are hard to find.—Fall River Herald.

The above would indicate that the writer was suffering from a severe attack of the "blues," politically speaking. The outlook is gloomy, neighbor, but remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Stay those tears.

The Lowell SUN really must not confound the Gazette with newspapers that have abused Senator D. B. Hill of New York. We rather admire David and respect him as well for the enemies he has made.—Haverhill Gazette.

The Gazette at the present time admires everybody that opposes Cleveland's administration. From being a mugwump paper the Gazette has changed to be a most rabidly republican organ.

UPON UNJUST TAXATION.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON GOES TO GENERAL COURT ABOUT IT.

Tax Dodging Is Compulsory Under the Existing Tax Laws—Interesting Abstract From An Address Before the Committee on Taxation.

Richard Roe is a citizen of Massachusetts, and is under its jurisdiction. He owns a majority interest in the Richard Roe Manufacturing company of Maine. He is entitled to the full protection of the law.

Now, because for convenience, since many private properties are being converted into corporations merely for purposes of convenience, Richard Roe choses to hold property in Maine under the corporation laws of that state, he must be fined. Let us assume that Richard Roe had lived in the state of Maine where he had made a fortune, and being desirous of rest and recreation and wishing to enjoy the privileges of our city of Boston he elected to come here to live, bringing with him his certificates of stock incidental to his property in the state of Maine. Straightway the assessors of Boston under existing laws impose a fine upon him, under a decree in legislative form miscalled taxation. What will he do? Probably get out as quick as he can, or else rightly and

Justly Become a Tax Dodger.

But in order to bring this case to an ultimate absurdity we will assume that Richard Roe has no other invested property, but has laid up just enough money in advance of his needs as will enable him to live in Boston for a certain length of time, say one year. He has that money with him, which he deposits in a bank. In that year, owing to an industrial paralysis like that which is now upon us, the corporation ceases to make dividends, while at the same time the assessors of Boston come down on him for the payment of the fine under the pretext of a tax. They take a large part of his money, or else if he refuses to disclose what money he has, they may clap him in jail.

I venture to say, gentlemen, that in this you raise an issue which might well be brought to an adjudication. You "fail to give full faith and credence to the public acts of other states." The act of incorporation of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company is a public act of the state of Maine, to which the state of Massachusetts is bound to give full faith and credence. In Miller vs. United States, (11th Wallace, S. C. Rep. 268), the court held that "title is an incident to property and that the actual property was vested in the president and directors of a corporation." Furthermore, in this and in many other cases, the Courts have held that taxation is an incident of sovereignty; there must be dominion over property in order to tax it.

Two Dominions Cannot Exist

over the same property at the same time, neither can the same property be in two places at the same time.

The State of Maine by its public act alleges that it has dominion over the property of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company and rightly taxes it. The State of Massachusetts under the legal fiction that personal property follows the person, and by the exercise of its dominion over the person of Richard Roe, also asserts its dominion over property which is in another State. It fails to give credence to the public acts of the state of Maine.

It may also be held that our Massachusetts laws for collecting the tax imposed on Richard Roe are in contravention of the 14th amendment of the constitution of the United States, which declares that a citizen shall not be deprived of his property without "due process of law."

Your assessor applies torture; he dooms him to pay a sum of money, larger and larger each year until, as one assessor rightly termed it,

"The Victim Squeals."

In other words, Richard Roe, under the thumbscrew of the doomsman, discloses that he owns $100,000 in a Maine corporation, a fact which the state of Massachusetts could not ascertain in any other way unless by the employment of spies to inspect books not within its dominion. Having thus "forced the victim to squeal," and the value of shares being $100,000 in the market, the assessor next fines Richard Roe for owning such property, and on the average the amount of the fine would be $1500 a year; then, if he, having no property under the dominion of Massachusetts, refuses to, or cannot draw on his quasi trustees for the amount of the fine, you clap him in jail.

Now that may all be "due process of law," but it is not in accordance with one of the later provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees equal rights, without distinction of race, color or condition.

Next the same assessor visits John Doe, whose like property is held on a simple deed. Do they apply torture, or doom him for the crime of owning property in another State? Oh, no! he shows his deed, and they at once say to him, "your real estate is not under our jurisdiction; we cannot tax you, not even on income if you earned no income that year. Pay your poll tax and you shall enjoy the benefits of all the laws of Massachusetts, including your share of the fine we have just imposed on your neighbor."

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

SUNBEAMS.

Drawing a Distinction.

Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday tomorrow.

Miss Oldage—Indeed? And isn't it singular? So do I!

Miss Sharpe—Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!—Vogue.

How a Suspender Worked to a Lover's Disadvantage.

Woe is me, for now each morrow brings continuance of sorrow to this heart that fate hath blighted, to this life engulfed, benighted, steeped in woe. And the dirge these lines do render tells of grief that did engender through a frayed and torn suspender purchased from a curbstone vender long ago.

'Neath the leafy picnic bowers, what transcendent bliss was ours! Soul to soul in sweet surrender, she and I, in concord tender, wooed the while.

Fatal happ'ning that befell me! Curs'd mistake that did impel me to my comrade dear to send her, thinking, "Surely he'll attend her without guile, while in forest crypt, in shelter from inquiring gaze, I kelter up my broken old suspender—curse that guileful curbstone vender black and blue!"

Shaded in that sylvan grotto, "Try again" became my motto, as 't must needs of every mender when a frayed and worn suspender comes in two.

In my heart she reigned supremely; dignified she was and seemly—fairest one of all her gender. How could I of reft suspender her apprise? Hence, while I was riled and foaming with my trusses in the glooming, she was wooed in many tender hints of her meantime defender and his sighs.

Oh, the burning, bitter sequel! Woe's sad annals show no equal. Many plaintive notes I penned her—many missives sadly tender, all in vain. When at last I went to meet her, there with longing glance to greet her, she returned the notes I penned her; begged that never would the sender call again. Then it was my heart was blighted and my heart engulfed, benighted; then I prayed remorse to rend her—straightway went I on a bender, in despair. What is now the springtide's splendor? Where the joys that life might render? All that time to me can tender is the hope that I may gender rich and rare plagues to rack that curbstone vender, that mendacious old pretender, who with one decayed suspender gave my earthly hopes an ender, then and there.—New York World.

Overwhelmed.

As he rapidly took his place in the armchair that had held them for so many evenings of their courtship George Gilderspoon saw at once that it was not easy for the beautiful creature who nestled so close to him to conceal the great joy that had come to her.

"Dearest," he murmured, "something has happened to make you very, very happy. Tell me what it is."

"You are right, my own," she replied, smiling at him with the perfect confidence of budding womanhood. "Can't you guess?"

"I am afraid not," he replied reflectingly. "Long ago your dear father consented to our union, the happy day has been set, and it would seem now as if nothing could add to our great joy. Perhaps he has shown you some new proof of his affection."

"Oh, now you have it!" she cried, with a glad little laugh. "What do you suppose the dear, good man has done?"

"I can't imagine, dear," said George. "What can it be?"

"Why, darling," she replied, "the dear, good man has told me that he would pay all my glove bills for the first year."

The light of a great peace came into George's face, and as he kissed her tenderly he said, "Darling, you may not know it, but your father has saved my life."—Truth.

A Powerful Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead."—New York Tribune.

Needed Some Stimulus.

Manager—I shall shortly produce a new play called "The Goldbug," and I want you to take the part of the hero.

Actor—Who is he?

Manager—He is the goldbug—a millionaire.

Actor—Very well. Pay me my back salary just before the curtain rises, and I'll sweep the town.—New York Weekly.

The Worst.

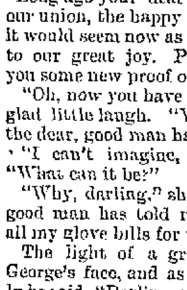
"Araminta," he said solemnly, "in our happiest moments the demon of grief is oft near us. This is a world of sorrow, and at all times we should be prepared for the shock"—

"Odeacer," she exclaimed excitedly, "if it's on crooked, I wish you'd tell me so at once!"—Detroit Tribune.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

A BAD TEMPER

—generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows anæmia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will *positively cure* just such cases.



Mrs. F. A. ORR.

Mrs. F. A. ORR, of *Corbett, Baltimore Co., Md.*, writes: "Physicians pronounced my case acute Indigestion. If it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets I firmly believe I would have been in my grave, for nothing did me any good until I began taking them. The "Discovery" also *cured* my child of night-sweats and a weak stomach, which followed an attack of Pneumonia. We cannot praise your medicines too highly." Sold by all medicine dealers.

PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE** OR MONEY RETURNED.

COME AND HAVE A TALK WITH US.

Remember there is no charge for consultation, examination, advice or trial treatment. The Free Trial treatment is offered to convince the public of the superiority of our method.

That is what we claim for it and the only proper way to treat these diseases.

That the treatment is mild, painless and harmless.

That it is simple and uncomplicated, and the directions easily followed, and do not in any way interfere with ordinary occupations.

That the attending physicians are well educated, well trained, and the office well equipped with all modern devices for the successful treatment of the diseases of their specialty.

Come and have a talk with us concerning your health. You will be given a careful examination, advice and a trial treatment, for which there will be no charge. Come and talk with the crowds in attendance in our reception parlors, and ascertain from them their opinion of the treatment as far as they have gone.

DISEASES OF OUR SPECIALTY.

THE EYES: Are they weak or watery? Burn? Ache? See spots before them? Dull pain over eyes? Lids glued together in morning? Bright light causes pain?

THE EARS: Do they itch? Ache? Run matter? Ringing or buzzing noises? Partial loss of hearing?

THE NOSE: Is it dry? Stopped up? Crusts form? Watery discharge? Bad odor in it? Pain and tightness over bridge? Sense of smell impaired?

THE THROAT: Is it dry and parched? Tickling sensation? Get sore often? Matter gather in it? Hacking to clear it? Feels filled up? Matter drops from your head? Voice hoarse or husky?

THE LUNGS: Have you a cough? Is cough worse at night? Does it prevent sleeping? Pains in chest? Get short of breath? Losing flesh and strength? Wheezing in chest? Sharp pains in side?

THE STOMACH: Do you suffer with nausea? Have vomiting spells? Bloat after eating? Lift up gas? Pain after eating? Tongue coated? Sour stomach? Stomach feel full and heavy? Feel faint when stomach is empty? Full and oppressed after meals? Headache? Dizziness?

THE LIVER: Is your complexion sallow or yellow? Pains under right shoulder? Low spirited at times? Memory failing? Easily tired out? Hot and cold flashes? Pain in right side? Sick headache?

THE KIDNEYS: Hands and feet swell? Skin cold and clammy? Pain in small of back? Urine dark and cloudy? Deposit forms when left standing? Puffiness under eyes? Mouth and throat dry? Perspiration has a bad odor? Unpleasant dreams? Swelling around ankles? Palpitation of heart?

OTHER DISEASES: Joints swollen? Bones ache? Rheumatism? Neuralgia? Asthma? Nervous trouble? Blood diseases? Skin diseases? Diseases of rectum? Piles? Etc.?

OFFICES OF DOCTORS PEARSON & CARROLL,

CORNER PALMER AND MERRIMACK STREETS, LOWELL.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 6.30 to 8.30 p. m, except Thursday evening, Sundays, 9 to 11.30 a. m. Patients at a distance successfully treated by mail.

TEETH

$8 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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1894.

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It contains illustrations and complete descriptions of all the leading varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, and Garden, Lawn and Farm requisites of all kinds.

It is larger than ever and is complete in all respects. It is FREE to all who call for it, or we will mail it to all who will drop us postal cards giving street and number.

Bartlett & Dow.

New Number 216 Central St.

Beautiful - Easter Display.

It is our intention to fit up our large three windows early in the week with a

UNIQUE EASTER DECORATION,

Which will display many novel specialties for the Easter trade. Many of the novelties were picked up in New York, and none of them are expensive, but are of general utility and convenience. The goods were selected with the utmost care.

Look Out for Our Window Display Early in the Week.

French & Puffer,

127 to 131 Central Street.

PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 11 Barristers' Hall.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Mansur Block, Central St.,
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JOHN H. McCABE. Room 19, Odd Fellows' B'l'k, Mid'sex St
Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block
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Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

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Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

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NEVER was the charity of the country at large so severely taxed as at present, in relieving real distress. Those suffering from Lung troubles and sore throats are actual sufferers.

There are many who cannot afford to pay the high prices asked for ordinary cough remedies, but ELLINGWOOD'S is sold so low—25c. for a trial size bottle—that all can afford to buy it. Both sexes unite in praising its merits and curative properties.

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THOMAS DALEY,

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Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal.

GREAT SALE OF

Ladies' Shirt Waists

—AT—

YOUNG'S

111 Central Street.

UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS.

UNPARALLELED BARGAINS.

29c. 29c. 29c. 29c.

89 doz. Ladies' Navy Blue, Polka Dot and Striped Waists, ruffled fronts, plaited front and back, high sleeves, made in the best possible manner; regular selling price 49c.; our price for this sale 29c each. First come first served.

35c. 35c. 35c. 35c.

57 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped and Cherry with Polka Dots—Handsome Shirt Waists, only 35c. each.

49c. 49c. 49c.

45 doz. Ladies' Elegant Sateen Waists, in Blacks, Blues, and Blues with Polka Dots, nobby ruffled fronts with Bishop sleeves, cannot be bought in Lowell for less than 98c. each; our price while they last 49c. each.

25c. 25c.

65 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped Plaited Shirt Waists, all sizes, 25c. each.

25c.

50 doz. Boys' Blouses and Waists, all new patterns, sizes 4 to 14 years, 25c. each, well worth 39c. each.

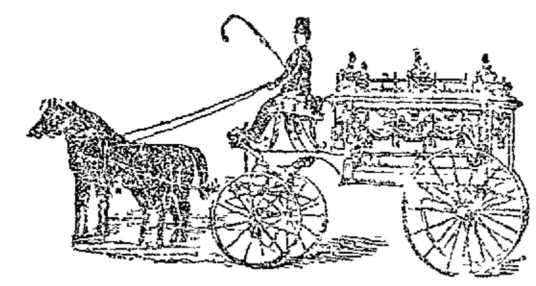
We expect a big rush for these bargains this week if you want goods at half price. Now is your time to buy. A chance like this will never occur again. Come everybody. Come early to the biggest bargain store in Lowell.

YOUNG'S,

111 CENTRAL ST.

PETER - DAVEY,

WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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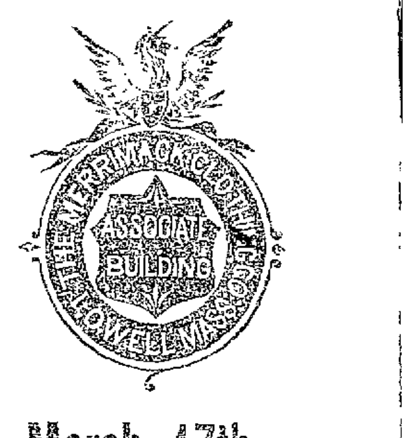

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A GRAND DISPLAY.

Everybody is hereby extended a cordial invitation to visit our store Saturday between the hours of 7.30 a. m. and 10.30 p. m., and inspect our elegant facilities for catering to their wants when they will be requiring something in our line later in the season.

Don't fail to see our matchless Boys' Dept. It's a gem of perfection.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO.,

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BROKEN LOTS OF

Window Shades,

Mounted on Good Fixtures,

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Also extremely low prices made on Opaque, Holland, or tint shades, made and hung to order.

REMNANTS STRAW MATTING 10c. PER YARD.

Prices on Furniture in proportion, to close out the entire stock, as it must be sold.

B. C. BENNER,

NO. 230 CENTRAL STREET.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced
Large Loaves to 8 Cents
—AND—
Small Loaves to 4 Cents

The Bread is Second to None in the City. Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets

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Coal, Wood, Lime,

CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL
HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER,
BRICKS, FERTILIZERS,

Straw, Hay Grain, Flour &c., &c.

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5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 32
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 17
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 10	11 15
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 52
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 03
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 39
4 30	5 30	5 03	6 41
§5 30	6 20	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 53	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 56
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 56
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	3 00	3 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 09	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 59	8 05	7 30	8 39
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 10	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 39	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 26	5 07	6 16
5 10	6 12	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 03	9 10
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is St. Patrick's day, a day that to the Irish heart awakens memories of Ireland's national greatness, her glorious past, her trials and tribulations, her struggles, her victories and defeats; the sacrifice of her patriots, their valor and their heroism, together with their irrepressible love of liberty that not even tyranny nor the force of overwhelming power could ever stamp out or conquer.

Away back in the early days of Ireland's history her people worshipped no graven images as did the people of other lands, but looked to the sun as indicative of one Supreme being, the giver of life, the vivifier of all nature and the source of human existence. With such a religion, false though it was, the people by an easy transition of thought came to believe that their day god was only a material body and that the real Creator was not seen by human eye, that the brightness of His face was too brilliant to behold, that the orb of day was but the merest spark of his transcendant glory. With the sun as giving the idea of the Godhead and the shamrock to explain the Trinity, St. Patrick soon planted the faith of Christ on the soil of Ireland and there it has flourished ever since despite the efforts of English sovereigns to eradicate it.

An age of learning, of culture, of enlightment, of religious advancement followed, and soon Ireland was the intellectual luminary of Europe, "the Island of Saints and of Scholars," whose schools were attended by students from every other country in Europe, whose learned men become the professors and teachers in all the leading institutions of learning on the continent.

This was the golden age of learning in Ireland but soon it was overcast by the arrival of the Danes in the eighth century. These savage hordes came like fierce birds of prey upon the quiet God-fearing people of Ireland pillaging their homes, tearing down and desecrating their churches and spreading ruin, disaster and death wherever they went. But the martial spirit of the people was eventually aroused, they united against the invaders and after one of the Danish kings had been captured and thrown into a lake, they determined to make a final effort to break the power of the invaders forever. The forces of Ireland assembled on Good Friday, 1014, at Clontarf and under the leadership of Brian Boru, in one of the most desperate battles in the annals of history, defeated the whole Danish army and drove the remnants of their forces into the sea.

The military glory of Ireland reaches its climax in this battle because here the Irish defeated the Danes, although England which was equally subject to their incursions was unable to drive them out. Brian Boru was murdered by a Dane after the victory while he knelt in prayer thanking God for the triumph achieved. Ireland was recovering from the ravages of the Danes when the Saxon foe came upon her. From the landing of Strongbow in 1172 with few interruptions until the close of the last century Ireland was a sea of gore subject to the most iniquitous and cruel persecution that tyranny could invent.

The battles of 1691, the rising of 1798, of 1805, of 1848 and 1867 are but the great landmarks in the history of the nation's woe. But after Ireland's resources for physical force were almost exhausted Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, taught the people another method of fighting England and of securing their rights. He secured Catholic emancipation and left repeal of the union or the home rule movement to posterity and it was taken up by Charles Stewart Parnell who carried it within the domain of practical politics until the justice of Ireland's claims were acknowledged by England, and until Mr. Gladstone himself became the champion of that cause.

The progress made in constitutional agitation, for Ireland's rights has been largely due to the influence of American public opinion and American money, which was poured into Ireland in the home rule cause.

The question is still pending with the prospect of a certain settlement which will give Ireland the management of her own affairs and put her on a level with Canada as a self-governing nation, subject, of course, to imperial sway as a component part of the British empire.

Hence it is that today the Irish people can rejoice at the prospect of self-government in the near future, that never again will the hat be passed around for Ireland, and that yet their land may be—

"Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

The man who changes his politics so as to go with the side that appears to be on top is now an orthodox republican. Democratic successes in town and municipal elections are hard to find.—Fall River Herald.

The above would indicate that the writer was suffering from a severe attack of the "blues," politically speaking. The outlook is gloomy, neighbor, but remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Stay those tears.

The Lowell SUN really must not confound the Gazette with newspapers that have abused Senator D. B. Hill of New York. We rather admire David and respect him as well for the enemies he has made.—Haverhill Gazette.

The Gazette at the present time admires everybody that opposes Cleveland's administration. From being a mugwump paper the Gazette has changed to be a most rabidly republican organ.

UPON UNJUST TAXATION.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON GOES TO GENERAL COURT ABOUT IT.

Tax Dodging Is Compulsory Under the Existing Tax Laws—Interesting Abstract From An Address Before the Committee on Taxation.

Richard Roe is a citizen of Massachusetts, and is under its jurisdiction. He owns a majority interest in the Richard Roe Manufacturing company of Maine. He is entitled to the full protection of the law.

Now, because for convenience, since many private properties are being converted into corporations merely for purposes of convenience, Richard Roe choses to hold property in Maine under the corporation laws of that state, he must be fined. Let us assume that Richard Roe had lived in the state of Maine where he had made a fortune, and being desirous of rest and recreation and wishing to enjoy the privileges of our city of Boston he elected to come here to live, bringing with him his certificates of stock incidental to his property in the state of Maine. Straightway the assessors of Boston under existing laws impose a fine upon him, under a decree in legislative form miscalled taxation. What will he do? Probably get out as quick as he can, or else rightly and

Justly Become a Tax Dodger.

But in order to bring this case to an ultimate absurdity we will assume that Richard Roe has no other invested property, but has laid up just enough money in advance of his needs as will enable him to live in Boston for a certain length of time, say one year. He has that money with him, which he deposits in a bank. In that year, owing to an industrial paralysis like that which is now upon us, the corporation ceases to make dividends, while at the same time the assessors of Boston come down on him for the payment of the fine under the pretext of a tax. They take a large part of his money, or else if he refuses to disclose what money he has, they may clap him in jail.

I venture to say, gentlemen, that in this you raise an issue which might well be brought to an adjudication. You "fail to give full faith and credence to the public acts of other states." The act of incorporation of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company is a public act of the state of Maine, to which the state of Massachusetts is bound to give full faith and credence. In Miller vs. United States, (11th Wallace, S. C., Rep. 268), the court held that "title is an incident to property and that the actual property was vested in the president and directors of a corporation." Furthermore, in this and in many other cases, the Courts have held that taxation is an incident of sovereignty; there must be dominion over property in order to tax it.

Two Dominions Cannot Exist

over the same property at the same time, neither can the same property be in two places at the same time.

The State of Maine by its public act alleges that it has dominion over the property of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company and rightly taxes it. The State of Massachusetts under the legal fiction that personal property follows the person, and by the exercise of its dominion over the person of Richard Roe, also asserts its dominion over property which is in another State. It fails to give credence to the public acts of the state of Maine.

It may also be held that our Massachusetts laws for collecting the tax imposed on Richard Roe are in contravention of the 14th amendment of the constitution of the United States, which declares that a citizen shall not be deprived of his property without "due process of law."

Your assessor applies torture; he dooms him to pay a sum of money, larger and larger each year until, as one assessor rightly termed it,

"The Victim Squeals."

In other words, Richard Roe, under the thumbscrew of the doomsman, discloses that he owns $100,000 in a Maine corporation, a fact which the state of Massachusetts could not ascertain in any other way unless by the employment of spies to inspect books not within its dominion. Having thus "forced the victim to squeal," and the value of shares being $100,000 in the market, the assessor next fines Richard Roe for owning such property, and on the average the amount of the fine would be $1500 a year; then, if he, having no property under the dominion of Massachusetts, refuses to, or cannot draw on his quasi trustees for the amount of the fine, you clap him in jail.

Now that may all be "due process of law," but it is not in accordance with one of the later provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees equal rights, without distinction of race, color or condition.

Next the same assessor visits John Doe, whose like property is held on a simple deed. Do they apply torture, or doom him for the crime of owning property in another State? Oh, no! he shows his deed, and they at once say to him, "your real estate is not under our jurisdiction; we cannot tax you, not even on income if you earned no income that year. Pay your poll tax and you shall enjoy the benefits of all the laws of Massachusetts, including your share of the fine we have just imposed on your neighbor."

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

SUNBEAMS.

Drawing a Distinction.

Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday tomorrow.

Miss Oldage—Indeed? And isn't it singular? So do I!

Miss Sharpe—Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!—Vogue.

How a Suspender Worked to a Lover's Disadvantage.

Woe is me, for now each morrow brings continuance of sorrow to this heart that fate hath blighted, to this life engulfed, benighted, steeped in woe. And the dirge these lines do render tells of grief that did engender through a frayed and torn suspender purchased from a curbstone vender long ago.

'Neath the leafy picnic bowers, what transcendent bliss was ours! Soul to soul in sweet surrender, she and I, in concord tender, wooed the while.

Fatal happ'ning that befell me! Curs'd mistake that did impel me to my comrade dear to send her, thinking, "Surely he'll attend her without guile, while in forest crypt, in shelter from inquiring gaze, I kelter up my broken old suspender—curse that guileful curbstone vender black and blue!"

Shaded in that sylvan grotto, "Try again" became my motto, as 't must needs of every mender when a frayed and worn suspender comes in two.

In my heart she reigned supremely; dignified she was and seemly—fairest one of all her gender. How could I of reft suspender her apprise? Hence, while I was riled and foaming with my trusses in the gloaming, she was wooed in many tender hints of her meantime defender and his sighs.

Oh, the burning, bitter sequel! Woe's sad annals show no equal. Many plaintive notes I penned her—many missives sadly tender; all in vain. When at last I went to meet her, there with longing glance to greet her, she returned the notes I penned her; begged that never would the sender call again. Then it was my heart was blighted and my heart engulfed, benighted; then I prayed remorse to rend her—straightway went I on a bender, in despair. What is now the springtide's splendor? Where the joys that life might render? All that time to me can tender is the hope that I may gender rich and rare plagues to rack that curbstone vender, that mendacious old pretender, who with one decayed suspender gave my earthly hopes an ender, then and there.—New York World.

Overwhelmed.

As he rapidly took his place in the armchair that had held them for so many evenings of their courtship George Gilderspoon saw at once that it was not easy for the beautiful creature who nestled so close to him to conceal the great joy that had come to her.

"Dearest," he murmured, "something has happened to make you very, very happy. Tell me what it is."

"You are right, my own," she replied, smiling at him with the perfect confidence of budding womanhood. "Can't you guess?"

"I am afraid not," he replied reflectingly. "Long ago your dear father consented to our union, the happy day has been set, and it would seem now as if nothing could add to our great joy. Perhaps he has shown you some new proof of his affection."

"Oh, now you have it!" she cried, with a glad little laugh. "What do you suppose the dear, good man has done?"

"I can't imagine, dear," said George. "What can it be?"

"Why, darling," she replied, "the dear, good man has told me that he would pay all my glove bills for the first year."

The light of a great peace came into George's face, and as he kissed her tenderly he said, "Darling, you may not know it, but your father has saved my life."—Truth.

A Powerful Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead."—New York Tribune.

Needed Some Stimulus.

Manager—I shall shortly produce a new play called "The Goldbug," and I want you to take the part of the hero.

Actor—Who is he?

Manager—He is the goldbug—a millionaire.

Actor—Very well. Pay me my back salary just before the curtain rises, and I'll sweep the town.—New York Weekly.

The Worst.

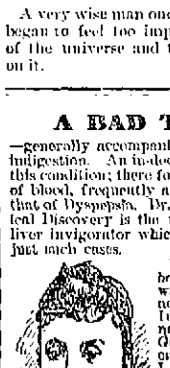
"Araminta," he said solemnly, "in our happiest moments the demon of grief is oft near us. This is a world of sorrow, and at all times we should be prepared for the shock"—

"Odeacer," she exclaimed excitedly, "if it's on crooked, I wish you'd tell me so at once!"—Detroit Tribune.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

A BAD TEMPER

—generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows anæmia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will *positively cure* just such cases.



Mrs. F. A. Ohn.

Mrs. F. A. Ohn, of Corbett, Baltimore Co., Md., writes: "Physicians pronounced my case acute Indigestion. If it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets I firmly believe I would have been in my grave, for nothing did me any good until I began taking them. The 'Discovery' also cured my child of night-sweats and a weak stomach, which followed an attack of Pneumonia. We cannot praise your medicines too highly." Sold by all medicine dealers.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

COME AND HAVE A TALK WITH US.

Remember there is no charge for consultation, examination, advice or trial treatment. The Free Trial treatment is offered to convince the public of the superiority of our method.

That is what we claim for it and the only proper way to treat these diseases.

That the treatment is mild, painless and harmless.

That it is simple and uncomplicated, and the directions easily followed, and do not in any way interfere with ordinary occupations.

That the attending physicians are well educated, well trained, and the office well equipped with all modern devices for the successful treatment of the diseases of their specialty.

Come and have a talk with us concerning your health. You will be given a careful examination, advice and a trial treatment, for which there will be no charge. Come and talk with the crowds in attendance in our reception parlors, and ascertain from them their opinion of the treatment as far as they have gone.

DISEASES OF OUR SPECIALTY.

THE EYES: Are they weak or watery? Burn? Ache? See spots before them? Dull pain over eyes? Lids glued together in morning? Bright light causes pain?

THE EARS: Do they itch? Ache? Run matter? Ringing or buzzing noises? Partial loss of hearing?

THE NOSE: Is it dry? Stopped up? Crusts form? Watery discharge? Bad odor in it? Pain and tightness over bridge? Sense of smell impaired?

THE THROAT: Is it dry and parched? Tickling sensation? Get sore often? Matter gather in it? Hacking to clear it? Feels filled up? Matter drops from your head? Voice hoarse or husky?

THE LUNGS: Have you a cough? Is cough worse at night? Does it prevent sleeping? Pains in chest? Get short of breath? Losing flesh and strength? Wheezing in chest? Sharp pains in side?

THE STOMACH: Do you suffer with nausea? Have vomiting spells? Bloat after eating? Lift up gas? Pain after eating? Tongue coated? Sour stomach? Stomach feel full and heavy? Feel faint when stomach is empty? Full and oppressed after meals? Headache? Dizziness?

THE LIVER: Is your complexion sallow or yellow? Pains under right shoulder? Low spirited at times? Memory failing? Easily tired out? Hot and cold flashes? Pain in right side? Sick headache?

THE KIDNEYS: Hands and feet swell? Skin cold and clammy? Pain in small of back? Urine dark and cloudy? Deposit forms when left standing? Puffiness under eyes? Mouth and throat dry? Perspiration has a bad odor? Unpleasant dreams? Swelling around ankles? Palpitation of heart?

OTHER DISEASES: Joints swollen? Bones ache? Rheumatism? Neuralgia? Asthma? Nervous trouble? Blood diseases? Skin diseases? Diseases of rectum? Piles? Etc?

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CORNER PALMER AND MERRIMACK STREETS, LOWELL.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 6.30 to 8.30 p. m., except Thursday evening, Sundays, 9 to 11.30 a. m. Patients at a distance successfully treated by mail.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts.

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94 MERRIMACK STREET,

Caterers, Bakers, Confectioners.

1894.

Our New Catalogue

IS NOW READY.

It contains illustrations and complete descriptions of all the leading varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, and Garden, Lawn and Farm requisites of all kinds.

It is larger than ever and is complete in all respects. It is FREE to all who call for it, or we will mail it to all who will drop us postal cards giving street and number.

Bartlett & Dow.

New Number 216 Central St.

Beautiful - Easter Display.

It is our intention to fit up our large three windows early in the week with a

UNIQUE EASTER DECORATION,

Which will display many novel specialties for the Easter trade. Many of the novelties were picked up in New York, and none of them are expensive, but are of general utility and convenience. The goods were selected with the utmost care.

Look Out for Our Window Display Early in the Week.

French & Puffer,

127 to 131 Central Street.

PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 31 Barristers' Hall. Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Mansur Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

D. F. NEGUS, No. 36 Central Street, Lowell, Mass. Dentist.

JOHN H. McCABE, Room 10, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St. Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block. Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS, No. 3 Central Street, Stationers, Booksellers and Newsdealers. Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

ESTABLISHED 1852. - - - CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

DR. KELLEY. SURGEON DENTIST. 161 CENTRAL ST.

NEVER was the charity of the country at large so severely taxed as at present, in relieving real distress. Those suffering from Lung troubles and sore throats are actual sufferers.

There are many who cannot afford to pay the high prices asked for ordinary cough remedies, but ELLINGWOOD'S is sold so low—25c. for a trial size bottle—that all can afford to buy it. Both sexes unite in praising its merits and curative properties.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

LADIES' AND GENTS'

CLOTHING

Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired at Short Notice.

THOMAS DALEY,

Cor. Fletcher and Dutton Streets.

Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal.

GREAT SALE OF

Ladies' Shirt Waists

—AT—

YOUNG'S

111 Central Street.

UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS.

UNPARALLELED BARGAINS.

29c. 29c. 29c. 29c.

89 doz. Ladies' Navy Blue, Polka Dot and Striped Waists, ruffled fronts, plaited front and back, high sleeves, made in the best possible manner; regular selling price 49c.; our price for this sale 29c each. First come first served.

35c. 35c. 35c. 35c.

57 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped and Cherry with Polka Dots—Handsome Shirt Waists, only 35c. each.

49c. 49c. 49c.

45 doz. Ladies' Elegant Sateen Waists, in Blacks, Blues, and Blues with Polka Dots, nobby ruffled fronts with Bishop sleeves, cannot be bought in Lowell for less than 98c. each; our price while they last 49c. each.

25c. 25c.

65 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped Plaited Shirt Waists, all sizes, 25c. each.

25c.

50 doz. Boys' Blouses and Waists, all new patterns, sizes 4 to 14 years, 25c. each, well worth 39c. each.

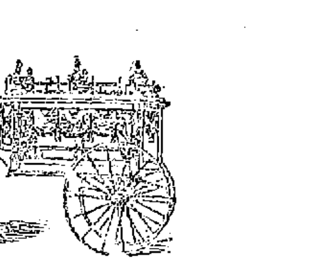
We expect a big rush for these bargains this week. If you want goods at half price. Now is your time to buy. A chance like this will never occur again. Come everybody. Come early to the biggest bargain store in Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 CENTRAL ST.

PETER - DAVEY,

WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, ETC.,

LOWEST PRICES AND EASIEST TERMS.

Bodies Embalmed by the Latest Methods.

ALWAYS READY to attend to calls Day or Night.

Telephone Connection at both Store and Residence.

Peter Davey.

34 MARKET STREET - - OPPOSITE PALMER.

WE SHINE, OTHERS GLIMMER.

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St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

CLOTHES, - HATS, - FURNISHINGS.

A GRAND DISPLAY.

Everybody is hereby extended a cordial invitation to visit our store Saturday between the hours of 7.30 a. m. and 10.30 p. m., and inspect our elegant facilities for catering to their wants when they will be requiring something in our line later in the season.

Don't fail to see our matchless Boys' Dept. It's a gem of perfection.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO.,

Opposite City Hall.

BROKEN LOTS OF

Window Shades.

Mounted on Good Fixtures,

25c., 30c., 35c., 40c.

Also extremely low prices made on Opaque, Holland, or tint shades, made and hung to order.

REMNANTS STRAW MATTING 10c. PER YARD.

Prices on Furniture in proportion, to close out the entire stock, as it must be sold.

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B. C. BENNER,

NO. 230 CENTRAL STREET.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced. Large Loaves to 8 Cents —AND— Small Loaves to 4 Cents. The Bread is Second to None in the City. Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON, DEALER IN

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CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL, HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER, BRICKS, FERTILIZERS, Straw, Hay Grain, Flour &c., &c.

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Branch office, 35 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store.

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BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

The Great

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The most economical, most durable, and most easily managed Heater on the market. They are giving excellent satisfaction in many Lowell residences. We are sole agents for Lowell and vicinity, and would be glad to furnish any particulars regarding it.

W. A. Mack & Co.,

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25 SHATTUCK STREET.

John E. Coleman,

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

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SCOTT & O'DAY,

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Near Middlesex.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

CHARM OF THE SHAMROCK!

Story Of a St. Patrick's Day and a Courtship On the Old Isle.

Mystic Power Of the Four Leaf and the Wife and Fortune It Brought Gerald Gleason—A True Irish Love Story By an Irish Writer.

I'll seek a four leafed shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And when I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
—Samuel Lover.

"Oh, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! I have found a four leafed shamrock. It grew near the sloe bushes at the banks of Teelin stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyrconnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeated Gerald Gleason, to whom a fair young Irish girl addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quaint village in the north of Ireland. "Fairies! Sure, you're the sweetest fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like you."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald emphasized his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the ruby lips upturned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she knew there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been years away from these lovely glens and mountains and have forgotten all about the fairies. In the United States, you know, we have no such superstitions."

"Superstitions!" she exclaimed, surprised at his incredulity. "Don't you believe in the luck a four leafed shamrock brings?"

"Shamrock!" he remarked. "I'll wager it's only a clover. But your name—or that part of it you will not have to change, Una—means fortunate, so that you need no four leafed clover as a talisman."

Disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock, which seemed to be hiding itself among others that were of the ordinary trefoil. Una felt she had a prize, for she had found it the day before beneath a sheltered bower, where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven—fallen angels who could find no place to remind them so much of the paradise they had lost as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, is it a clover?" she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"I'm not botanist enough to say, and if I were I would not undermine your faith and patriotism. But"—as to avoid a discussion of the point he took the shamrock and put the leaves near her rosy cheek—"here's the green above the red. It's something I've often prayed for in the land beyond the seas."

"But it must be more real than that," she replied as the treasured sod was returned to her. While replacing it in the window she remarked a little pettishly, "I do think you Irish-Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleason was 30 years of age. He had left Ireland 10 years before for New York and since then had risen from a clerkship to membership in one of the great law firms of the metropolis. In New York he was welcomed by an uncle, a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later, Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept

"NOW, IS IT A CLOVER?"

peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature has bestowed so bonteously upon the Irish soil.

It was only natural that he should want to look in at the little school where his early education was received. The old schoolmaster he knew was there no longer, but in his stead a young girl with winsome smiles, Una Costello had just attained her majority, fresh from the training institute at Glasnevin, Dublin, and her artless manner, sylphlike form and true Irish beauty fairly won the young lawyer, whose toilful ambition had hitherto precluded thoughts of love from his mind.

So he staid among old scenes longer than he had intended. July fled and with it August. Scarcely a day passed that did not see him visit the cottage where Una and her widowed mother dwelt. The peasantry had already decided that Una would return with him to America. In fact, he had visited her that day to make the proposition.

Gerald followed her as she went to replace the shamrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill of love warned her instinct that he had something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that kept arranging the shamrock sod in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether contained himself. It was the first case of the kind he had ever pleaded. He would make love readily, as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to ask her to leave the quietude to which she had been accustomed, the dear scenes and dearer friends, for her love for him.

"Yes, America is everything to you," she repeated, not knowing exactly how to break the silence and its strain.

"Not quite everything," he rejoined. "There's yourself, for instance. America would be brighter and dearer to me if you were there spurring on my ambition. Una, darling, you will not let me go alone, will you? I have gone beyond my vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and stripes, but there will be no such home for me, darling, if you are not there."

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother do? I cannot leave her."

"Leave her! Of course not. She will come with us."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Una, looking up regretfully, appealingly, to him. "Oh, what will I do?"

"My darling, don't get excited. Something strange must have happened. Tell me about it."

Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could not induce her to share with Una and him the happiness that awaited them in America.

"Tell me," he said coaxingly, "what is this nightmare that haunts you?"

"It is no nightmare," she replied. "It is too real. You have heard mother speak of my brother Maurice—her only boy—who went to America some years ago. She never heard from him after the

"I HAVE FAITH IN YOU."

first year. She has conceived a strange notion of America. She likes its people for the good they do, but the country itself she looks upon as a siren that lured her most precious idol away to destruction. She would not live there, Gerald, and my place is with her. I am all she has left. Only last night she hinted at the probability of parting and advised me to leave her, if you asked me, and go with you. I had not thought of such a trial coming: I was so happy in your love. We must part, Gerald, but I will always remember you."

Tears came to her eyes, and emotion mastered her. Gerald tried to reassure her, saying he was sure her mother would relent. But Mrs. Costello, when she returned, having been paying a visit to a neighbor when Gerald called, completely disillusioned him of the idea. Her appeal in vain was united with Gerald's to shake Una in her resolution to remain at her mother's side.

"It is only a short time, and I'll not be here, with my old notions, to keep you apart," said Mrs. Costello.

"You mustn't talk in that strain," said Gerald. "You will live many years, I hope, and soon outgrow this prejudice."

"I'm afraid it will live with the memory of my dear boy all my life," she answered, her voice tremulous with awakened sorrow.

Gerald realized that he had lost. Further discussion would but intensify the pain each felt. He arose and went to the window which looked out upon the ocean he was soon to cross, the white capped waves coming dancing in to the Irish shores, still singing to the toilers on the braes above of the queer climes that lay far beyond the horizon. His eyes fell on the shamrock. Calling Una to his side, he pointed to the shamrock sod and said:

"Una, I am going to ask a favor. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my power," she replied, divining his request by the unerring intuition every loving woman seems to possess.

"This sod," he continued, "will have memories for me that will bring you often before me as you met me today. We will part for awhile. Circumstances may change your mother's views. Maybe the good genius of this shamrock will pity me in that faroff land when he hears my plaint and bring you to me. May I have it?"

"You do not believe in the mystic power," she said. "I'm skeptical myself now. But if you desire the shamrock as a memento, it is yours."

Mrs. Costello had considerately left them alone. Oh, how the good mother had argued vainly against herself, trying to break down the barriers her peculiar ideas had placed in the way of her daughter's happiness, but the years had so thoroughly impregnated them into a sensitive, impressionable organization that they could not be eradicated, and Gerald had to sail some days later unaccompanied by Una.

On landing in New York, Gerald went to the immigrant's mission at the Battery with a few blackthorns he had promised to bring to the manager, an old and valued friend. The manager was talking to one of those careworn unfortunates whom reverses send to the mission for advice and assistance. Gerald paid no attention to the visitor, but rushing in exclaimed as he laid the blackthorns on the manager's desk:

"Here I am again, and I've kept my promise, you see."

"Well, Gerald, how are you?" was the cordial greeting that followed the extended hand. "But what is that?" forgetting to return thanks when he saw the box of shamrocks Gerald carried, the keepsake being too precious to commit to other hands.

A shadow of pain crossed Gerald's features as he allowed his friend to examine the treasure. The thought of his love, now more distant than ever, with all the bitterness of parting, came to mind. Forgetting the presence of another, Gerald told in open words the story of the shamrock and of his disappointed love for Una Costello to this man, who had long been his confidential friend.

"Pardon me," said a voice behind him, that of the careworn visitor who had sat unnoticed and heard the story, "will you let me kiss that shamrock for the sake of the old land and its memories?"

There was a tremor, an earnestness in his voice that awakened Gerald's sympathy. The man's frame trembled with feeling as he stooped to kiss the sod. Tears fell upon the green leaves, and longingly and lovingly were the lips pressed to the shamrock. When his head again uplifted, the man said:

"I've drowned that shamrock in tears today. Too often have I drowned it in something else, too often steeped it and my senses in the flowing bowl."

Then, raising his right hand and looking upward as if calling on God to bear witness to his oath, he added:

"I swear by this shamrock never more to dishonor it and the land it grew in."

His passionate outburst impressed Gerald, who turned to the manager inquiringly, inviting explanation in his look. His friend seemed to read his query in his gaze and said:

"This man has come today for advice and aid. His appearance gives evidence that he has had the usual experience. I hate to recommend him to any one for employment, unless there is virtue in your shamrock that can redeem him."

Virtue in that shamrock! Who would dare deny it? Gerald himself might in Una's presence, but it had become sacred in his eyes afar from her, and he would resent any doubt as to the power resting in that cherished emblem of his love and land.

"I have faith in you," he said to the stranger as he took out his cardcase and hurriedly scrawled the address on the reverse side of his own card. Then, handing the same with a crisp bill to the man, he added: "Go to the man whose name you see there, and he'll fix you in a place according to your ability. Brush up a little before you go."

The man looked at the name and opened wide his eyes in doubt and bewilderment. It was that of the greatest political light in the city of New York. Brighter days were ahead. The poor man grasped Gerald's hand and said:

"I'll repay you for this."

He bowed himself out. The manager laughed. He had heard many such promises and saw nearly all of them broken. It was merely an incident of his day's business. He turned the conversation into other channels, and before Gerald took his leave the promise over the shamrock and the man who made it had passed out of mind for the time being.

Gerald took up the thread of his business where he had dropped it, and the rush to catch up with the run kept him busy, but not too occupied to prevent him from giving due care to the shamrock that thrived in its native clay and flourished on his desk before him as well as if the Irish dew and the Irish air were upon it as in days gone by.

Gerald wrote to Una frequently, but her mother was still obdurate, and the time fled by until St. Patrick's morning. The sun streamed through the window, smiled upon the shamrock and awakened tender recollections within the heart of Gerald. His office windows overlooked the route of the procession. The gallant Sixty-ninth was to lead that day in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The manager of the mission had sent a message that morning to have a place reserved for himself and a few friends who wished to view the marching columns. Gerald awaited them.

The door opened. His eyes were on the shamrock, but the bang of the door as it closed awakened him from his reverie. He looked up and—did his eyes deceive him? There stood Una Costello and her mother, behind them two men, one of whom he recognized as his friend. But it was on Una that his eyes rested. He rushed forward to greet her. What ecstasy in that embrace!

After greeting Mrs. Costello, kissing her as if she were his own mother, Gerald turned to welcome the manager and his companion, but before an explanation could be asked the stranger stepped forward, offered his hand to Gerald and said:

"I have changed considerably. You may not remember me. I was the poor outcast you met at the immigrant home.

THE GREETING.

I heard your story and learned therefrom that my waywardness, my descent in paths that made me oblivious to mother, home and friends, was responsible for blighting the lives of those near and dear to me. I have kept the pledge made over the shamrock. Your card secured me a good position, and I planned this by way of compensation. I surprised mother and sister a few weeks ago as I now do you. With my return, mother's prejudice disappeared. I am Maurice Costello."

"You have more than repaid me," said Gerald, pressing Maurice's hand warmly. Then, turning to Una, he said:

"The four leafed shamrock had a charm, after all. See how I have cared for it."

He led her to the desk on which the shamrock rested. The others followed to look at the magic exile of Erin. Una grasped the box and raised the shamrock to her lips with fervid emotion, and tears fell upon the flower, but this time they were tears of joy. Then laying the box on the desk, she said to Gerald:

"For luck, I'll place a sprig in your lapel today."

Her delicate fingers parted a small branch from the parent stem. Gerald looked proudly as she fastened the shamrock on his coat. When she had finished, he took her in his arms again and kissed her, nobody paying attention to their fond caressings, as all but the lovers had gone to the window to view the procession, summoned there by the opening notes of "The Wearing of the Green."

JOHN J. MCGINNISS.

Priest and Man.

Time—Sunday evening at 10 o'clock. Scene—A horse car on Broadway, New York. Among the passengers are two Italians, one very drunk, the other tolerably drunk. Very drunken one, making noise, disturbing passengers and frightening ladies. Enter intellectual looking but stalwart priest. Observes situation, speaks in Italian to less drunk of the two, saying: "Tell your friend that he doesn't know when he is well off. Keep him quiet or he will get into trouble."

Upon complaint of passenger very drunken man is put off. Other begins abusing priest. Asks in English, in rapid succession: "Are you a priest? Are you a spy? Are you an Irishman?

Priest retains self control perfectly until these questions are repeated several times in steadily rising tones. Then suddenly he responds: "Yes, I'm a priest, I'm an Irishman, and I'm a man. Shut up, or I will knock the head entirely off you."

Half drunken Italian subsides. Lady on opposite side of car says impulsively: "Thank you! I'm afraid of these people."

Priest, speaking from the man and the Irishman side of him, "Madam, no man shall hurt the hair of a woman's head in this car, no matter how treacherous he is, while I'm here."

Order reigns in Warsaw.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Has Given to the World.

A new kind of dwelling house has been invented. It is remarkable in many ways, being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight and as near disease proof as any building can be made. It is warranted microbe proof, and should any stray disease producing germ through any accident or oversight find its way within the forbidden precincts the conditions it finds there will be so obnoxious to its taste and feelings that it will immediately die of despair. The new kind of building is a Japanese invention. Dr. W. van der Hayden of Yokohama is its originator and builder. He has constructed one for his own use, and has lived in it for over a year, testing its good qualities before publishing to the world any of its peculiarities. The tests applied have been so satisfactory in their results that the world is now informed of them.

Glass is the chief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum. These boxes are formed of two panes of glass each fourtenths of an inch in thickness. The glass is fixed in iron frames screwed together. The whole is so constructed that the building will resist the influence of heat, cold, shocks and earthquakes. Between the joints of the iron framework felt is inserted, and then the space is covered with boards. The roof is flat and is supported by cast iron pillars. It, too, is glass, with strips of rubber covering the joints. Over the glass is spread a thin layer of ashes, and upon this is placed a light wooden frame, which is covered with cement to protect the interior from the radiation of heat. The building has outer and inner walls, with a space between affording air passages to neutralize all atmospheric influences without.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it is through this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained. The building is heated and ventilated on the most scientific principles. Pure air is secured from the upper atmosphere and conveyed to the interior of the building through pipes after it has been screened through fine wire netting and filtered through cotton batting so as to deprive it of any microbes or other disease germs it might contain. After being used it escapes from the house through valves fixed in the walls and ceilings for that purpose. The heat is also brought to the house from the outside through pipes running to open flues in the rooms, and as it passes away through these a draft is created which assists in ventilating the rooms. The whole limits of the building are made as aseptic as a wound dressing of lister.—Chicago Post.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 19 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"—two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in 99 cases out of 100. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off and is called the filet de bœuf. It makes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "hip sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the tenderloin steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone" sirloin, which is itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of them. Ingenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When meat rises quickly after being pressed, it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.—Washington Post.

Drying an Umbrella.

When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella, ferrule down, into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of "grit" run down into the lining under the iron ring that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rots it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it handle down where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded. It will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely.—Washington Star.

IRISH AND AMERICAN.

St. Patrick's Day and the Spirit In Which It Is Observed.

St. Patrick's day is about the only foreign national holiday that is generally observed in this country, and looking at it in almost any way it is really an Irish-American institution. It will be remembered by the student of history that the potato which was discovered in America was developed until it achieved the prestige of perfection in the Emerald Isle, thus making the potato an Irish-American or American-Irish institution, if you will.

Some 30 years ago the farmer who farmed in Morris county, N. J., and fought the earth for the benefit of his bank account and table, made it a point to plant his potatoes on the 17th of March. It seems almost incredible in this age of climate that potatoes could ever have been set out on St. Patrick's day unless set out before a horse. Yet this was done, and the first potatoes from that planting were always ready for the farmer's table on the ever glorious Fourth of July. It will thus be clearer than ever to the patriotic mind that the potato is so Irish-American that it is difficult to tell just where the Irish begins and the American terminates.

St. Patrick's day is as dear to the Irishman as the Fourth of July is to the American, for, upon this day of days in the history of Ireland, the Irishman, in being an American citizen, feels that he is both an Irishman and an American, and it is a matter of fact that both the Irish and American flags are as conspicuous in the famous processions as are the well known tunes of "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Wearing of the Green."

It is upon St. Patrick's day in the morning that he takes out the high hat that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather wore and brushes it with his sleeve and dances a breakdown of joy in the bosom of his family while he pictures in his mind the approaching hilarity.

It is often wondered how it is that an Irishman can dance so long without breaking down. We might answer that the reason he doesn't break down is that he is dancing a breakdown, and if he should break down it might only serve to break him up, but we will not give that answer to the question.

But we will say that St. Patrick's day is a great institution, and that its parade or cavalcade is one which the representatives of all other nations turn out to see and enjoy. The Russian may be seen contentedly munching on a wax candle, or, if the times are hard, on an ordinary tallow dip, on the corner of Canal street and Broadway, while he watches the men that keep England in an Irish stew skip merrily along. The Italian who has generously given himself a half holiday is on hand in his Sunday earrings, and he is full of the procession to such an extent that his mind is not at home in the chestnut roaster, nor does he caper in spirit with the red coated monkey who is at home asleep upon the hand organ or grinding "Tom Finnegan's Wake" upon the same in honor of the day that is being celebrated.

It is the day upon which the Italian musician might make money if he would only have the business head to go forth and discourse Hibernian melodies upon the harp, inasmuch as Ireland and Italy stand together as firmly on the harp as do the famous governors of North and South Carolina upon something totally different and alien to and from this famous string instrument of poetry and song. On other things they do not so well agree. No Irishman ever had the same respect for macaroni and olives that the Italian has, and no Italian ever had such a leaning toward the corned beef and potato habits that the Irishman knows. But they are one when it comes to the harp, which is the connecting link of sympathy between the Irish dancer and the Tuscan player.

When the Irishman starts out on his St. Patrick's day parade, he is as light hearted and happy as a small boy starting homeward from school to begin a three months' vacation, and it is fair to assume that he is then in too good natured a frame of mind to be offended with the man who might step on the caudal terminus of his coat, and even as he capers lightly along he is in spirit at the Donnybrook or some other fair. And as he is marching all over the world we might go so far as to declare, if permitted to burst into song, that—

From Dan to Beersheba,
From China to Milford,
From Ghent to Honolulu,
From Cairo to Guilford,

From Dublin to Yonkers,
From Calais to Cortland,
From Rome to Coxsackie,
From Richmond to Portland,

From Hartford to Denver,
From Camden to Lansing,
Beneath the green banner
The Irishman's prancing.

And he is prancing along with a deep seated, heartfelt delight that makes him feel like a millionaire both in spirit and in pocket. Whether he is on a bounding billowy palfrey or upon his humble feet, the sensations of wealth and independence are the same. It is his day, and as he and his countrymen are celebrating all over the world it is the day upon which, figuratively speaking, they own the earth. And when he returns to his home at night, whether it is a brownstone front or a villa upon the rocks, he doesn't feel tired, but, on the contrary, feels just properly limbered up for a dance and to let the world know that he has no use for a king or a queen, except in a game of forty-fives. And when the evening is over he hangs up his blackthorn stick and his hat, and they remain hung up until the 17th of March next year. And then on St. Patrick's day in the midnight—

He is dreaming of Killarney,
And he wanders round in Cork,
And he sees the stone of Blarney
In the bosom of New York,
And in all his wildest snoring,
Kicking swiftly as he can,
He is with his boot heels scoring
Some infernal Engh bman.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Shaking Paralysis.

It has been found that sufferers from "shaking paralysis" are much better after a rough railway journey, and the late Dr. Charcot of the Salpetriere, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity, and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it.

SOME OF PATRICK'S MIRACLES.

Legends Concerning the Patron Saint of the Emerald Isle.

THE Druids were the bitterest opponents of good St. Patrick in his great work of Christianizing Ireland. Their priests were powerful and malignant magicians, and in order to prevail against their wicked works St. Patrick had need of all his miracle working power. In spite of his benevolence he had to curse their fertile lands and cause them to become cold and barren bogs, their rivers were made uninhabitable to fish, and their very kettles were cursed, so that no matter how hot a fire was kindled under them water would not boil within them. At last, all these things failing to prevail against the Druids, St. Patrick ordered the earth to open and swallow them.

According to the legends, St. Patrick's power over fire was not confined to rendering it inoperative when placed under the kettles of his enemies. He was quite able to use snow and ice for fuel, and there are several versions of the manner in which he did this. According to one story, he and a number of his followers found themselves one cold morning on the top of a mountain without a fagot to cook their breakfast or warm their stiffened limbs. There was much complaining, to which the saint paid no heed. "Gather a pile of ice and snowballs," he commanded, and when this was done he breathed upon the frigid mass, and it instantly became a pleasant fire. Long after this version was put in rhyme by a lovelorn versifier as follows:

St Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together.
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! If the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Roe.

Another form of the same story has it that when a child he busied himself one day in gathering bits of ice and snow, to the displeasure of his nurse, and when she told him he would be better employed if he gathered fagots he breathed on the ice, and it took fire.

Once, when St. Patrick met an old man who refused to believe the teachings of Christianity, the saint asked him if he would be convinced by the performance of a miracle. The answer being in the affirmative, the saint restored him to his youth, and of course the man became at once a convert. On another occasion, when in England, St. Patrick met a leper who desired to take passage on a certain ship, but the captain would not receive him. The saint threw a stone altar that had been blessed by the pope into the water. The leper was bidden to seat himself on the altar, which floated alongside the ship, bearing its single passenger, during the entire voyage.

The greatest of the miracles performed by St. Patrick was, of course, ridding Ireland of snakes and blessing the soil so that it would ever afterward be obnoxious to all reptiles. One legend goes that the saint called all the serpents to the top of a hill and compelled them to swallow one another till none was left. Another account is to the effect that Patrick drove them out by beating a drum and that he struck it so hard as to knock a hole in it, whereupon an angel, lest the accident should frustrate the saint's object, appeared and mended the rent in the instrument, which, patch and all, was shown as a holy relic as late as 50 or 60 years ago. It is stated that one huge serpent was chained in Lough Dilveen, where it was bidden to remain till Monday. The word of release has never been spoken, and it is said that if your ears are properly opened you may to this day at Lough Dilveen hear the snake call out on Monday mornings in good Irish, "It's a long Monday, Patrick."

The Irish Abroad.

"There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland. One exile became a marshal of France, another prime minister of Spain. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the embassadors of George II and of bidding defiance in high terms to the embassadors of George III. Scattered all over Europe were brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

So wrote Macaulay of the Irish of the eighteenth century, and though better days have come for Ireland it is still true that there are more successful Irishmen in other lands. There are Irish governors and high officials of British provinces and American states.

Thomas d'Arcy McGee was among the organizing statesmen of Canada. Thomas Francis Meagher was governor of Montana and marked for higher honors when accident cut short his career. Gervan Duffy was the leading attorney of Australia. And of the Irish soldiers, scholars, statesmen and writers eminent in America the names would fill a column.

L. B. O'G.

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Mystic Power Of the Four Leaf and the Wife and Fortune It Brought Gerald Gleason—A True Irish Love Story By an Irish Writer.

I'll seek a four leafed shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And when I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
—Samuel Lover.

"Oh, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! I have found a four leafed shamrock. It grew near the sloe bushes at the banks of Teelin stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyreonnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeated Gerald Gleason, to whom a fair young Irish girl addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quaint village in the north of Ireland. "Fairies! Sure, you're the sweetest fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like you."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald emphasized his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the ruby lips upturned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she knew there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been years away from these lovely glens and mountains and have forgotten all about the fairies. In the United States, you know, we have no such superstitions."

"Superstitions?" she exclaimed, surprised at his incredulity. "Don't you believe in the luck a four leafed shamrock brings?

"Shamrock!" he remarked. "I'll wager it's only a clover. But your name—or that part of it you will not have to change, Una—means fortunate, so that you need no four leafed clover as a talisman."

Disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock, which seemed to be hiding itself among others that were of the ordinary trefoil. Una felt she had a prize, for she had found it the day before beneath a sheltered bower, where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven—fallen angels who could find no place to remind them so much of the paradise they had lost as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, is it a clover?" she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"I'm not botanist enough to say, and if I were I would not undermine your faith and patriotism. But"—as to avoid a discussion of the point he took the shamrock and put the leaves near her rosy cheek—"here's the green above the red. It's something I've often prayed for in the land beyond the seas."

"But it must be more real than that," she replied as the treasured sod was returned to her. While replacing it in the window she remarked a little pettishly, "I do think you Irish-Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleason was 30 years of age. He had left Ireland 10 years before for New York and since then had risen from a clerkship to membership in one of the great law firms of the metropolis. In New York he was welcomed by an uncle, a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later, Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept

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peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature has bestowed so bountifully upon the Irish soil.

It was only natural that he should want to look in at the little school where his early education was received. The old schoolmaster he knew was there no longer, but in his stead a young girl with winsome smiles. Una Costello had just attained her majority, fresh from the training institute at Glasnevin, Dublin, and her artless manner, sylphlike form and true Irish beauty fairly won the young lawyer, whose toilful ambition had hitherto precluded thoughts of love from his mind.

So he staid among old scenes longer than he had intended. July fled and with it August. Scarcely a day passed that did not see him visit the cottage where Una and her widowed mother dwelt. The peasantry had already decided that Una would return with him to America. In fact, he had visited her that day to make the proposition.

Gerald followed her as she went to replace the shamrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill of love warned her that not that he had something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that kept arranging the shamrock sod in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether contained himself. It was the first case of the kind he had ever pleaded. He would make love readily, as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to ask her to leave the quietude to which she had been accustomed, the dear scenes and dearer friends, for her love for him.

"Yes, America is everything to you," she repeated, not knowing exactly how to break the silence and its strain.

"Not quite everything," he rejoined. "There's yourself, for instance. America would be brighter and dearer to me if you were there spurring on my ambition. Una, darling, you will not let me go alone, will you? I have gone beyond my vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and stripes, but there will be no such home for me, darling, if you are not there."

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother do? I cannot leave her."

"Leave her! Of course not. She will come with us."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Una, looking up regretfully, appealingly, to him. "Oh, what will I do?"

"My darling, don't get excited. Something strange must have happened. Tell me about it."

Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could not induce her to share with Una and him the happiness that awaited them in America.

"Tell me," he said coaxingly, "what is this nightmare that haunts you?"

"It is no nightmare," she replied. "It is too real. You have heard mother speak of my brother Maurice—her only boy—who went to America some years ago. She never heard from him after the

"I HAVE FAITH IN YOU."

first year. She has conceived a strange notion of America. She likes its people for the good they do, but the country itself she looks upon as a siren that lured her most precious idol away to destruction. She would not live there, Gerald, and my place is with her. I am all she has left. Only last night she hinted at the probability of parting and advised me to leave her, if you asked me, and go with you. I had not thought of such a trial coming; I was so happy in your love. We must part, Gerald, but I will always remember you."

Tears came to her eyes, and emotion mastered her. Gerald tried to reassure her, saying he was sure her mother would relent. But Mrs. Costello, when she returned, having been paying a visit to a neighbor when Gerald called, completely disillusioned him of the idea. Her appeal in vain was united with Gerald's to shake Una in her resolution to remain at her mother's side.

"It is only a short time, and I'll not be here, with my old notions, to keep you apart," said Mrs. Costello.

"You mustn't talk in that strain," said Gerald. "You will live many years, I hope, and soon outgrow this prejudice."

"I'm afraid it will live with the memory of my dear boy all my life," she answered, her voice tremulous with awakened sorrow.

Gerald realized that he had lost. Further discussion would but intensify the pain each felt. He arose and went to the window which looked out upon the ocean he was soon to cross, the white capped waves coming dancing in to the Irish shores, still singing to the toilers on the braes above of the queer climes that lay far beyond the horizon. His eyes fell on the shamrock. Calling Una to his side, he pointed to the shamrock sod and said:

"Una, I am going to ask a favor. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my power," she replied, divining his request by the unerring intuition every loving woman seems to possess.

"This sod," he continued, "will have memories for me that will bring you often before me as you met me today. We will part for awhile. Circumstances may change your mother's views. Maybe the good genius of this shamrock will pity me in that faroff land when he hears my plaint and bring you to me. May I have it?"

"You do not believe in the mystic power," she said. "I'm skeptical myself now. But if you desire the shamrock as a memento, it is yours."

Mrs. Costello had considerately left them alone. Oh, how the good mother had argued vainly against herself, trying to break down the barriers her peculiar ideas had placed in the way of her daughter's happiness, but the years had so thoroughly impregnated them into a sensitive, impressionable organization that they could not be eradicated, and Gerald had to sail some days later unaccompanied by Una.

On landing in New York, Gerald went to the immigrant's mission at the Battery with a few blackthorns he had promised to bring to the manager, an old and valued friend. The manager was talking to one of those careworn unfortunates whom revenues send to the mission for advice and assistance. Gerald paid no attention to the visitor, but rushing in exclaimed as he laid the blackthorns on the manager's desk:

"Here I am again, and I've kept my promise, you see."

"Well, Gerald, how are you?" was the cordial greeting that followed the extended hand. "But what is that?" forgetting to return thanks when he saw the box of shamrocks Gerald carried, the keepsake being too precious to commit to other hands.

A shadow of pain crossed Gerald's features as he allowed his friend to examine the treasure. The thought of his love, now more distant than ever, with all the bitterness of parting, came to mind. Forgetting the presence of another, Gerald told in open words the story of the shamrock and of his disappointed love for Una Costello to this man, who had long been his confidential friend.

"Pardon me," said a voice behind him, that of the careworn visitor who had sat unnoticed and heard the story, "will you let me kiss that shamrock for the sake of the old land and its memories?"

There was a tremor, an earnestness in his voice that awakened Gerald's sympathy. The man's frame trembled with feeling as he stooped to kiss the sod. Tears fell upon the green leaves, and lougingly and lovingly were the lips pressed to the shamrock. When his head again uplifted, the man said:

"I've drowned that shamrock in tears today. Too often have I drowned it in something else, too often steeped it and my senses in the flowing bowl."

Then, raising his right hand and looking upward as if calling on God to bear witness to his oath, he added:

"I swear by this shamrock never more to dishonor it and the land it grew in."

His passionate outburst impressed Gerald, who turned to the manager inquiringly, inviting explanation in his look. His friend seemed to read his query in his gaze and said:

"This man has come today for advice and aid. His appearance gives evidence that he has had the usual experience. I hate to recommend him to any one for employment, unless there is virtue in your shamrock that can redeem him."

Virtue in that shamrock! Who would dare deny it? Gerald himself might in Una's presence, but it had become sacred in his eyes afar from her, and he would resent any doubt as to the power resting in that cherished emblem of his love and land.

"I have faith in you," he said to the stranger as he took out his cardcase and hurriedly scrawled the address on the reverse side of his own card. Then, handing the same with a crisp bill to the man, he added: "Go to the man whose name you see there, and he'll fix you in a place according to your ability. Brush up a little before you go."

The man looked at the name and opened wide his eyes in doubt and bewilderment. It was that of the greatest political light in the city of New York. Brighter days were ahead. The poor man grasped Gerald's hand and said:

"I'll repay you for this."

He bowed himself out. The manager laughed. He had heard many such promises and saw nearly all of them broken. It was merely an incident of his day's business. He turned the conversation into other channels, and before Gerald took his leave the promise over the shamrock and the man who made it had passed out of mind for the time being.

Gerald took up the thread of his business where he had dropped it, and the rush to catch up with the run kept him busy, but not too occupied to prevent him from giving due care to the shamrock that thrived in its native clay and flourished on his desk before him as well as if the Irish dew and the Irish air were upon it as in days gone by.

Gerald wrote to Una frequently, but her mother was still obdurate, and the time fled by until St. Patrick's morning. The sun streamed through the window, smiled upon the shamrock and awakened tender recollections within the heart of Gerald. His office windows overlooked the route of the procession. The gallant Sixty-ninth was to lead that day in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The manager of the mission had sent a message that morning to have a place reserved for himself and a few friends who wished to view the marching columns. Gerald awaited them.

The door opened. His eyes were on the shamrock, but the bang of the door as it closed awakened him from his reverie. He looked up and—did his eyes deceive him? There stood Una Costello and her mother, behind them two men, one of whom he recognized as his friend. But it was on Una that his eyes rested. He rushed forward to greet her. What ecstasy in that embrace!

After greeting Mrs. Costello, kissing her as if she were his own mother, Gerald turned to welcome the manager and his companion, but before an explanation could be asked the stranger stepped forward, offered his hand to Gerald and said:

"I have changed considerably. You may not remember me. I was the poor outcast you met at the immigrant home.

THE GREETING.

I heard your story and learned therefrom that my waywardness, my descent in paths that made me oblivious to mother, home and friends, was responsible for blighting the lives of those near and dear to me. I have kept the pledge made over the shamrock. Your card secured me a good position, and I planned this by way of compensation. I surprised mother and sister a few weeks ago as I now do you. With my return, mother's prejudice disappeared. I am Maurice Costello."

"You have more than repaid me," said Gerald, pressing Maurice's hand warmly. Then, turning to Una, he said:

"The four leafed shamrock had a charm, after all. See how I have cared for it."

He led her to the desk on which the shamrock rested. The others followed to look at the magic exile of Erin. Una grasped the box and raised the shamrock to her lips with fervid emotion, and tears fell upon the flower, but this time they were tears of joy. Then laying the box on the desk, she said to Gerald:

"For luck, I'll place a sprig in your lapel today."

Her delicate fingers parted a small branch from the parent stem. Gerald looked proudly as she fastened the shamrock on his coat. When she had finished, he took her in his arms again and kissed her, nobody paying attention to their fond caressings, as all but the lovers had gone to the window to view the procession, summoned there by the opening notes of "The Wearing of the Green."

JOHN J. MCGINNISS.

Priest and Man.

Time—Sunday evening at 10 o'clock. Scene—A horse car on Broadway, New York. Among the passengers are two Italians, one very drunk, the other tolerably drunk. Very drunken one, making noise, disturbing passengers and frightening ladies. Enter intellectual looking but stalwart priest. Observes situation, speaks in Italian to less drunk of the two, saying: "Tell your friend that he doesn't know when he is well off. Keep him quiet or he will get into trouble."

Upon complaint of passenger very drunken man is put off. Other begins abusing priest. Asks in English, in rapid succession: "Are you a priest? Are you a spy? Are you an Irishman?

Priest returns self control perfectly until these questions are repeated several times in steadily rising tones. Then suddenly he responds: "Yes, I'm a priest, I'm an Irishman, and I'm a man. Shut up, or I will knock the head entirely off you."

Half drunken Italian subsides. Lady on opposite side of car says impulsively: "Thank you! I'm afraid of these people."

Priest, speaking from the man and the Irishman side of him, "Madam, no man shall hurt the hair of a woman's head in this car, no matter how treacherous he is, while I'm here."

Order reigns in Warsaw.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Has Given to the World.

A new kind of dwelling house has been invented. It is remarkable in many ways, being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight and as near disease proof as any building can be made. It is warranted microbe proof, and should any stray disease producing germ through any accident or oversight find its way within the forbidden precincts the conditions it finds there will be so obnoxious to its taste and feelings that it will immediately die of despair. The new kind of building is a Japanese invention. Dr. W. van der Hayden of Yokohama is its originator and builder. He has constructed one for his own use, and has lived in it for over a year, testing its good qualities before publishing to the world any of its peculiarities. The tests applied have been so satisfactory in their results that the world is now informed of them.

Glass is the chief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum. These boxes are formed of two panes of glass each four-tenths of an inch in thickness. The glass is fixed in iron frames screwed together. The whole is so constructed that the building will resist the influence of heat, cold, shocks and earthquakes. Between the joints of the iron framework felt is inserted, and then the space is covered with boards. The roof is flat and is supported by cast iron pillars. It, too, is glass, with strips of rubber covering the joints. Over the glass is spread a thin layer of ashes, and upon this is placed a light wooden frame, which is covered with cement to protect the interior from the radiation of heat. The building has outer and inner walls, with a space between affording air passages to neutralize all atmospheric influences without.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it is through this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained. The building is heated and ventilated on the most scientific principles. Pure air is secured from the upper atmosphere and conveyed to the interior of the building through pipes after it has been screened through fine wire netting and filtered through cotton batting so as to deprive it of any microbes or other disease germs it might contain. After being used it escapes from the house through valves fixed in the walls and ceilings for that purpose. The heat is also brought to the house from the outside through pipes running to open flues in the rooms, and as it passes away through these a draft is created which assists in ventilating the rooms. The whole limits of the building are made as aseptic as a wound dressing of lister.—Chicago Post.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 19 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"—two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in 99 cases out of 100. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off and is called the filet de bœuf. It makes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "hip sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the tenderloin steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone" sirloin, which is itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of them. Ingenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When meat rises quickly after being pressed, it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.—Washington Post.

Drying an Umbrella.

When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella, ferrule down, into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of "grit" run down into the ribs under the iron ring that secures the rubber and rots it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it sink, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it handle down where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded. It will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely.—Washington Star.

IRISH AND AMERICAN.

St. Patrick's Day and the Spirit In Which It Is Observed.

St. Patrick's day is about the only foreign national holiday that is generally observed in this country, and looking at it in almost any way it is really an Irish-American institution. It will be remembered by the student of history that the potato which was discovered in America was developed until it achieved the prestige of perfection in the Emerald Isle, thus making the potato an Irish-American or American-Irish institution, if you will.

Some 30 years ago the farmer who farmed in Morris county, N. J., and fought the earth for the benefit of his bank account and table, made it a point to plant his potatoes on the 17th of March. It seems almost incredible in this age of climate that potatoes could ever have been set out on St. Patrick's day unless set out before a horse. Yet this was done, and the first potatoes from that planting were always ready for the farmer's table on the ever glorious Fourth of July. It will thus be clearer than ever to the patriotic mind that the potato is so Irish-American that it is difficult to tell just where the Irish begins and the American terminates.

St. Patrick's day is as dear to the Irishman as the Fourth of July is to the American, for, upon this day of days in the history of Ireland, the Irishman, in being an American citizen, feels that he is both an Irishman and an American, and it is a matter of fact that both the Irish and American flags are as conspicuous in the famous processions as are the well known tunes of "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Wearing of the Green."

It is upon St. Patrick's day in the morning that he takes out the high hat that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather wore and brushes it with his sleeve and dances a breakdown of joy in the bosom of his family while he pictures in his mind the approaching hilarity.

It is often wondered how it is that an Irishman can dance so long without breaking down. We might answer that the reason he doesn't break down is that he is dancing a breakdown, and if he should break down it might only serve to break him up, but we will not give that answer to the question.

But we will say that St. Patrick's day is a great institution, and that its parade or cavalcade is one which the representatives of all other nations turn out to see and enjoy. The Russian may be seen contentedly munching on a wax candle, or, if the times are hard, on an ordinary tallow dip, on the corner of Canal street and Broadway, while he watches the men that keep England in an Irish stew skip airily along. The Italian who has generously given himself a half holiday is on hand in his Sunday earrings, and he is full of the procession to such an extent that his mind is not at home in the chestnut roaster, nor does he caper in spirit with the red coated monkey who is at home asleep upon the hand organ or grinding "Tim Finnegan's Wake" upon the same in honor of the day that is being celebrated.

It is the day upon which the Italian musician might make money if he would only have the business head to go forth and discourse Hibernian melodies upon the harp, inasmuch as Ireland and Italy stand together as firmly on the harp as do the famous governors of North and South Carolina upon something totally different and alien to and from this famous string instrument of poetry and song. On other things they do not so well agree. No Irishman ever had the same respect for macaroni and olives that the Italian has, and no Italian ever had such a leaning toward the corned beef and potato habits that the Irishman knows. But they are one when it comes to the harp, which is the connecting link of sympathy between the Irish dancer and the Tuscan player.

When the Irishman starts out on his St. Patrick's day parade, he is as light hearted and happy as a small boy starting homeward from school to begin a three months' vacation, and it is fair to assume that he is then in too good natured a frame of mind to be offended with the man who might step on the caudal terminus of his coat, and even as he capers lightly along he is in spirit at the Donnybrook or some other fair. And as he is marching all over the world we might go so far as to declare, if permitted to burst into song, that—

From Dan to Beersheba,
From Clifton to Milford,
From Ghent to Holyoke,
From Cairo to Guilford,

From Dublin to Yonkers,
From Cobleskill to Cortland,
From Rome to Coxsackie,
From Richmond to Portland,

From Hartford to Denver,
From Camden to Lansing,
Beneath the green banner
The Irishman's prancing.

And he is prancing along with a deep seated, heartfelt delight that makes him feel like a millionaire both in spirit and in pocket. Whether he is on a bounding billowy pallrey or upon his humble feet, the sensations of wealth and independence are the same. It is his day, and as he and his countrymen are celebrating all over the world it is the day upon which, figuratively speaking, they own the earth. And when he returns to his home at night, whether it is a brownstone front or a villa upon the rocks, he doesn't feel tired, but, on the contrary, feels just properly limbered up for a dance and to let the world know that he has no use for a king or a queen, except in a game of forty-fives. And when the evening is over he hangs up his blackthorn stick and his hat, and they remain hung up until the 17th of March next year. And then on St. Patrick's day in the midnight—

He is dreaming of Killarney,
And he wanders round in Cork,
And he sees the stone of Blarney
In the bosom of New York,
And in all his wildest snoring,
Kicking swiftly as he can,
He is with his boot heels scoring
Some infernal Englishman.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Shaking Paralysis.

It has been found that sufferers from "shaking paralysis" are much better after a rough railway journey, and the late Dr. Charcot of the Salpetriere, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity, and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it.

SOME OF PATRICK'S MIRACLES.

Legends Concerning the Patron Saint of the Emerald Isle.

THE Druids were the bitterest opponents of good St. Patrick in his great work of Christianizing Ireland. Their priests were powerful and malignant magicians, and in order to prevail against their wicked works St. Patrick had need of all his miracle working power. In spite of his benevolence he had to curse their fertile lands and cause them to become cold and barren bogs, their rivers were made uninhabitable to fish, and their very kettles were cursed, so that no matter how hot a fire was kindled under them water would not boil within them. At last, all these things failing to prevail against the Druids, St. Patrick ordered the earth to open and swallow them.

According to the legends, St. Patrick's power over fire was not confined to rendering it inoperative when placed under the kettles of his enemies. He was quite able to use snow and ice for fuel, and there are several versions of the manner in which he did this. According to one story, he and a number of his followers found themselves one cold morning on the top of a mountain without a fagot to cook their breakfast or warm their stiffened limbs. There was much complaining, to which the saint paid no heed. "Gather a pile of ice and snowballs," he commanded, and when this was done he breathed upon the frigid mass, and it instantly became a pleasant fire. Long after this version was put in rhyme by a lovelorn versifier as follows:

St. Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathed upon the pile,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had be an so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Roe.

Another form of the same story has it that when a child he busied himself one day in gathering bits of ice and snow, to the displeasure of his nurse, and when she told him he would be better employed if he gathered fagots he breathed on the ice, and it took fire.

Once, when St. Patrick met an old man who refused to believe the teachings of Christianity, the saint asked him if he would be convinced by the performance of a miracle. The answer being in the affirmative, the saint restored him to his youth, and of course the man became at once a convert. On another occasion, when in England, St. Patrick met a leper who desired to take passage on a certain ship, but the captain would not receive him. The saint threw a stone altar that had been blessed by the pope into the water. The leper was bidden to seat himself on the altar, which floated alongside the ship, bearing its single passenger, during the entire voyage.

The greatest of the miracles performed by St. Patrick was, of course, ridding Ireland of snakes and blessing the soil so that it would ever afterward be obnoxious to all reptiles. One legend goes that the saint called all the serpents to the top of a hill and compelled them to swallow one another till none was left. Another account is to the effect that Patrick drove them out by beating a drum, and that he struck it so hard as to knock a hole in it, whereupon an angel, lest the accident should frustrate the saint's object, appeared and mended the rent in the instrument, which, patch and all, was shown as a holy relic as late as 50 or 60 years ago. It is stated that one huge serpent was chained in Lough Dilveen, where it was bidden to remain till Monday. The word of release has never been spoken, and it is said that if your ears are properly quickened you may to this day at Lough Dilveen hear the snake call out on Monday mornings in good Irish, "It's a long Monday, Patrick."

The Irish Abroad.

"There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland. One exile became a marshal of France, another prime minister of Spain. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the embassadors of George II and of bidding defiance in high terms to the embassadors of George III. Scattered all over Europe were brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

So wrote Macaulay of the Irish of the eighteenth century, and though better days have come for Ireland it is still true that there are more successful Irishmen in other lands. There are Irish governors and high officials of British provinces and American states.

Thomas d'Arcy McGee was among the organizing statesmen of Canada. Thomas Francis Meagher was governor of Montana and marked for higher honors when accident cut short his career. Gervan Duffy was the leading attorney of Australia. And of the Irish soldiers, scholars, statesmen and writers eminent in America the names would fill a column.

L. H. O'G.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PHIL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Novelties In Evening Gowns For Girls and Matrons.

The Rich Moire Silks Again In Vogue—Figaros Becoming Very Popular—The Utility of Ribbon Bretelles and Other Simple Toilet Accessories.

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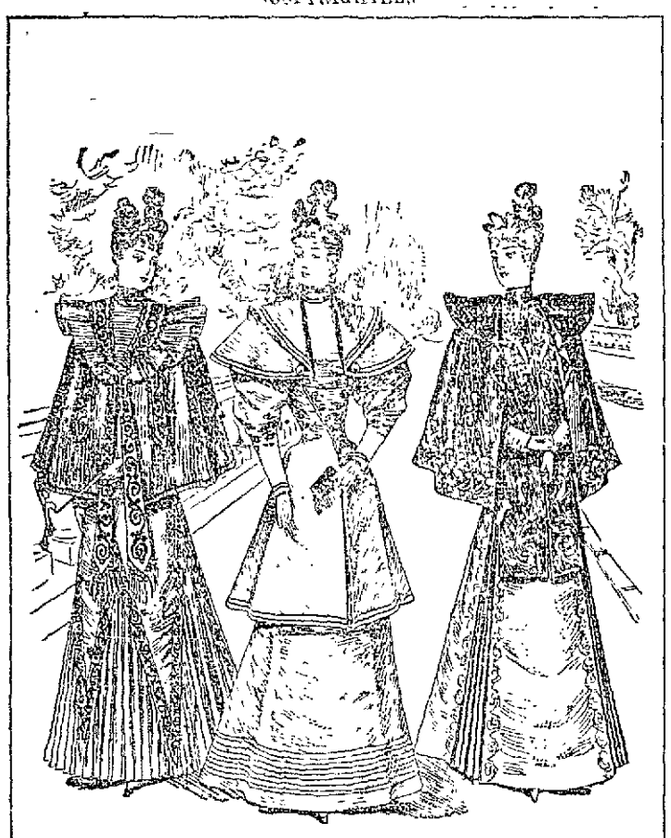

EARLY SPRING WRAPS.

The figure on the right shows a gown of the new twilled cashmere. The wrap is of black armure, embroidered with black and gold. The collar is of black velvet. The central figure shows a mole colored cloth, tailor finished wrap. The coat has a short cape, pointed in the front and back, made of the same material. The costume on the left shows a dress of gray faille, trimmed with garnet bands. The short cape is of cherry red velvet, with trimmings of madder red passementerie.

As spring advances it rather seems to me that we are to have the 1830 styles as the principal ones of the season, and that we may expect fashion to follow the salient modes, from 1830 on to 1852, though there are still many things, particularly basques and coats, that take their distinguishing points from the days of the empire and before.

The lighter materials and above all the evening dresses remind one of the days when "she wore a wreath of roses upon her

EVENING GOWNS FOR GIRLS AND MATRONS.

marble brow." These wreaths of roses were just roses pure and simple, without foliage, and they came right down to the forehead, where they rested their pink or white petals without any intervening bang or frizzes. They looked pretty in the old days, but somehow now they look quaint, but not so becoming as if the curls came down over the "marble brow," for there is not one woman in a hundred who looks well with her forehead bare. There is a really good excuse for those who wear "fronts" when their own hair is thin and scanty.

That reminds me that a young lady of my acquaintance, who has recently come here from Peru, told me of a remedy for thin hair. It is to take the shells from a pound of English walnuts and pour a quart of boiling water over them and leave them so. *Every morning and evening some of* the water should be rubbed into the roots of the hair. This has been productive of admirable results in two cases to my personal knowledge, and one subject is nearly 70 years old.

An evening dress, worn by a young lady at a recent function, was made of white mousseline de soie, with pink polka dots all over it—that is to say, the front of the dress was of that material, while the train was of rose pink satin. The front breadth of the silk muslin was embroidered in pink and gold threads. The baby waist was belted with pink moire ribbon and had a square bow of the same on the corsage, held by a rose. All around the shoulders there was a wreath of pink crab roses. There were two long ends of moire ribbon, which were sewed under a bunch of three large roses, and a double bow with fishtail ends. The elbow sleeves were made of one drooping puff. The whole gown was lovely. There was a wreath of pink roses intended to wear in the hair with this gown.

I have been pleased to note that the rich moire silks are again coming into vogue for elegant costumes for both young and old. The colored and tinted moires make exceptionally rich gowns for the young married ladies and the black for the older and middle aged ladies. They are also worn for half mourning. I took particular notice of a dress of black moire made for a young widow of three years, now in her last stage of mourning en regle. She had a rich black moire antique, cut princess, with the back of the skirt very full. There was a row of fine jet passementerie around the bottom. The upper sleeves were moire, and the lower portion was of black crepe lisse closely shirred over white satin. There was an inset vest front to the waist made in the same manner, bordered with a pointed bertha of passementerie.

There is a difference between moire and moire antique. The first has the pattern or shading which makes the "watered" appearance small and of almost regular pattern. The moire antique has large and irregular patterns. This is caused by pressure, and there is nothing that could be richer. Moire, or "ondine," as some call it, is not generally of as good quality as the moire antique. When one buys moire of second quality, it can be made to look equally rich by lining it with canton flannel. This also holds true with thin satins. It seems to give them body and weight, and they fold in a rich round style that is the distinguishing trait of the best and most expensive qualities. Moire sleeves and other garniture for fine dresses give a very elegant and sumptuous effect. White moire is beautiful for wedding gowns. Not even satin can throw up the beauty of lace as can moire.

The same house that made the last mentioned gown had another silken dress that was notable for its simple lines and genu-

NEW STYLES IN CORSAGES.

ine beauty and grace. It was of mat white cheney silk, with indistinct pale blue dots set irregularly all over it. The skirt was quite straight and gathered very full with deep gathers and sewed to the waist with a piping. The infant waist had a double shirring at the top and was brought to a very small point both front and back. There were bretelles of mazarin blue velvet ribbon, which formed knots on the shoulders, and there was a belt made of the same, ending a close knot. The sleeves had triple puffs, each one held in by a velvet ribbon. There was no other ornamentation, but the dress was beautiful.

The fashion of having ribbon bretelles is a pretty one, and one that is productive of a very dressy effect with little trouble. Almost any one can add these little touches to a plain frock, and it is often done so that one dress may have three or four sets of ribbon, of different colors. One young lady had a plain black taffeta gown, and to wear with this she had five different sets of ribbons, not quite alike, but still all made on the same general plan. It was not 10 minutes' work to adjust a fresh set, and she pleased everybody by her infinite variety, obtained at a limited expense.

A pretty way to manage these is to follow a design originating in Berlin, which is now the rival of Paris in fashions. The design in question was a set of two toned ribbon in light and dark blue stripes. There were bretelles tied into knots on the shoulders, and reaching the waist back and front, and from there each back ribbon and each front one was carried down to the hips, where they met and tied into a double bow with ends. From the shoulder one of the ends was lengthened to the elbow and there ended in a butterfly bow. This set of ribbon garniture was worn over a gown of mottled black and brown taffeta.

Crossed draperies as trimming for corsages are very often seen, particularly for light materials, such as challis and wash goods. But the same fancy is also frequently carried out on gowns of more expensive material. One rich figured silk in beige and green had a basque of myrtle green velvet, with a spring frill lined with beige satin. There was a crossed drapery of the silk starting from a seaming at the arm eye and ending under a draped sash belt of the same at the waist. It crossed the bust in front in the same manner. The collar was also draped with the silk and had a knot of the same at the back of the neck. Many of the gowns have draperies of the same or contrasting color or material in form of simulated figaros.

I think I should mention the figaro separately, since it is liable to become a fad this season. There is such a variety that I hardly know where to begin first. Some have sleeves. Some have none. Some have jockeys instead of sleeves, and some have fringes or tassels of silk or metal. Some are short under the arms and high necked with collars. Some have the top turned over, forming a bertha. Some are square pointed and some rounded or even scalloped. Some are of velvet heavily embroidered, and some are of cloth, and others are severely plain. Some contrast with the gown, and some are of the same material. Some have the Eton shape and some the Turkish or oriental, and all are pretty and becoming. Thin persons look a better figure, and plump ones look more slender—that is, if they have the sense to wear those that set out loosely from the waist.

The figaro can be made into one of the daintiest and most ornamental adjuncts to a lady's wardrobe of any one thing ever yet devised. Very many handsome evening gowns have real or simulated figaros. The white cloth, satin or velvet, worked with gold braid, is the richest of all with a border of little gold frogs. Such a figaro, literally stiff with gold braid, costs about $30, which is little when one counts the stitches that are required. These are the oriental ones.

While speaking of accessories to the toilet I must mention the deep lace pelerines. These are made with a square yoke front and back, bordered with deep vandyke points of lace set on with the least possible amount of fullness. There must be some on the shoulder, but only enough to make it set rightly. It is cut just to the neck

NEW ACCESSORIES.

line. There is a strong reaction setting in against the high collars women have been wearing so long. No amount of cleaning could keep the inside of the band from becoming greasy and dusty, and sometimes the material was rough, but with it all not one woman out of fifty can show her neck now without some sort of device to hide the roughness and pimples. With warmer weather the collars will grow narrower and disappear, and ladies will poultice their necks with bread and milk and tincture of benzoin until they are white and smooth once more.

Lace will play a very prominent part again this spring. I have seen three or four woolen gowns, to say nothing of several silk ones, with the sleeves made of lace. Fur is seen on such sleeves united with lace and ribbon. Naturally, where lace, ribbon and fur are all used on one sleeve, that sleeve is for some rather festive occasion. A sleeve of this style had a balloon puff, with a band of fur at the elbow, just above a fall of lace. A bow on the shoulder had three long ends, which formed loops ending under the fur band. The forearm piece had fur around the wrist. This sleeve is an ornament to a plain gown and I think could be made of black lace with good effect.

My attention has been called to some novel fichus, and as they are not only pretty, but easily made, I mention them. One had the foundation of net, and down the front there were three rows of Irish point, reaching to the waist. There was a ruffle of mull all around the shoulders, edged with Irish point. Above that was a doubled ruffle of mull, and a narrower one of the same, which stood upright. From under the drooping ruffle started two scarf ends of mull, reaching to the waist line, where they gathered in under a bow of ribbon with long ends. This can be worn over any gown and forms a very dainty and graceful finish to a plain toilet.

Another pretty fichu collarette was much in the same style, but had a foundation of valenciennes lace, with a hemmed frill of pale blue chiffon and a standing ruching of the same. There was a row of lace sewed to a row of the sheerest swiss embroidery. There were blue chiffon ties, which were over a yard long and intended to be tied into a bow and ends at the waist in front or brought around behind the back and knotted loosely there.

There was a novel fichu made in the form of a sailor collar of white surah over a stiff foundation. The collar was bordered with a double ruching of narrow black lace, and below that was a frill of black lace 4 inches wide. From under the ends of the collar there were two brides of white crepe lisse, brought to points intended to cross over the breast and fasten under a belt. There was another fichu made on this model, only this had two mull ruffles bordered with narrow black lace instead of the one deep frill of black lace. They were both pretty and suitable to wear with anything.

MATE LEROY.

Alcoholic Gas In a Drunkard's Skull.

When the skull of a man who has died of delirium tremens is opened, the gas which escapes can be ignited and burns with a bluish alcoholic flame.

The Millionaire a Worker.

The difficulties of my boyhood are still fresh in my mind and still strangely influence my views of life. Those early years—and they were years of struggle—in which I bumped against human nature and studied it, did more to strengthen me in mind and character than anything else that has come in my life since.

I consider it one of the most fortunate things to be born poor. The argument that the poor young man has not an equal chance with the rich young man is profoundly silly. In this age of development, rapidity of change and national prosperity the rise of a young man depends entirely upon his individual and faithful effort. We have a distinctly American disease—it is American push. It is contagious, and the sooner a young man is seized by it the sooner will he succeed.

It is a mistake to suppose that millionaires do not work. Probably the greatest and saddest misunderstanding between the rich man and the poor is that the rich man does not know how much the poor man suffers, and the poor man does not know how hard the rich man works.

[The above was contributed by the late Orlando B. Potter to Demorest's Magazine a few hours before his sudden death.]—New York Mail and Express.

What He Could Do.

The mission worker had a lot of boys from the street before him, trying to see what their capacities were for other work than wandering. He had called up several and questioned them and came next to a redheaded urchin of about 12. As the boy rose to be put through the course one of the other boys prodded him with a pin. He jumped, of course, but being on his good behavior he managed to suppress his feelings, though it could be plainly seen that he was almost at the limit.

"You want to work, too, do you?" asked the missionary kindly.

The boy merely nodded.

"What can you do?" inquired the missionary.

The boy could hold in no longer.

"I kin lick de stuffin out of de kid wot sticked me wid a pin, and I'm goin to do it," he burst forth, and a few minutes later the job had been done thoroughly.—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middlesboro by the Rev. Bryan Daw. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"—Exchange.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY DISPLAY OF PRETTY CHINA.

When Painting on Glass—The Correct Thing In Drapery—Culinary Recipes For the Housewife.

Wise housekeepers learned some time ago that a simple meal prettily served had an elegance of effect that was wanting in a more elaborate menu when dainty dishes were lacking. There is probably no expenditure which gives more general satisfaction in a household than that which spreads a table with wisely chosen china. The housekeeper indeed rejoices over well stocked linen shelves, and the student feels a peculiar bliss when he makes additions to his library, but the entire family shares in the pleasure imparted by a new dish or a fresh set of plates.

The time has gone by when it was considered good form to have all the china of the same pattern. It is well to have a dinner set so that there may be some correspondence between vegetable dishes, meat platters, and at least one set of plates. But further than that unity of design or color need not go. The oyster plates may differ from those in which the soup is brought in. There may be no points of resemblance between fish and entree and dinner plates. The salad set may be sui generis, and the dessert or fruit plates unique. "Everything goes" (forgive the slang) in this day of catholicity of taste.

This delightful fashion renders it possible for the housekeeper to make a gorgeous showing without too great extravagance. A dozen plates now, a dozen then—the expense need not be such a burden after all. If it pleases her, she may have a set in which no two pieces match, and so long as the china is good and the choice shows taste the whim needs no apology.

The price of china is graded to suit all purses. A pretty display may be made for a small outlay, judiciously expended, or the cost of each plate may be enough to keep a poor family in provisions for a month. Perhaps the porcelain from which the greatest pleasure is derived is not that whose weight in gold would hardly pay its price. One may be happy with her table furnished with cheaper ware, and in most cases only the connoisseur can judge of the value of the rarest pieces. The beauty of the china and decoration is, after all, the most important point to be considered in buying tableware, according to Harper's Bazar, which has the foregoing to say about pretty china.

When Painting on Glass.

For those who wish to avoid employing a glazier or to save the expenses of the diamond that most readily cuts the tinted glass to any shape required, press heavily upon the glass with a steel cutter; then lay upon the scratched line a length of linen thread soaked in turpentine. Press the thread to the surface of the glass and set it on fire. This will heat the glass around the marked line. While heated throw upon it a few drops of cold water, and it will then readily break into the desired form.—Art Amateur.

Bread Omelet.

Housekeepers who have too much principle to throw away stale bread, and who cannot bring their families to relish bread pudding, will find they can put their loaves to practical use by making what an experienced mother calls "bread omelet." Cut the bread in very thin slices—and there is nothing that one can slice so thin as stale bread—and dip the slices in beaten eggs. Fry in butter. A most substantial, economical and satisfactory dish for breakfast.

The Light From the Window.

To make the objects in the room distinct the light entering the windows must be conserved as much as possible. This will best be accomplished, according to Popular Science, by banishing all dark materials. Heavy hangings absorb light as well as dirt. Oak or enameled furniture reflects the light that black walnut or rosewood absorbs, and a light colored wall will do almost as much as a sunny disposition to fill a room with sunshine and good cheer.

A Good Hot Supper Dish.

Wash, peel and boil a pound of potatoes. When quite cooked, strain and mash them with a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg and cayenne. Put this mixture into six clean buttered scallop shells, score it with a knife, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg and scatter small pieces of butter on each scallop; set the shell in the oven. When of a bright brown, take them up and serve.

The "Correct" Thing In Drapery.

Many single doors are using only one curtain, the material bought by the yard and the fringe sewed on. No rings are used. The rod is put on inside the doorways, with space above sufficient to permit the portieres to be thrown over the pole once or twice, according to the width of the doorway—one end reaching the floor, the other

A FRENCH FANCY IN PORTIERES.

quite short. The fabric can be wound so loosely over the pole that the "sagging" in the center will form graceful curves.

"Draping remains elaborate in the four piece style for all 'correct' windows. First comes the plain white shade, then a sash curtain of yellow silk; next, dainty lace curtains of larger design, and lastly a heavy Turkish curtain of mingled oriental colors. The lace curtains are hung plain, and the one Turkish curtain is swung over the pole," says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the accompanying sketch of a portiere is reproduced.

Their Native Climes.

Spinach is a Persian plant.
Filberts came from Greece.
Quinces came from Corinth.
The turnip came from Rome.
The peach came from Persia
The nasturtium came from Peru.
Horse radish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Sage is a native of the south of Europe.

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This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

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For Lawrence, 6.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 6.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 6.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 6.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 6.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 6.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 6.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 6.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell,

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *850, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.09 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.23, *9.35, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.04, 4.38, *5.33, ¶5.43, ¶6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, §8.48, *9.20 a. m.; §4.25, 6.03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.55, 4.30, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), 8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and ¶8.43.

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For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; ¶8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Novelties In Evening Gowns For Girls and Matrons.

The Rich Moire Silks Again In Vogue—Figaros Becoming Very Popular—The Utility of Ribbon Bretelles and Other Simple Toilet Accessories.

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EARLY SPRING WRAPS.

The figure on the right shows a gown of the new twilled cashmere. The wrap is of black armure, embroidered with black and gold. The collar is of black velvet. The central figure shows a mole colored cloth, tailor finished wrap. The coat has a short cape, pointed in the front and back, made of the same material. The costume on the left shows a dress of gray faille, trimmed with garnet bands. The short cape is of cherry red velvet, with trimmings of madder red passementerie.

As spring advances it rather seems to me that we are to have the 1830 styles as the principal ones of the season, and that we may expect fashion to follow the salient modes, from 1830 on to 1892, though there are still many things, particularly basques and coats, that take their distinguishing points from the days of the empire and before.

The lighter materials and above all the evening dresses remind one of the days when "she wore a wreath of roses upon her

EVENING GOWNS FOR GIRLS AND MATRONS.

marble brow." These wreaths of roses were just roses pure and simple, without foliage, and they came right down to the forehead, where they rested their pink or white petals without any intervening bang or frizzes. They looked pretty in the old days, but somehow now they look quaint, but not so becoming as if the curls came down over the "marble brow," for there is not one woman in a hundred who looks well with her forehead bare. There is a really good excuse for those who wear "fronts" when their own hair is thin and scanty.

That reminds me that a young lady of my acquaintance, who has recently come here from Paris, told me of a remedy for thin hair. It is to take the shells from a pound of English walnuts and pour a quart of boiling water over them and leave them so. Every morning and evening some of the water should be rubbed into the roots of the hair. This has been productive of admirable results in two cases to my personal knowledge, and one subject is nearly 70 years old.

An evening dress, worn by a young lady at a recent function, was made of white mousseline de soie, with pink polka dots all over it—that is to say, the front of the dress was of that material, while the train was of rose pink satin. The front breadth of the silk muslin was embroidered in pink and gold threads. The baby waist was belted with pink moire ribbon and had a square bow of the same on the corsage, held by a rose. All around the shoulders there was a wreath of pink crush roses. There were two long ends of moire ribbon, which were sewed under a bunch of three large roses, and a double bow with fishtail ends. The elbow sleeves were made of one drooping puff. The whole gown was lovely. There was a wreath of pink roses intended to wear in the hair with this gown.

I have been pleased to note that the rich moire silks are again coming into vogue for elegant costumes for both young and old. The colored and tinted moires make exceptionally rich gowns for the young married ladies and the black for the older and middle aged ladies. They are also worn for half mourning. I took particular notice of a dress of black moire made for a young widow of three years, now in her last stage of mourning en regle. She had a rich black moire antique, cut princess, with the back of the skirt very full. There was a row of fine jet passementerie around the bottom. The upper sleeves were moire, and the lower portion was of black crepe lisse closely shirred over white satin. There was an inset vest front to the waist made in the same manner, bordered with a pointed bertha of passementerie.

There is a difference between moire and moire antique. The first has the pattern or shading which makes the "watered" appearance small and of almost regular pattern. The moire antique has large and irregular patterns. This is caused by pressure, and there is nothing that could be richer. Moire, or "moaline," as some call it, is not generally of as good quality as the moire antique. When one buys moire of second quality, it can be made to look equally rich by lining it with canton flannel. This also holds true with thin satins. It seems to give them body and weight, and they fold in a rich round style that is the distinguishing trait of the best and most expensive qualities. Moire sleeves and other garniture for fine dresses give a very elegant and sumptuous effect. White moire is beautiful for wedding gowns. Not even satin can throw up the beauty of lace as can moire.

The same house that made the last mentioned gown had another silken dress that was notable for its simple lines and genu-

NEW STYLES IN CORSAGES.

ine beauty and grace. It was of mat white cheney silk, with indistinct pale blue dots set irregularly all over it. The skirt was quite straight and gathered very full with deep gathers and sewed to the waist with a piping. The infant waist had a double shirring at the top and was brought to a very small point both front and back. There were bretelles of mazarin blue velvet ribbon, which formed knots on the shoulders, and there was a belt made of the same, ending a close knot. The sleeves had triple puffs, each one held in by a velvet ribbon. There was no other ornamentation, but the dress was beautiful.

The fashion of having ribbon bretelles is a pretty one, and one that is productive of a very dressy effect with little trouble. Almost any one can add these little touches to a plain frock, and it is often done so that one dress may have three or four sets of ribbon, of different colors. One young lady had a plain black taffeta gown, and to wear with this she had five different sets of ribbons, not quite alike, but still all made on the same general plan. It was not 15 minutes' work to adjust a fresh set, and she pleased everybody by her infinite variety, obtained at a limited expense.

A pretty way to manage these is to follow a design originating in Berlin, which is now the rival of Paris in fashions. The design in question was a set of two toned ribbon in light and dark blue stripes. There were bretelles tied into knots on the shoulders, and reaching the waist back and front, and from there each back ribbon and each front one was carried down to the hips, where they met and tied into a double bow with ends. From the shoulder one of the ends was lengthened to the elbow and there ended in a butterfly bow. This set of ribbon garniture was worn over a gown of mottled black and brown taffeta.

Crossed draperies as trimming for corsages are very often seen, particularly for light materials, such as challis and wash goods. But the same fancy is also frequently carried out on gowns of more expensive material. One rich figured silk in beige and green had a basque of myrtle green velvet, with a spring frill lined with beige satin. There was a crossed drapery of the silk starting from a shirring at the armsize and ending under a draped sash belt of the same at the waist. It crossed the bust in front in the same manner. The collar was also draped with the silk and had a chou of the same on the back of the neck. Many of the gowns have draperies of the same or contrasting color or material in form of simulated figaros.

I think I should mention the figaro separately, since it is liable to become a fad this season. There is such a variety that I hardly know where to begin first. Some have sleeves. Some have none. Some have jockeys instead of sleeves, and some have fringes or tassels of silk or metal. Some are short under the arms and high necked with collars. Some have the top turned over, forming a bertha. Some are square pointed and some rounded or even scalloped. Some are of velvet heavily embroidered, and some are of cloth, and others are severely plain. Some contrast with the gown, and some are of the same material. Some have the Eton shape and some the Turkish or oriental, and all are pretty and becoming. Thin persons look a better figure, and plump ones look more slender—that is, if they have the sense to wear those that set out loosely from the waist.

The figaro can be made into one of the daintiest and most ornamental adjuncts to a lady's wardrobe of any one thing ever yet devised. Very many handsome evening gowns have real or simulated figaros. The white cloth, satin or velvet, worked with gold braid, is the richest of all with a border of little gold frogs. Such a figaro, literally stiff with gold braid, costs about $30, which is little when one counts the stitches that are required. These are the oriental ones.

While speaking of accessories to the toilet I must mention the deep lace pelerines. These are made with a square yoke front and back, bordered with deep vandyke points of lace set on with the least possible amount of fullness. There must be some on the shoulder, but only enough to make it set rightly. It is cut just to the neck

NEW ACCESSORIES.

line. There is a strong reaction setting in against the high collars women have been wearing so long. No amount of cleaning could keep the inside of the band from becoming greasy and dusty, and sometimes the material was rough, but with it all not one woman out of fifty can show her neck now without some sort of device to hide the roughness and pimples. With warmer weather the collars will grow narrower and disappear, and ladies will poultice their necks with bread and milk and tincture of benzoin until they are white and smooth once more.

Lace will play a very prominent part again this spring. I have seen three or four woolen gowns, to say nothing of several silk ones, with the sleeves made of lace. Fur is seen on such sleeves united with lace and ribbon. Naturally, where lace, ribbon and fur are all used on one sleeve, that sleeve is for some rather festive occasion. A sleeve of this style had a balloon puff, with a band of fur at the elbow, just above a fall of lace. A bow on the shoulder had three long ends, which formed loops ending under the fur band. The forearm piece had fur around the wrist. This sleeve is an ornament to a plain gown and I think could be made of black lace with good effect.

My attention has been called to some novel fichus, and as they are not only pretty, but easily made, I mention them. One had the foundation of net, and down the front there were three rows of Irish point, reaching to the waist. There was a ruffle of mull all around the shoulders, edged with Irish point. Above that was a doubled ruffle of mull, and a narrower one of the same, which stood upright. From under the drooping ruffle started two scarf ends of mull, reaching to the waist line, where they gathered in under a bow of ribbon with long ends. This can be worn over any gown and forms a very dainty and graceful finish to a plain toilet.

Another pretty fichu collaretta was much in the same style, but had a foundation of valenciennes lace, with a hemmed frill of pale blue chiffon and a standing ruching of the same. There was a row of lace sewed to a row of the sheerest swiss embroidery. There were blue chiffon ties, which were over a yard long and intended to be tied into a bow and ends at the waist in front or brought around behind the back and knotted loosely there.

There was a novel fichu made in the form of a sailor collar of white surah over a stiff foundation. The collar was bordered with a double ruching of narrow black lace, and below that was a frill of black lace 4 inches wide. From under the ends of the collar there were two bridles of white crepe lisse, brought to points intended to cross over the breast and fasten under a belt. There was another fichu made on this model, only this had two mull ruffles bordered with narrow black lace instead of the one deep frill of black lace. They were both pretty and suitable to wear with anything.

MATH LEROY.

Alcoholic Gas In a Drunkard's Skull.

When the skull of a man who has died of delirium tremens is opened, the gas which escapes can be ignited and burns with a bluish alcoholic flame.

The Millionaire a Worker.

The difficulties of my boyhood are still fresh in my mind and still strangely influence my views of life. Those early years—and they were years of struggle—in which I bumped against human nature and studied it, did more to strengthen me in mind and character than anything else that has come in my life since.

I consider it one of the most fortunate things to be born poor. The argument that the poor young man has not an equal chance with the rich young man is profoundly silly. In this age of development, rapidity of change and national prosperity the rise of a young man depends entirely upon his individual and faithful effort. We have a distinctly American disease—it is American push. It is contagious, and the sooner a young man is seized by it the sooner will he succeed.

It is a mistake to suppose that millionaires do not work. Probably the greatest and saddest misunderstanding between the rich man and the poor is that the rich man does not know how much the poor man suffers, and the poor man does not know how hard the rich man works.

[The above was contributed by the late Orlando B. Potter to Demorest's Magazine a few hours before his sudden death.]—New York Mail and Express.

What He Could Do.

The mission worker had a lot of boys from the street before him, trying to see what their capacities were for other work than wandering. He had called up several and questioned them and came next to a redheaded urchin of about 12. As the boy rose to be put through the course one of the other boys prodded him with a pin. He jumped, of course, but being on his good behavior he managed to suppress his feelings, though it could be plainly seen that he was almost at the limit.

"You want to work, too, do you?" asked the missionary kindly.

The boy merely nodded.

"What can you do?" inquired the missionary.

The boy could hold in no longer.

"I kin lick de stuffin out of de kid wot sticked me wid a pin, and I'm goin to do it," he burst forth, and a few minutes later the job had been done thoroughly.—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middlesboro by the Rev. Bryan Dare. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"—Exchange.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY DISPLAY OF PRETTY CHINA.

When Painting on Glass—The Correct Thing In Drapery—Culinary Recipes For the Housewife.

Wise housekeepers learned some time ago that a simple meal prettily served had an elegance of effect that was wanting in a more elaborate menu when dainty dishes were lacking. There is probably no expenditure which gives more general satisfaction in a household than that which spends a table with wisely chosen china. The housekeeper indeed rejoices over well stocked linen shelves, and the student feels a peculiar bliss when he makes additions to his library, but the entire family shares in the pleasure imparted by a new dish or a fresh set of plates.

The time has gone by when it was considered good form to have all the china of the same pattern. It is well to have a dinner set so that there may be some correspondence between vegetable dishes, meat platters, and at least one set of plates. But further than that unity of design or color need not go. The oyster plates may differ from those in which the soup is brought in. There may be no points of resemblance between fish and entree and dinner plates. The salad set may be sui generis, and the dessert or fruit plates unique. "Everything goes" (forgive the slang) in this day of catholicity of taste.

This delightful fashion renders it possible for the housekeeper to make a gorgeous showing without too great extravagance. A dozen plates now, a dozen then—the expense need not be such a burden after all. If it pleases her, she may have a set in which no two pieces match, and so long as the china is good and the choice shows taste the whim needs no apology.

The price of china is graded to suit all purses. A pretty display may be made for a small outlay, judiciously expended, or the cost of each plate may be enough to keep a poor family in provisions for a month. Perhaps the porcelain from which the greatest pleasure is derived is not that whose weight in gold would hardly pay its price. One may be happy with her table furnished with cheaper ware, and in most cases only the connoisseur can judge of the value of the rarest pieces. The beauty of the china and decoration is, after all, the most important point to be considered in buying tableware, according to Harper's Bazar, which has the foregoing to say about pretty china.

When Painting on Glass.

For those who wish to avoid employing a glazier or to save the expenses of the diamond that most readily cuts the tinted glass to any shape required, press heavily upon the glass with a steel cutter; then lay upon the scratched line a length of linen thread soaked in turpentine. Press the thread to the surface of the glass and set it on fire. This will heat the glass around the marked line. While heated throw upon it a few drops of cold water, and it will then readily break into the desired form.—Art Amateur.

Bread Omelet.

Housekeepers who have too much principle to throw away stale bread, and who cannot bring their families to relish bread pudding, will find they can put their loaves to practical use by making what an experienced mother calls "bread omelet." Cut the bread in very thin slices—and there is nothing that one can slice so thin as stale bread—and dip the slices in beaten eggs. Fry in butter. A most substantial, economical and satisfactory dish for breakfast.

The Light From the Window.

To make the objects in the room distinct the light entering the windows must be conserved as much as possible. This will best be accomplished, according to Popular Science, by banishing all dark materials. Heavy hangings absorb light as well as dirt. Oak or enameled furniture reflects the light that black walnut or rosewood absorbs, and a light colored wall will do almost as much as a sunny disposition to fill a room with sunshine and good cheer.

A Good Hot Supper Dish.

Wash, peel and boil a pound of potatoes. When quite cooked, strain and mash them with a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg and cayenne. Put this mixture into six clean buttered scallop shells, score it with a knife, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg and scatter small pieces of butter on each scallop; set the shell in the oven. When of a bright brown, take them up and serve.

The "Correct" Thing In Drapery.

Many single doors are using only one curtain, the material bought by the yard and the fringe sewed on. No rings are used. The rod is put on inside the doorways, with space above sufficient to permit the portieres to be thrown over the pole once or twice, according to the width of the doorway—one end reaching the floor, the other

A FRENCH FANCY IN PORTIERES.

quite short. The fabric can be wound so loosely over the pole that the "sagging" in the center will form graceful curves.

"Draping remains elaborate in the four piece style for all 'correct' windows. First comes the plain white shade, then a sash curtain of yellow silk; next, dainty lace curtains of larger design, and lastly a heavy Turkish curtain of mingled oriental colors. The lace curtains are hung plain, and the one Turkish curtain is swung over the pole," says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the accompanying sketch of a portiere is reproduced.

Their Native Climes.

Spinach is a Persian plant.
Filberts came from Greece.
Quinces came from Corinth.
The turnip came from Rome.
The peach came from Persia.
The nasturtium came from Peru.
Horse radish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Sage is a native of the south of Europe.

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WITH MAIMED RITES.

A Love Affair Which the Scottish Law Assisted Greatly.

In Instance Where the Course of True Love Ran Smoothly But Not In the Established Route of Society—It Came to a Happy End.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

Mrs. Carnegie's last words had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again today!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just 15 minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's order, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dollie is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us once since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dollie. She is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia?' Ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is 26, and Agnes only a year younger."

"But Dollie is 21."

"What is 21?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the elder two—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap—in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonner.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollie is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold and perfectly bidable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dews of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at teatime.

Dollie blushed—her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments—and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt. It is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie!" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said, "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes"——

"An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautiful hints. He has taught me"——

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sentence for her, "to color, my dear; yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Philip, but when that business is settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No. I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring. So she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sunderlandshire, dispatched this telegram to him: "Am ill and must have rest. Have a large party here and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a very great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed I did. I have known for 10 days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dollie."

* * * * * * *

Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter, he was still Sir Philip. So, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollie. No one could find her, until at last an under gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecelia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word?"

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes. But the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie tenderly. "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until today, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dollie; it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother"—Dollie began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Carnegie when he and Sir Philip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till tomorrow?" said Sir Philip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle. Besides, Dollie may not be well enough to see you tomorrow."

Sir Philip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go today, as your uncle wishes. You will stay at Glenfindie as long as he stays—I think you said he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dollie. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words: "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways called the wisdom or the serpent to his aid and wrote: "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for 10 minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week. We can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied: "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come tomorrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for 10 minutes, but her family will be present."

* * * * * * *

"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two elder daughters were assembled to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said:

"Be brave, darling; it will soon be over. You could not have married him. But I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dollie as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her and then turned to the family group and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might not he be trying to persuade Dollie to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who"——

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the 10 minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so serious and Dollie listening so intently.

* * * * * * *

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed almost joyously as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said. "Dollie, have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?"

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered from the shock of hearing these words Dollie had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

A Plague Incident.

I once saw a young man bear on his shoulders the corpse of his father wrapped in a bed sheet. It was in a suburb of New Orleans during a yellow fever epidemic. People were dying by hundreds. At night nothing but the rattle of the dead cart broke the stillness as the dismal burdens were borne over the bleached roads toward the ditch at the upper levee.

Unable to find aid for his sad work, the young man bore his load alone, as Æneas bent under the weight of his beloved Anchises—with this difference—Anchises was alive. From time to time the lad stopped, overcome by fatigue. He would lay the body tenderly down upon the burned grass by the roadside, while he wiped the sweat from his face and neck. Once a man came out from a shop bringing him a mug of water. He murmured his thanks and swallowed the liquid rapidly. Then he shouldered his burden and went on. He had taken but a few steps when he stumbled and fell forward. When they reached him, he was dead. His body lay across that of his father.

At that moment the patrol passed, and they were carted away. They probably lie side by side in the depths of the levee trench.—Boston Courier.

Cruelty to Animals.

Two little girls, whose father was an earnest member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were taken to a menagerie by a visiting aunt. When they returned, their father said:

"I hope you didn't see any cruelty to the poor beasts."

"Oh, yes, papa," said the older girl, "there was one case of it."

"What was it?"

"Why, the lion tamer put his head right in the lion's mouth"——

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, you could see, just as plainly as could be, that the horrid man had hair oil on his head!"—Youth's Companion.

Race and Disease.

Dr. R. N. Cunningham, an ex-physician at the Alabama penitentiary, speaking on the results of his investigations, says: 1. That there is a much larger class of diseases represented among the negro than among the white deaths. 2. That the whites are more liable to die from accident, meningitis and the essential fevers than the negroes. 3. That the negroes are especially predisposed to tuberculous disease, the various forms of pneumonia, pleurisy and organic heart disease—in other words, to thoracic diseases generally.

A Thirteenth Century Epidemic.

Have any of my readers ever thought the following very curious disease Camden tells us about in his "Britannia" might have been an epidemic of influenza? "In the year 1241, in the county of Leister, there happened such a strange prodigy as has not been heard of. A person traveling along the road found a pair of gloves fit for his use, as he thought, but when he put them on he lost his speech immediately and began to bark like a dog. Nay, but from that moment the men and women throughout the whole country barked like great dogs and the children like whelps. This plague continued with some 18 days, with others a month and with some two months, and also infected the neighboring counties and set them a-barking too."—London Gentlewoman.

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

A WRITER RELATES A STRANGE AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A Living Person's Astral Body Makes a Journey From New York to Philadelphia and Back Again—Was It a Dream, a Vision or Really a Migration?

So much has been said and written of the "astral body" that I am led to give one of my own strange experiences.

It happened in the summer of 185—. A mild epidemic of cholera was prevailing at the time. My cook had died of it, and a member of my family had recovered from it. I was next attacked and had recovered from it, but was left in so weak a condition that I was unable to turn in my bed without help. A young friend, Miss H. M. of Washington, was staying with me to nurse me.

It was night, and I was very weak. The Rev. Father A. and other friends had called to see me, and these visits had so prostrated me that I could not move without help or speak above a whisper. My friend H. sat beside my bed. I knew she was there, for I could hear her breathing, but the room was dark as pitch and silent as death. It might have been about 10 o'clock. It was at this hour and under these circumstances that the strangest, the most inexplicable of my experience occurred. I do not know for what reason or with what object in view I left my body. The movement seemed involuntary, almost automatic. I slipped out of my body easily and naturally, and for a few moments I floated above it.

The air did not seem to bear me up; but, impelled by some strange force, I rose toward the ceiling and passed through the roof as if it had been a shadow and my spirit form a substance. Indeed the laws of nature seemed reversed to my apprehension. All substantial things seemed to be shadows, offering no resistance to my passage, and my spirit form seemed to be substance. Above the roof I threw myself upon the fresh night air as a swimmer does upon the water, only instead of throwing my arms out upon the air I folded them upon my bosom, while a movement within my chest carried me forward without any conscious effort of my own. The motion was perfectly delightful in its ease, freedom and rapidity. I rose far above the roofs of the houses, above the smoking chimneys, yet in sight of them and the streets, and floated toward the city, then on a line above the avenue, on to the railroad depot, thence along and above the line of the railroad.

I took my way back to Philadelphia and thence to New York city. The sensation of ease, the freedom and delight of this floating far above fields and farms, villages and cities, is indescribable.

I hovered for a moment and then dived down into the pretty sitting room of Mrs. B., where, late as it was, she sat at supper with some people whom I recognized. I saw them distinctly and heard them talk. It seemed from their conversation that they were a theater party who had taken a box and after the performance had come home to "a little supper." Hearing my name mentioned, I discovered that they were talking of me. They were not only criticising my novels, but abusing them in the most cruel manner. That my friend should do this—my bosom friend up to that time, one in whom I trusted, whom I had loved and even benefited, should do this—cut me to the soul. In great excitement, I went up to her and confronted her and vehemently denied her assertions. But, to my amazement and infinite distress, I found that I could not even make my presence felt by any of them. I pressed between Mrs. B. and Colonel G., with my right hand on her shoulder and my left on his, and said, vehemently: "Mrs. B., you know this is not true! Colonel G., do you believe this?" But I could not make the slightest impression upon them. They went on talking calmly.

Suddenly, with an excruciating pang of horror, anguish and alarm, I realized that I could not impress them without my material body, and I had left it behind! And in one instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," I flashed back into that body, stretched prostrate on the bed in my room at home, where it lay, too weak to lift its hand, and where the reunion took place as easily as two streams brought into contact flow into one. My return journey had not been the delightful, luxurious floating in the upper air that my outward journey had been. It was swift as lightning! The reunion accomplished, I came to my normal condition.

Call this a dream if you will, but there is no occurrence in my actual life so little like a dream as was this experience. Afterward I partly verified the truth of the scene that I had witnessed and that had distressed me so much. Without mentioning my dream or vision or migration, whichever you please to call it, I questioned a mutual friend of Mrs. B., Colonel G. and myself, and learned that about the same time just such a scene had taken place in Mrs. B.'s house, and my informant added that the gentleman to whom Mrs. B. had spoken warmly defended me. If he did so, it must have been after I had fled. Perhaps my vehement denial may in some fine occult manner have reached his spirit and inspired him. But I could not identify the night of my strange experience with the night of the conversation my friend related. She did not remember the precise time, and then I was too weak and ill to have noted the date of even so remarkable an experience.

I do not believe that such experiences are peculiar to myself or that they are peculiar to only a few abnormal temperaments. I believe everybody must have or may have had experiences of what we call the "supernatural," but have with them the almost universal reluctance to acknowledge them, for the fear of being called cranky or eccentric or mendacious seals their lips. This I am led to believe from many confidential conversations with friends whom I have drawn out and who have told me strange experiences which they have declared they would not like to tell others.—Chicago News.

She Knew.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, "do you know where my hat is?"

"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs. Chugwater, "is in the corner over there by the bookcase, where you tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano, just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor, exactly as you left it. Your slippers are under the lounge, where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel and the other has a hole worn through the sole, and"——

"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and coat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeous."—Chicago Tribune.

Highness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman emperors, then by bishops, then by the princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to princes who are vassals of an empire.

Never poke a fire on top. The place to use a poker, especially when hard coal is used, is at the bottom of the grate, where the clinkers and ashes obstruct the free passage of air.

The Good and Bad Lands of Alaska.

The "bad lands" of Alaska—the ice capped mountain region where the big glaciers are found, and where the country will probably never afford the means of sustaining any but a meager population—lie to the north of the Sitka region, forming the eastern and northern shores of the gulf of Alaska. This is the region of high, inaccessible and eternally snow clad mountain ranges. Here Mount St. Elias marks the highest point on the North American continent, while Fairweather, Crillon, La Perouse and a half dozen others not yet named are fit mates to their grand neighbor. Flowing to the southward down the slopes of this Alpine region numerous glaciers follow the valleys and pierce through all obstacles till they reach the inland waterways made so familiar by tourists' descriptions. The sight of these ice streams, the crushing of their faces as they break and fall into the water, the floating bergs apparently about to hem in and destroy the steamer, all tend to leave in the minds of people who see only this part of Alaska an impression of desolate grandeur not easily effaced.

But the glacier region of Alaska is comparatively small. It is, in fact, a rare incident, and not a type of the general topography of the country.

Leaving the region just described and steering westward, the traveler leaves all trace of this forbidding landscape behind, and his first glimpse of land, some miles west from Sitka, is of low green hills softly rounded and clothed from base to summit in verdure. Patches of timber darken the valleys and mark the course of innumerable streams, while every islet—almost every rock—has its clustering growth of trees. From Kodiak island westward the timber on the Aleutian islands is confined to the smaller species of trees. Willow and larch thickets still cling to the lower valleys, but all the rest of the country is covered during the summer with an exceedingly rich and diverse growth of grass. During the winter months the grasses gradually die until nothing is seen except the thick mantle of moss, which grows everywhere in Alaska.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Aerial Rapid Transit.

The day of aerial navigation is at hand. Persons now living will see travel in the air as common as it is now on land and water. The writer of this prepared the first comprehensive article on electric lighting published in any Pittsburg newspaper and well remembers the confident assertions at the time that electricity could not be used for light except in a very crude way, that it would never do for dwellings. That was only a few years ago, but it is already ancient history.

He published the first article on the cable railways which appeared in this city—a summary of description and cost as given by an agent trying to introduce the system at Cincinnati. These things, which would have been wonders in his boyhood, are commonplaces now. Aerial navigation will be a commonplace before many years have passed. To the numerous short articles on this subject which have appeared this one is added to show the progress made toward the new means of passenger and freight traffic.

To begin with, a reference to Professor Langley's recent paper on the internal work of the wind. He found that in a wind of 20 miles an hour there were fluctuations ranging from 10 to 35 miles at intervals of only 30 seconds. From this he argued a condition of the wind involving upward and backward currents, and these, he believed, explained why birds can rise and circle about without moving a wing.

From this he proceeds to show how an inclined plane, heavier than the air, may rise and be sustained in motion in the teeth of the wind by utilization of this internal work. Such a plane, capable of changing its inclination, will gain energy by falling and expend it by rising. All that it would need of power would be such as is necessary to carry it over the region of calm. For the rest it could depend on the internal work of the wind and on rising and falling.—Pittsburg Times.

Women and Waiters.

If there is one position in which the average woman does not shine with dazzling brilliancy, it is at a hotel or restaurant dining table. At her home she may be the most self possessed and charming of hostesses, but let her undertake to act in that capacity in a restaurant, and she becomes awkward, ill at ease and uncomfortable.

In the first place she generally steers straight for the least desirable spot in the room. After she has sunk breathlessly into the chair nearest the steam radiator or directly in the draft, she nervously scans the bill of fare. If she were giving a luncheon at her own home, she would, of course, have ordered the daintiest repast her judgment dictated, without consulting her guests. But when she gets some unfortunate woman opposite her at a hotel table the burden of choice is promptly shifted to her.

When, after long and patient study and many changes of mind, the luncheon has been decided upon, the order is given in a way which would excuse murder on the waiter's part. "Which did you say you'd have, Emma?" asks one, "baked or French fried sweets—oh, yes, we decided on white potatoes au gratin after all, didn't we? Bring us some potatoes au gratin, please," and so on, until the waiter is distracted. Of course he gets somewhat mixed, and then he is scolded. Finally, when the repast is safely over and he has helped both women into their wraps, picked up their gloves and handkerchiefs and found their umbrellas, the hostess gives him a nickel, telling her friend at the same time that he doesn't deserve it, for the service was outrageous.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar to naturalists, but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of great royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity.

The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than smirch one of its snow white hairs.—Philadelphia Times.

An Omission.

Managing Editor—You have not been in this business very long.

New Reporter—No. I am almost a novice at it.

Managing Editor—That's what I supposed when in your report of the conflagration of Jones' stable last night you failed to call fire the red tongued demon. Don't omit it again.—Texas Siftings.

HOW THE MAORIS LIVE.

Their Food, Dress, Occupations and Home and Church Religious Ceremonies.

The Maori lives mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provision of various kinds imported from other lands. His native cloth (tappa) has long gone out of use, and European fabrics have taken its place. The men are clad in English style, though seldom wearing shoes. The women, also shoeless, as a rule, dress with taste and affect gorgeous colors, shun jewelry and loud display, but are greedy of lace trimmings, ostrich feathers, artificial flowers and adornments of a similar kind. To pay for their new wants, the copra of commerce is made from the dried fruit of the cocoanut.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent oranges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make lime juice on the same condition, but their chief export is coffee, for which a market is always sure. The heat and wildness of the trees make the picking of berries a slow process, but planting and pruning to keep the growth within bounds would involve too much continuous care to be acceptable. Mutilating the Maori regards as filthy and detestable, a practice unknown to his fathers and creating only disgust in himself. Meanwhile the coffee tree in its wild state flourishes as the Maori did in his. The breaking of the branches by the lads who climb to pick may serve as a rough kind of pruning and do for the coffee what in old times war did for the man.

When the seasons come, copra making, cotton picking and coffee or orange gathering are turned into picnic performances rather than made work in our sense of the term. The people sally forth from the village in merry parties, and in this spirit the whole work of the country is done. Saturday they devote to cleaning their houses and collecting and preparing food for the Sunday, which is observed as a Sabbath of the ancient Biblical kind. On three of the week days there is early morning service. Every day, in every household, is opened and closed with hymns and family prayer.

On Sunday, clad in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read. The intervals are spent in discussing the public announcements—which are always made in church before the service—or in the gossip and bits of scandal, which they dearly love. So assiduous are they that women will often leave their homes at daylight for the early Sunday service and not return till the day is done. At sunset the church is closed. There are no evening services, and the people are free once more to resume the habits of ordinary life.—Fortnightly Review.

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali mujah," or "death plant." It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from 2½ to 3 feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness. The name of the plant is from a characteristic of these splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip with a deadly poison.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, crazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of inhaling this odor is said to be very slow.—St. Louis Republic.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth. The men hacking with axes to slice away the 10 foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, lies alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's fins at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some eons hence these two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.—A Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choirmaster and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds, it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people to church by the same attraction which draws them to the concert room."

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if a vote followed out it would obviate all the jostlings and elbowings that make a crowded thoroughfare so disagreeable. Another rule is apt to conflict in a puzzling way with this one, and that is the unwritten edict that gives a woman the inside of the walk. Confusion between the two makes a bad business of the matter.—Philadelphia Press.

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

Bay State Girl—Yes. But then the paucity of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

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and I, like many others, had much faith in patent medicines, but I procured the Sarsaparilla and Pills. Before one bottle was gone I felt improved, and I was receiving great benefit. My appetite became current, could eat four square meals a day. I sleep about four hours each night and get up as refreshed as I did 20 years ago. I had Varicose Veins on my left leg, that were very bad, and they are almost well. I recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS to all. A number of my friends have also been greatly benefited.

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WITH MAIMED RITES.

A Love Affair Which the Scottish Law Assisted Greatly.

In Instance Where the Course of True Love Ran Smoothly But Not In the Established Route of Society—It Came to a Happy End.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

Mrs. Carnegie's last words had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again today!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just 15 minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's order, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dollie is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us once since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dollie. She is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia?' Ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is 26, and Agnes only a year younger."

"But Dollie is 21."

"What is 21?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the elder two—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap—in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollie is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold and perfectly bidable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dews of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at teatime.

Dollie blushed—her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments—and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt. It is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said, "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes" —

"An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautiful hints. He has taught me"——

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sentence for her, "to color, my dear; yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Philip, but when that business is settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No. I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring. So she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sunderlandshire, dispatched this telegram to him: "Am ill and must have rest. Have a large party here and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a very great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed I did! I have known for 10 days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dollie."

* * * * * * * *

Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter, he was still Sir Philip. So, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollie. No one could find her, until at last an under gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecelia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word!"

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes. But the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie tenderly, "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until today, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dollie; it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother"—Dollie began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Carnegie when he and Sir Philip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till tomorrow?" said Sir Philip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle. Besides, Dollie may not be well enough to see you tomorrow."

Sir Philip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go today, as your uncle wishes. You will stay at Glenfindle as long as he stays—I think you said he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dollie. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words: "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways called the wisdom or the serpent to his aid and wrote: "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for 10 minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week. We can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied: "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come tomorrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for 10 minutes, but her family will be present."

* * * * * * * *

"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two elder daughters were assembled to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said:

"Be brave, darling; it will soon be over. You could not have married him. But I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dollie as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her and then turned to the family group and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might not he be trying to persuade Dollie to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who?"——

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the 10 minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so serious and Dollie listening so intently.

* * * * * * * *

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed almost joyously as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said, "Dollie, have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?"

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered from the shock of hearing these words Dollie had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

A Plague Incident.

I once saw a young man bear on his shoulders the corpse of his father wrapped in a bed sheet. It was in a suburb of New Orleans during a yellow fever epidemic. People were dying by hundreds. At night nothing but the rattle of the dead cart broke the stillness as the dismal burdens were borne over the bleached roads toward the ditch at the upper levee.

Unable to find aid for his sad work, the young man bore his load along, as Æneas bent under the weight of his beloved Anchises—with this difference—Anchises was alive. From time to time the lad stopped, overcome by fatigue. He would lay the body tenderly down upon the burned grass by the roadside, while he wiped the sweat from his face and neck. Once a man came out from a shop bringing him a mug of water. He murmured his thanks and swallowed the liquid rapidly. Then he shouldered his burden and went on. He had taken but a few steps when he stumbled and fell forward. When they reached him, he was dead. His body lay across that of his father.

At that moment the patrol passed, and they were carted away. They probably lie side by side in the depths of the levee trench.—Boston Courier.

Cruelty to Animals.

Two little girls, whose father was an earnest member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were taken to a menagerie by a visiting aunt. When they returned, their father said:

"I hope you didn't see any cruelty to the poor beasts."

"Oh, yes, papa," said the older girl, "there was one case of it."

"What was it?"

"Why, the lion tamer put his head right in the lion's mouth"——

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, you could see, just as plainly as could be, that the horrid man had hair oil on his head!"—Youth's Companion.

Race and Disease.

Dr. R. N. Cunningham, an ex-physician at the Alabama penitentiary, speaking on the results of his investigations, says: 1. That there is a much larger class of diseases represented among the negro than among the white deaths. 2. That the whites are more liable to die from accident, meningitis and the essential fevers than the negroes. 3. That the negroes are especially predisposed to tuberculous disease, the various forms of pneumonia, pleurisy and organic heart disease—in other words, to thoracic diseases generally.

A Thirteenth Century Epidemic.

Have any of my readers ever thought the following very curious disease Camden tells us about in his "Britannia" might have been an epidemic of influenza? "In the year 1241, in the county of Leister, there happened such a strange prodigy as has not been heard of. A person traveling along the road found a pair of gloves fit for his use, as he thought, but when he put them on he lost his speech immediately and began to bark like a dog. Nay, but from that moment the men and women throughout the whole country barked like great dogs and the children like whelps. This plague continued with some 18 days, with others a month and with some two months, and also infected the neighboring counties and set them a-barking too."—London Gentlewoman.

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

A WRITER RELATES A STRANGE AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A Living Person's Astral Body Makes a Journey From New York to Philadelphia and Back Again—Was It a Dream, a Vision or Really a Migration?

So much has been said and written of the "astral body" that I am led to give one of my own strange experiences.

It happened in the summer of 185—. A mild epidemic of cholera was prevailing at the time. My cook had died of it, and a member of my family had recovered from it. I was next attacked and had recovered from it, but was left in so weak a condition that I was unable to turn in my bed without help. A young friend, Miss H. M. of Washington, was staying with me to nurse me.

It was night, and I was very weak. The Rev. Father A. and other friends had called to see me, and these visits had so prostrated me that I could not move without help or speak above a whisper. My friend H. sat beside my bed. I knew she was there, for I could hear her breathing, but the room was dark as pitch and silent as death. It might have been about 10 o'clock. It was at this hour and under these circumstances that the strangest, the most inexplicable of my experience occurred. I do not know for what reason or with what object in view I left my body. The movement seemed involuntary, almost automatic. I slipped out of my body easily and naturally, and for a few moments I floated above it.

The air did not seem to bear me up; but, impelled by some strange force, I rose toward the ceiling and passed through the roof as if it had been a shadow and my spirit form a substance. Indeed the laws of nature seemed reversed to my apprehension. All substantial things seemed to be shadows, offering no resistance to my passage, and my spirit form seemed to be substance. Above the roof I threw myself upon the fresh night air as a swimmer does upon the water, only instead of throwing my arms out upon the air I folded them upon my bosom, while a movement within my chest carried me forward without any conscious effort of my own. The motion was perfectly delightful in its ease, freedom and rapidity. I rose far above the roofs of the houses, above the smoking chimneys, yet in sight of them and the streets, and floated toward the city, then on a line above the avenue, on to the railroad depot, thence along and above the line of the railroad.

I took my way back to Philadelphia and thence to New York city. The sensation of ease, the freedom and delight of this floating far above fields and farms, villages and cities, is indescribable.

I hovered for a moment and then dived down into the pretty sitting room of Mrs. B., where, late as it was, she sat at supper with some people whom I recognized. I saw them distinctly and heard them talk. It seemed from their conversation that they were a theater party who had taken a box and after the performance had come home to "a little supper." Hearing my name mentioned, I discovered that they were talking of me. They were not only criticising my novels, but abusing them in the most cruel manner. That my friend should do this—my bosom friend up to that time, one in whom I trusted, whom I had loved and even benefited, should do this—cut me to the soul. In great excitement, I went up to her and confronted her and vehemently denied her assertions. But, to my amazement and infinite distress, I found that I could not even make my presence felt by any of them. I pressed between Mrs. B. and Colonel G., with my right hand on her shoulder and my left on his, and said, vehemently: "Mrs. B., you know this is not true! Colonel G., do you believe this?" But I could not make the slightest impression upon them. They went on talking calmly.

Suddenly, with an excruciating pang of horror, anguish and alarm, I realized that I could not impress them without my material body, and I had left it behind! And in one instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," I flashed back into that body, stretched prostrate on the bed in my room at home, where it lay, too weak to lift its hand, and where the reunion took place as easily as two streams brought into contact flow into one. My return journey had not been the delightful, luxurious floating in the upper air that my outward journey had been. It was swift as lightning! The reunion accomplished, I came to my normal condition.

Call this a dream if you will, but there is no occurrence in my actual life so little like a dream as was this experience. Afterward I partly verified the truth of the scene that I had witnessed and that had distressed me so much. Without mentioning my dream or vision or migration, whichever you please to call it, I questioned a mutual friend of Mrs. B., Colonel G. and myself, and learned that about the same time just such a scene had taken place in Mrs. B.'s house, and my informant added that the gentleman to whom Mrs. B. had spoken warmly defended me. If he did so, it must have been after I had fled. Perhaps my vehement denial may in some fine occult manner have reached his spirit and inspired him. But I could not identify the night of my strange experience with the night of the conversation my friend related. She did not remember the precise time, and then I was too weak and ill to have noted the date of even so remarkable an experience.

I do not believe that such experiences are peculiar to myself or that they are peculiar to only a few abnormal temperaments. I believe everybody must have or may have had experiences of what we call the "supernatural," but have with them the almost universal reluctance to acknowledge them, for the fear of being called cranky or eccentric or mendacious seals their lips. This I am led to believe from many confidential conversations with friends whom I have drawn out and who have told me strange experiences which they have declared they would not like to tell others.—Chicago News.

She Knew.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, "do you know where my hat is?"

"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs. Chugwater, "is in the corner over there by the bookcase, where you tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano, just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor, exactly as you left it. Your slippers are under the lounge, where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel and the other has a hole worn through the sole, and"——

"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and coat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeous."—Chicago Tribune.

Highness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman emperors, then by bishops, then by the princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to princes who are vassals of an empire.

Never poke a fire on top. The place to use a poker, especially when hard coal is used, is at the bottom of the grate, where the clinkers and ashes obstruct the free passage of air.

The Good and Bad Lands of Alaska.

The "bad lands" of Alaska—the ice capped mountain region where the big glaciers are found, and where the country will probably never afford the means of sustaining any but a meager population—lie to the north of the Sitka region, forming the eastern and northern shores of the gulf of Alaska. This is the region of high, inaccessible and eternally snowclad mountain ranges. Here Mount St. Elias marks the highest point on the North American continent, while Fairweather, Crillon, La Perouse and a half dozen others not yet named are fit mates to their grand neighbor. Flowing to the southward down the slopes of this Alpine region numerous glaciers follow the valleys and pierce through all obstacles till they reach the inland waterways made so familiar by tourists' descriptions. The sight of these ice streams, the crashing of their faces as they break and fall into the water, the floating bergs apparently about to hem in and destroy the steamer, all tend to leave in the minds of people who see only this part of Alaska an impression of desolate grandeur not easily effaced.

But the glacier region of Alaska is comparatively small. It is, in fact, a rare incident, and not a type of the general topography of the country.

Leaving the region just described and steering westward, the traveler leaves all trace of this forbidding landscape behind, and his first glimpse of land, some miles west from Sitka, is of low green hills softly rounded and clothed from base to summit in verdure. Patches of timber darken the valleys and mark the course of innumerable streams, while every islet—almost every rock—has its clustering growth of trees. From Kodiak Island westward the timber on the Aleutian islands is confined to the smaller species of trees. Willow and larch thickets still cling to the lower valleys, but all the rest of the country is covered during the summer with an exceedingly rich and diverse growth of grass. During the winter months the grasses gradually die until nothing is seen except the thick mantle of moss, which grows everywhere in Alaska.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Aerial Rapid Transit.

The day of aerial navigation is at hand. Persons now living will see travel in the air as common as it is now on land and water. The writer of this prepared the first comprehensive article on electric lighting published in any Pittsburg newspaper and well remembers the confident assertions at the time that electricity could not be used for light except in a very crude way, that it would never do for dwellings. That was only a few years ago, but it is already ancient history.

He published the first article on the cable railways which appeared in this city—a summary of description and cost as given by an agent trying to introduce the system at Cincinnati. These things, which would have been wonders in his boyhood, are commonplaces now. Aerial navigation will be a commonplace before many years have passed. To the numerous short articles on this subject which have appeared this one is added to show the progress made toward the new means of passenger and freight traffic.

To begin with, a reference to Professor Langley's recent paper on the internal work of the wind. He found that in a wind of 20 miles an hour there were fluctuations ranging from 10 to 35 miles at intervals of only 20 seconds. From this he argued a condition of the wind involving upward and backward currents, and these, he believed, explained why birds can rise and circle about without moving a wing.

From this he proceeds to show how an inclined plane, heavier than the air, may rise and be sustained in motion in the teeth of the wind by utilization of this internal work. Such a plane, capable of changing its inclination, will gain energy by falling and expend it by rising. All that it would need of power would be such as is necessary to carry it over the region of calm. For the rest it could depend on the internal work of the wind and on rising and falling.—Pittsburg Times.

Women and Waiters.

If there is one position in which the average woman does not shine with dazzling brilliancy, it is at a hotel or restaurant dining table. At her home she may be the most self possessed and charming of hostesses, but let her undertake to act in that capacity in a restaurant, and she becomes awkward, ill at ease and uncomfortable.

In the first place she generally steers straight for the least desirable spot in the room. After she has sunk breathlessly into the chair nearest the steam radiator or directly in the draft, she nervously scans the bill of fare. If she were giving a luncheon at her own home, she would, of course, have ordered the daintiest repast her judgment dictated, without consulting her guests. But when she gets some unfortunate woman opposite her at a hotel table the burden of choice is promptly shifted to her.

When, after long and patient study and many changes of mind, the luncheon has been decided upon, the order is given in a way which would excuse murder on the waiter's part. "Which did you say you'd have, Emma?" asks one, "baked or French fried sweets—oh, yes, we decided on white potatoes au gratin after all, didn't we? Bring us some potatoes au gratin, please," and so on, until the waiter is distracted. Of course he gets somewhat mixed, and then he is scolded. Finally, when the repast is safely over and he has helped both women into their wraps, picked up their gloves and handkerchiefs and found their umbrellas, the hostess gives him a nickel, telling her friend at the same time that he doesn't deserve it, for the service was outrageous.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar to naturalists, but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of great royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity.

The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than sullied one of its snow white hairs.—Philadelphia Times.

An Omission.

Managing Editor—You have not been in this business very long.

New Reporter—No. I am almost a novice at it.

Managing Editor—That's what I supposed when in your report of the conflagration of Jones' stable last night you failed to call fire the red tongued demon. Don't omit it again.—Texas Siftings.

HOW THE MAORIS LIVE.

Their Food, Dress, Occupations and Home and Church Religious Ceremonies.

The Maori lives mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provision of various kinds imported from other lands. His native cloth (tuppa) has long gone out of use, and European fabrics have taken its place. The men are clad in English style, though seldom wearing shoes. The women, also shoeless, as a rule, dress with taste and abjure gorgeous colors, sham jewelry and loud display, but are greedy of lace trimmings, ostrich feathers, artificial flowers and adornments of a similar kind. To pay for their new wants, the copra of commerce is made from the dried fruit of the cocoanut.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent oranges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make flax juice on the same condition, but their chief export is coffee, for which a market is always sure. The height and wildness of the trees make the picking of berries a slow process, but planting and pruning to keep the growth within bounds would involve too much continuous care to be acceptable. Marketing the Maori regards as filthy and detestable, a practice unknown to his fathers and exciting only disgust in himself. Meanwhile the coffee tree in its wild state flourishes as the Maori did in his. The breaking of the branches by the lads who climb to pick may serve as a rough kind of pruning and do for the coffee what in old times war did for the man.

When the seasons come, copra making, cotton picking and coffee or orange gathering are turned into picnic performances rather than made work in one sense of the term. The people sally forth from the village in merry parties, and in this spirit the whole work of the country is done. Saturday they devote to cleaning their houses and collecting and preparing food for the Sunday, which is observed as a Sabbath of the ancient Biblical kind. On three of the week days there is early morning service. Every day, in every household, is opened and closed with hymns and family prayer.

On Sunday, laid in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read. The intervals are spent in discussing the public announcements—which are always made in church before the service—or in the gossip and bits of scandal, which they dearly love. So assiduous are they that women will often leave their homes at daylight for the early Sunday service and not return till the day is done. At sunset the church is closed. There are no evening services, and the people are free once more to resume the habits of ordinary life.—Fortnightly Review.

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali mujah," or "death plant." It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from 2½ to 3 feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness. The name of the plant is from a characteristic of these splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip with a deadly poison.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, crazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of inhaling this odor is said to be very slow.—St. Louis Republic.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes to slice away the 10 foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, lies alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's rise at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some eons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.—A. Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choirmaster and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds, it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people to church by the same attraction which draws them to the concert room."

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if it were followed out it would obviate all the jostlings and elbowings that make a crowded thoroughfare so disagreeable. Another rule is apt to conflict in a puzzling way with this one, and that is the unwritten edict that gives a woman the inside of the walk. Confusion between the two makes a bad business of the matter.—Philadelphia Press.

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

Bay State Girl—Yes. But then the paucity of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

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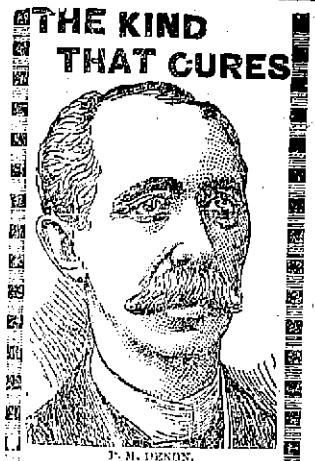

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A Prominent Business Man OF BOSTON, TELLS OF UNEXPECTED RELIEF

"I Recommend Dana's to All!"

Mr. Dendy, whose statement follows, has been engaged in the Furniture and Household Furnishing business at his place on Dover St. for over 30 years. Read his wonderful statement:

"For the last 3 or 4 years I have been obliged to take a vacation in the Spring. And last March I was feeling quite miserable. I was so nervous I could not get to sleep some nights until six o'clock in the morning, and when I did sleep would have horrible dreams. A friend came in and recommended

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and PILLS. I did not have much faith in patent medicines, but I procured the Sarsaparilla and Pills. Before one bottle was gone I felt unexpectedly benefited. My appetite became ravenous, could eat five square meals a day. I have taken four bottles and can sleep all night and get up refreshed at 7 instead of 6. My blood, Varicose Veins and my left leg that were very bad, are also almost well. I recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS to all. A number of my friends have also been greatly benefited.

Yours very truly, P. M. DENDY, 168 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn, HARDWARE, Merrimack - Square, Cor. Bridge St.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

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147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

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P. TEAGUE, 265 Merrimack Street, HEADQUARTERS FOR J. F. BETZ & SONS' Celebrated PHILADELPHIA ALE, PORTER and LAGERS Will build up the system when you are run down. Recommended by the most eminent physicians. We make a specialty of Family Trade. Orders for pints, quarts, barrels and halves promptly attended to. Also choice Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Finest brands Cigars and Tobacco. 265 MERRIMACK STREET.

WATSON BAKERY

Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at Nos. 21 to 30 CHARLES STREET. Peter Watson, Prop.

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

SUN RISES..... 5 53 | MOON SETS.... 4 02 AM
SUN SETS..... 5 33 | FULL SEA { . 7 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY..12 00 | { . 8 00 PM

Forecast for New England: Fair probably slightly warmer; southwest winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Mr. Fred'k M. Burrows is critically ill at his father's home on Arlington street.

When coming through Merrimack street do not fail to look at the beautiful display of confectionary at the D. L. Page Co., for Easter. The window displays are something remarkably fine.

Chelmsford holds its town meeting on Monday. The voters will be called upon to act on the petition of the French Catholics for permission to open a burial ground in the town.

At the meeting of Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T. elected the following delegates to the grand lodge session: Atwood Allen, Thomas Mahon, George H. Blood, Ernest Corbett and Miss Madge Claxton; alternates, Misses Mary Shay, Hattie Patrick, Mary Goodwin, Annie Welch and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards.

If anybody doubts the popularity of Anheuser Busch beer that person should have seen the pile of empty lager kegs in front of John Lennon's store on Market street yesterday. There were hundreds of them and as they were piled up, it looked like a stockade. This is the beer which took the prize at the World's fair. John Lennon of Market street is the sole agent.

The friends of Prof. W. H. Mason, the well known music teacher, assembled at his home, 77 Durant street, Thursday evening. Solos were given by the professor, a violin solo by Dr. Edwin F. Mason; a song, "The Lost Chord (of Wood)" by Mr. Michael Boulger; recitation by Jas. F. Derman, the crack bowler of Centralville; song by Mr. John F. Boyle, the efficient clerk at the city dispensary. About eleven o'clock the party enjoyed supper and broke up shortly after midnight.

Today's Observance in Chelmsford.

The people of North Chelmsford will celebrate the day this evening. The St. John's Total Abstinence society of that place will march from their hall to the town hall. The North Chelmsford Brass band will furnish music. At the town hall, the "Danger Signal" will be produced and it is expected that a large audience will be in attendance.

The After Effect.

When the meeting broke up there was considerable talk among the members, and the matter of Dr. Dana's rising from a sick bed to go to Brooklyn to preach was commented upon. It is said that on that Sunday it was given out at the church and house that Dr. Dana was ill in bed. This fact and several others which did not come out at the meeting did much to bring about a vote to accept the resignation. Dr. Dana's side has received considerable attention, but there is another story which some day may come out, and which will show considerable inconsistency on the part of many people in the church and pastor.

Unemployed People are Warned.

When an advertisement appeared in THE SUN early in the week that weavers, carders and other mill help were wanted in the western part of the state, at a new woolen mill, a score or more of unemployed people wrote to the address given, in Boston. In return came a circular and application from a labor employment office. The application called for the answering of a long list of questions and gave nothing definite; in fact the people who received the return circular could not see wherein the advertisement was fulfilled, as nothing was said of the Pittsfield mill. The application was to be returned with $1. According to the statements the advertisement was misleading, and moreover there was nothing to show whether the so-called labor bureau was a good channel through which to get a job or not. Moreover, the suspicious part of it was that the location of the bureau was not given, simply address, a p. o. lock box. Unemployed mill hands will govern themselves accordingly.

BILLERICA'S MEETING.

What the Warrant for the Town Meeting Calls For.

The annual town meeting, for the election of town officers, is called for Monday, at 9 o'clock, in Gardner Parker hall. The warrant contains 30 articles. Considerable interest centers in article 26, which calls for action on the new town hall.

Public sentiment seems to be in favor of building a structure this year that will be a credit to the town. Among the features of a modern town hall should be the permanent location of the town post office, with roomy quarters.

Post office facilities are matters of everyday convenience, and the method that results in a frequent change of location is not to the credit of a town. The plan to include a post office in the new town hall should commend itself to the wisdom of Billerica voters.

LOWELL MILL MEN

May Not be Above Suspicion in the Matter of Cut Marks.

It will be remembered that a short time ago THE SUN gave a report of the hearing at the state house on the weavers' particulars' bill, in which the matter of length of cuts was gone into to some extent. It was stated that in Fall River it was a frequent occurrence for the weavers to weave cuts many yards over the 40 yard mark.

At these labor hearings very little is heard from Lowell, but it appears from stories told by operatives that Lowell operatives suffer fully as much as those of Fall River at the hands of the mill men. For instance, there is not a mill in the city but where weavers are duped. They may weave a cut of cloth supposing it to be 40 yards in length, while in reality it is many yards over that figure. The weaver is the dupe while the slasher, does the trick. There is a registering machine on the slasher, but not on the loom. Why could not one be put on a loom to protect the weaver? By changing an escapement movement on the slasher register just one notch the cut mark can be set as many yards over 40 as there are yards in the circumference of the drum over which the warps run. This is one method of robbing operatives, and it is said to be done on more than one corporation, the protestation of honesty of a Lowell mill agent before the labor committee to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a certain corporation the weavers on a certain class of goods had their pay raised presumably. When they commenced working under the raise they found to their surprise that they did not make any more money than before. They have since learned that the cuts had been lengthened.

Who says that the poor weaver is not in need of a bill of particulars?

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 21 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE OLD COLONY LEASE DECLARED LEGAL.

A Matter of Interest to Bicyclists—The Committee on Liquor Law Reports Against Removal of License Limit.

BOSTON, March 17.—A long opinion was received from the attorney general in reply to the request of the legislature in regard to the legality of the lease of the Old Colony to the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. He decides that the lease is legal.

The committee on cities has reported a bill to regulate the use of bicycles on public ways. The bill provides, in section 1, that whoever without a permit, provided for in the bill, rides a bicycle or tricycle at a rate of speed exceeding 10 miles an hour, or rides on a sidewalk, or rides a machine without a bell or gong, or fails to sound the bell or gong whenever necessary to give reasonable warning of his approach, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $30 for each offence, and shall be further liable for all damages occasioned to any person by such unlawful act. Section 2 defines the meaning of the word "sidewalk" as used in the bill, as intended to cover any sidewalk laid out as such by a city or town, and any walk in a village which is reserved by custom for the use of pedestrians or specially prepared for their use. It is not to include footpaths on portions of public ways lying outside of the thickly settled parts of cities and towns, which are worn only by travel and are not improved by such cities or towns or by abutters.

Section 3 provides for the issuing of special permits by town and city authorities, to persons to ride machines during a specified time, upon specified portions of the public ways at any rate of speed. City and town authorities are also allowed to permit the use of velocipedes by children on sidewalks. By section 4, proceedings for the enforcement of the penalties imposed by the act are to be instituted within 60 days from the time the offence is committed.

The committee on liquor law reported against the bill removing the liquor license limitation from the city of Fall River; against a bill providing that the number of liquor licences shall not exceed one to every 500 inhabitants in cities, and one to every 1000 inhabitants in towns; against a bill to restrict the number of liquor licenses in Boston to one for every 1000 inhabitants; against a bill abolishing the limitation of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors; against a bill removing the limitation on the number of licenses granted in cities, and fixing fees for licenses; the committee reported leave to withdraw on numerous petitions of mayors of cities for the removal of the restriction on the number of liquor licenses to be granted.

The committee on education, Senator Green and Mr. Tolman dissenting, reported a bill appropriating not exceeding $100,000 for a state normal school at North Adams, the town to pay $25,000 of the sum appropriated.

The committee on manufactures reported leave to withdraw on the petition that no arbitrary charge be made for the use of electric light meters; also on a petition for the appointment of inspectors of electric meters; also on the petition for lower rates for gas.

Kid Was the Best Man.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 17.—J. E Scully of Woonsocket was knocked out in seven rounds here last night by Kid McCoy. Scully was badly punished, but he continued in the fray with bulldog tenacity and was knocked down nine times before he was counted out. His opponent escaped without a scratch.

A Peculiar Proceeding.

HARTFORD, March 17.—The officials of Putnam yesterday found a child, which was sick with smallpox, which had been abducted from a hospital in Boston by a woman named Talton. The woman went to the hospital in Boston to see the child, and she managed to escape without being observed.

May Be Reported on Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Senators, representing both the Democratic and Republican sides of the senate committee on finance, expressed the opinion at the close of the committee meeting yesterday that the tariff bill would be reported to the senate on Tuesday next.

Won by the Coffee Cooler.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Frank Craig, the Harlem "coffee cooler," defeated Fred Morris, Billy Madden's cyclone, in 18 rounds last night. It was a good, hard fight with small gloves. Craig weighed 10 or 15 pounds better than his opponent.

A Loss of $125,000.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The loss is $125,000.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—The jury in the case of Timothy McDermott, the slayer of George Clancy, brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree.

A LECTURE FOR BOYS

Taken Part In by Students, to Anthony Comstock's Regret.

NEW HAVEN, March 17.—Anthony Comstock lectured here last night on the street to a big crowd of boys on the evils of drunkenness and dime novel reading. Several thousand boys gathered around Comstock and cheered and made such a noise that his remarks could not be heard. Some Yale students were attracted to the lecturer, and finally rushed at him and handled Comstock in a rough manner, putting their arms around his neck and rushing him out into the street, amid the cries of the mob of boys and others who were attracted by the excitement. There was no police interference.

Not So Bad as Reported.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The story to the effect that the crew of the schooner Blanche were 20 hours on an iceberg, which crushed the schooner near Port au Basque, proves to be a hoax. The schooner ran on rocks within 100 feet of the shore, in a snowstorm in the night, and when daylight came the ice had formed so thick that the crew easily walked ashore.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

A delicious smoke—Old Hundred cigar.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

A chance is now offered to secure some great bargains at the assignee sale of Manning & Leighton.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Hosford Social club will observe St. Patrick's day with a social in Associate hall tonight. The American orchestra will be in attendance.

It is possible that the contracts for the plumbing and gas fitting in the new post office will come to Lowell. It is reported that there are doubts of the reliability of the Chicago bidder and that the government is inquiring into the standing of Farrell & Conaton, who are the next lowest bidders.

SEEN AND HEARD.

"I saw a young woman the other day whose face had been enameled. I am quite sure that she did not belong in Lowell, but she attracted the attention of every one and shocked not a few," says the young man of æsthetic tastes, on the Courier, who has charge of the column edited by a Lowell lady. These have been and perhaps there are now several well known society ladies in Lowell who were generally credited with enamelling.

CATHOLIC PARISH NOTES.

The Easter vacations of the parochial schools of the city will begin next week. They will be of one week's duration.

In all the Catholic churches tomorrow the blessing of the palms will take place at the high mass.

At the lenten services in St. Michael's church, Wednesday evening, an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Fahey of the Augustinian order of preachers.

The retreat given annually at Notre Dame academy which usually falls within the Eastertide will, this year, be postponed on account of the mission which begins tomorrow at St. Patrick's church, until later. Invitations to former pupils will be extended as is customary.

The Easter vacation of the pupils of both academy and parochial schools will begin on Thursday, the 22nd.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart school are rehearsing for a concert and entertainment which will take place on April 5th.

The feast of St. Patrick was observed this morning at the Sacred Heart church with a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock. An eloquent panegyric was preached by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I.

The special services for Holy Week, the tenebrae will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Announcements will be made tomorrow from the different pulpits, regarding the morning services.

The Catholic clergy of the city, without exception, say that the attendances at the Lenten devotions this season have been much larger than formerly.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Millionaire Timothy Porter Leads Miss Mabel Earle to the Altar.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., March 17.—The wedding of Timothy H. Porter, the eccentric millionaire of Stamford, Conn., to Miss Mabel Earle of Bridgeport, was solemnized here yesterday at the rectory of the Episcopal church. Porter has figured prominently in legal proceedings, which were instituted against him by his relatives in Connecticut. He is over 60 years of age, and was infatuated with the young girl whom he married yesterday, and who was employed in his house as a governess.

Recently the suit brought by his relatives were withdrawn and preparations were made immediately after by the old man and Miss Earle for their marriage. The bride is only 21 years of age, and she was accompanied here by her father. In the suit several well-known ladies in Stamford were brought into notoriety by the testimony of witnesses, who testified to their conduct with the old man. The couple intend to go to Bridgeport to reside.

Priest and Judge In a Scrape.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 17.—Church and legal circles are excited over the arrest of three leading citizens of Coyenne. Rev. Father Violante, a civil judge and a member of the city council are charged with falsifying the matrimonial records of the civil registry.

Signed by Crisp.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The silver seigniorage bill will not go to the president until Monday. It was presented to Speaker Crisp yesterday, and it received his signature. The president has 10 days in which to approve or disapprove the bill.

Obstinate Selectmen.

COHASSET, Mass., March 17.—The voters of this town, by a vote of nearly 2 to 1, voted for license at the recent town meeting. The selectmen decline to grant any licenses, despite the town vote, and, furthermore, say they will not.

Kick Caused Death.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., March 17.—Daniel Higgins, while on his way to school, stopped with a number of his playmates to fool with a horse. The animal kicked Higgins in the stomach, and the lad died soon after from his injuries.

For Mariners' Benefit.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Representative Breickner was directed by the house commerce committee to report favorably the bill authorizing the establishment of a lightship with a fog signal to the eastward of Boston light.

Suicide Frustrated.

CHARLESTON, March 17.—Jerry Hornberg was hanged here for the murder of Bob Hazel, a constable. The prisoner succeeded in gashing his neck and wrist with a piece of tin, but he was quickly revived and hanged.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 57 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for spring wear.

If Not, Why Not

buy your sugar, tea and coffee of us? We save you big money on your purchases. Dickson Bros. 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

AGENTS FOR

THE ABBOT - DOWNING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the

Celebrated - Concord - Wagons.

Driving, Light and Heavy Express Wagons, Team Wagons, Heavy Trucks of all kinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DESPERATE NEGRO

Takes a Savage Assault Upon Four Persons With a Gun.

MALDEN, Mass., March 17.—A brutal assault took place here last night, in which four persons had a narrow escape from being murdered, all concerned in the affair being colored.

People passing the house of Spencer Williams on Center street court, heard cries of "Murder" issuing from the house. Officer Bowker and a number of citizens entered the house and found a terrible scene.

Sidney Horner had a loaded gun in his hand and had committed an assault with this weapon upon John S. Thomas, aged 92, and Mrs. Annie Williams, Spencer Williams and little Gertie Williams, badly injuring them all.

Spencer Williams' left arm was broken and he was injured about the head and body; his wife, Annie Williams, was repeatedly beaten over the head and body, and was unconscious for several hours. Thomas, the old man, was also badly cut on the arm, and was otherwise injured, but will recover.

The gun was badly broken in the affair, but luckily was not discharged.

Sidney Horner, who committed the assault, is about 37 years old, and a very powerful negro. He claims that he was robbed of $68 while asleep.

BRECKINRIDGE'S MARRIAGE.

Dame Rumor Was Right Concerning a Secret Ceremony.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Two distinct sensations were furnished yesterday in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise trial. The foremost was the appearance of the plaintiff on the stand as a witness on her own behalf, but the one of greatest interest to legal circles was the corroboration of the rumor which has been for several days afloat that Colonel Breckinridge was secretly married to Mrs. Louise Wing in New York last April, three months before the public ceremony in Cincinnati.

When Breckinridge was shown the dispatch from New York he refused to admit its truth or to contradict it. His counsel and law partner, Colonel Shelby, however, confirmed the report, as did Attorney Stoll. The latter said, when inquiry was made whether the defense would be based on this earlier marriage; "It would not be proper to forecast our case at this stage, but I will say that Colonel Breckinridge is to take the stand very soon, and it will all be made known. Until then neither Colonel Breckinridge nor his counsel would be wise to discuss the defense."

The Strike a Failure.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., March 17.—Four of the ringleaders of the rioting strikers at the Mingo mines have been arrested and taken to Knoxville to answer in the federal court. The backbone of the strike seems to be broken at last.

South Acton, Mass.

Blood Poisoning

After a Severe Accident

Life in Great Danger—Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Roses to the Cheeks and Vigor to the System.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"My little granddaughter, Gracie E. Nash of Boston, while visiting at our house met with an accident which nearly killed her. She fell from the hay mow to the barn floor almost 18 feet below and was rendered unconscious. Her mother took her to the Boston City Hospital. The side of the head was badly crushed. Blood poisoning set in and the child did not rally. She could not eat anything; her stomach was so rebellious that she threw off all nourishment. Her mother sent for me and when I went to the girl, her spinal cord and the cords of her neck were all drawn up and a copper color had settled over her. I could quickly see the traces of blood poisoning, and persuaded her mother to let me take the girl back to our country home. She consented and as soon as I reached home I commenced to give the child Hood's Sarsaparilla. It quickly overcame her sickness and the stiffness left her neck. The good effects were also noticeable about the wound on her head. In less than a month she was able to

Run About the Farm,

and in a short time afterwards she had completely recovered her full strength and health, and it is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has since resided with us at the farm, and at intervals I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and by so doing have kept her in excellent health and spirits." MRS. SOPHIA RANDALL, South Acton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

Ward One Drug Store,

W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Mr. Enloe's second amendment aimed at the coast and geodetic survey, providing for the investigation of that bureau and a determination of the advisability of its transfer to the navy and interior departments, was defeated in the house by a majority of 23 votes. The latter part of the day was devoted to a discussion of the appropriation for the Missouri river commission of $750,000. The senate was not in session.

Died From Natural Causes.

NORWICH, Conn., March 17.—Coroner Park of this city, who investigated the death of Mrs. D. Henry Miller, the wife of the Baptist minister, whose death aroused considerable suspicion, found nothing to indicate that the woman's death was hastened in any manner. Miller threatens to bring suit against some people whom he claims tried to defame him.

Mob Was After Them.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 17.—The vicinity of Union Springs and Suspension is excited over the murder of Railway Agent Carey, Hall, his clerk, and Detective Wallace. Richard Jordan and Amos Iver were arrested for the crime, narrowly avoiding a mob formed to lynch them.

Spilled Out of Their Carriage.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, with several other members of her company, while driving from this city to New Britain, were thrown out of their carriage in a runaway accident. Miss Coghlan was badly shaken up, but sustained no serious injury.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

The Great Clothing Leader.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN QUANTITY, QUALITY AND STYLE.

Below All Others in Prices.

Although our spring stock is not yet all in, enough is here to enable the most particular man to make a pleasing selection. There are in fact more new styles to choose from even now than you will find at any two clothing houses combined at the height of the season.

MEN'S SPRING DERBYS.

We are head quarters for all the new and popular styles in Men's Spring Derbys. There isn't a maker of repute whose latest shape is not represented in our stock. See the superb quality we are offering at $2.

SPRING NECKWEAR.

Thousands of new shapes in Tecks and Four-in-Hands in the new stripes and checks, regular 50c. Scarf. Our price 25 CENTS.

Thousands of Teeks, graduated Four-in-hands in new crepe effects, also latest colorings in checks and stripes, the equal of any $1 Scarfs. Our price 48 CENTS

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

. . THE FIRST . .

Spring Opening,

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS,

Will occur on Friday and Saturday, March 16 and 17, at the

BELVIDERE MILLINERY STORE,

131 East Merrimack Street, when

COURVILLE & TARTE

Will exhibit a splendid line of Parisian and New York Millinery and Novelties in Hats, Bonnets and Flowers.

First-Class Dressmaking Establishment in Connection.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 348-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Low Prices

5lb.	pail	Raspberry Jelly	35c.	pail
5lb.	"	Strawberry "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Currant "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Apple "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Raspberry Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.

Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

Wheel the Baby Out!

How many parents know that they should follow this advice, but how many mothers neglect it till too late. We have just received a handsome line of Wakefield Carriages, also the Brattleboro' Carriages; both manufacturers are first-class, and we solicit your inspection. A morning ride is better for the baby than the doctor's medicine.

Bedroom Sets, Springs, and Mattresses, Parlor Sets, Carpets and Mattings, Window Shades, &c., Husks, East India Bedding and Excelsior for filling Ticks, and all other goods that go to make a home what it should be Call and see.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

BIG STRIKE ON THE TAPIS

IS - AT - THE

UNION MARKET.

The object is to Strike the Lowest Prices on Record. A dime saved in these days of business depression amounts to more than a dollar earned when business is booming. Save one dime and many dimes at Walsh's Mammoth Market, where prices are 20 per cent. under other dealers.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, 165 and 167 Middlesex St.

CHILDREN'S - - - - CARRIAGES.

We have in stock the finest line of CARRIAGES in the market today. All new goods. Not one of last year's carriages in stock. If you need a carriage this season, it is for your interest to look over our stock and get our prices. When you purchase a Carriage from us you are sure to get the best Carriage in the market for the money. All our Carriages are standard make. Goods that we have sold for years and know that they are first-class. We guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

"Perfect Spring Poems!" Exclaimed a woman.

She referred to **Our New Spring Garments,**

And she was right, they are spring poems, new, handsome and full of the lightness and grace of spring. We are getting in such handsome Capes and perfect fitting Coats in the latest designs from the best New York houses and in our own make.

Our stock will be complete next week, with the latest novelties in Ladies', Misses' and Children's goods.

As to prices, well, just compare ours with any store in Lowell or Boston and judge for yourselves. Never were such goods so cheap before.

We have made a big cut on every suit and wrapper in stock, to make room for new goods.

We are Headquarters for Suits.

We are very busy on big orders for Boston houses, but save a few for our retail trade, at wholesale prices. We will give you a handsome Serge Suit, lined throughout, with umbrella skirt, at **$3.75.** Making so many enabled us to work it at bottom figures. AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT.

A handsome, serviceable Flannel Skirt for **$1.50.** We have an order from a Boston house for 350 of these skirts and make an extra lot for ourselves. Our $4 Winter Suits, of which we sold so many, are nearly gone. We will close them out at **$2.50,** and remember when you buy these goods

Your Money all Comes Back to You,

For you're helping Lowell operatives and your money stays right here. We have other suits, all styles and prices, straight from New York, at hard-time prices.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Achieved a substantial reputation last fall for skilful and artistic work. It's still in the same competent hands.

Everything Made to Order in First-class Style.

Every kind of Machine Embroidery done to order.

BEAVER - CLOAK - CO.,

51 MERRIMACK STREET, LOWELL.

To Boiler Makers.

Boiler makers are invited to send proposals for furnishing one horizontal tubular boiler for the Lowell Water Works, same to be delivered and set complete, ready for use, at Driven Wells Pumping Station, Lowell, on or before May 1, 1894.

Bids will be opened at Water Board Office on the evening of March 22nd, 1894, previous to which time specifications may be seen at Water Office, City Hall. Foundation will be put in by Water Works Department.

MILES F. BRENNAN, President Lowell Water Board.

Lowell, March 17th, 1894.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

Joe Ott, the comedian, sings "Only One," and P. DEVINE, the Trunk Man, takes up the refrain and sings "Only One Trunk Manufacturer in Town." Others try to bluff the public, but when you want a Trunk get it at Devine's, in the wooden building, 70-72 Middlesex Street. Everything in Leather and Canvass Goods to be found in a Modern Trunk Store. Prices Cheapest in Town.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

70-72 Middlesex Street.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

SUN RISES	5 53	MOON SETS	4 02 AM
SUN SETS	5 53	FULL SEA	7 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	12 00		8 00 PM

Forecast for New England: Fair; probably slightly warmer; southwest winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Mr. Fred'k M. Burrows is critically ill at his father's home on Arlington street.

When coming through Merrimack street do not fail to look at the beautiful display of confectionary at the D. L. Page Co., for Easter. The window displays are something remarkably fine.

Chelmsford holds its town meeting on Monday. The voters will be called upon to act on the petition of the French Catholics for permission to open a burial ground in the town.

At the meeting of Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T. elected the following delegates to the grand lodge session: Atwood Allen, Thomas Mahon, George H. Blood, Ernest Corbett and Miss Madge Claxton; alternates, Misses Mary Shay, Hattie Patrick, Mary Goodwin, Annie Welch and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards.

If anybody doubts the popularity of Anheuser Busch beer that person should have seen the pile of empty lager kegs in front of John Leonon's store on Market street yesterday. There were hundreds of them and as they were piled up, it looked like a stockade. This is the beer which took the prize at the World's fair. John Lennon of Market street is the sole agent.

The friends of Prof. W. H. Mason, the well known music teacher, assembled at his home, 77 Durant street, Thursday evening. Solos were given by the professor, a violin solo by Dr. Edwin F. Mason; a song, "The Lost Chord (of Wood)" by Mr. Michael Boulger; recitation by Jas. F. Derman, the crack bowler of Centralville; song by Mr. John F. Boyle, the efficient clerk at the city dispensary. About eleven o'clock the party enjoyed supper and broke up shortly after midnight.

Today's Observance in Chelmsford.

The people of North Chelmsford will celebrate the day this evening. The St. John's Total Abstinence society of that place will march from their hall to the town hall. The North Chelmsford Brass band will furnish music. At the town hall, the "Danger Signal" will be produced and it is expected that a large audience will be in attendance.

The After Effect.

When the meeting broke up there was considerable talk among the members, and the matter of Dr. Dana's rising from a sick bed to go to Brooklyn to preach was commented upon. It is said that on that Sunday it was given out at the church and house that Dr. Dana was ill in bed. This fact and several others which did not come out at the meeting did much to bring about a vote to accept the resignation. Dr. Dana's side has received considerable attention, but there is another story which some day may come out, and which will show considerable inconsistency on the part of many people in the church and pastor.

Unemployed People are Warned.

When an advertisement appeared in THE SUN early in the week that weavers, carders and other mill help were wanted in the western part of the state, at a new woolen mill, a score or more of unemployed people wrote to the address given, in Boston. In return came a circular and application from a labor employment office. The application called for the answering of a long list of questions and gave nothing definite; in fact the people who received the return circular could not see wherein the advertisement was fulfilled, as nothing was said of the Pittsfield mill. The application was to be returned with $1. According to the statements the advertisement was misleading, and moreover there was nothing to show whether the so-called labor bureau was a good channel through which to get a job or not. Moreover, the suspicious part of it was that the location of the bureau was not given, simply address, a p. o. lock box. Unemployed mill hands will govern themselves accordingly.

BILLERICA'S MEETING.

What the Warrant for the Town Meeting Calls For.

The annual town meeting, for the election of town officers, is called for Monday, at 9 o'clock, in Gardner Parker hall. The warrant contains 30 articles. Considerable interest centers in article 26, which calls for action on the new town hall.

Public sentiment seems to be in favor of building a structure this year that will be a credit to the town. Among the features of a modern town hall should be the permanent location of the town post office, with roomy quarters.

Post office facilities are matters of everyday convenience, and the method that results in a frequent change of location is not to the credit of a town. The plan to include a post office in the new town hall should commend itself to the wisdom of Billerica voters.

LOWELL MILL MEN

May Not be Above Suspicion in the Matter of Cut Marks.

It will be remembered that a short time ago THE SUN gave a report of the hearing at the state house on the weavers' particulars' bill, in which the matter of length of cuts was gone into to some extent. It was stated that in Fall River it was a frequent occurrence for the weavers to weave cuts many yards over the 40 yard mark.

At these labor hearings very little is heard from Lowell, but it appears from stories told by operatives that Lowell operatives suffer fully as much as those of Fall River at the hands of the mill men. For instance, there is not a mill in the city but where weavers are duped. They may weave a cut of cloth supposing it to be 40 yards in length, while in reality it is many yards over that figure. The weaver is the dupe while the slasher, does the trick. There is a registering machine on the slasher, but not on the loom. Why could not one be put on a loom to protect the weaver? By changing an escapement movement on the slasher register just one notch the cut mark can be set as many yards over 40 as there are yards in the circumference of the drum over which the warps run. This is one method of robbing operatives, and it is said to be done on more than one corporation, the protestation of honesty of a Lowell mill agent before the labor committee to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a certain corporation the weavers on a certain class of goods had their pay raised presumably. When they commenced working under the raise they found to their surprise that they did not make any more money than before. They have since learned that the cuts had been lengthened.

Who says that the poor weaver is not in need of a bill of particulars?

Dr. Cohen DENTIST 61 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE OLD COLONY LEASE DECLARED LEGAL.

A Matter of Interest to Bicyclists—The Committee on Liquor Law Reports Against Removal of License Limit.

BOSTON, March 17.—A long opinion was received from the attorney general in reply to the request of the legislature in regard to the legality of the lease of the Old Colony to the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. He decides that the lease is legal.

The committee on cities has reported a bill to regulate the use of bicycles on public ways. The bill provides, in section 1, that whoever without a permit, provided for in the bill, rides a bicycle or tricycle at a rate of speed exceeding 10 miles an hour, or rides on a sidewalk, or rides a machine without a bell or gong, or fails to sound the bell or gong whenever necessary to give reasonable warning of his approach, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $20 for each offence, and shall be further liable for all damages occasioned to any person by such unlawful act. Section 2 defines the meaning of the word "sidewalk" as used in the bill, as intended to cover any sidewalk laid out as such by a city or town, and any walk in a village which is reserved by custom for the use of pedestrians or specially prepared for their use. It is not to include footpaths on portions of public ways lying outside of the thickly settled parts of cities and towns, which are worn only by travel and are not improved by such cities or towns or by abutters.

Section 3 provides for the issuing of special permits by town and city authorities, to persons to ride machines during a specified time, upon specified portions of the public ways at any rate of speed. City and town authorities are also allowed to permit the use of velocipedes by children on sidewalks. By section 4, proceedings for the enforcement of the penalties imposed by the act are to be instituted within 60 days from the time the offence is committed.

The committee on liquor law reported against the bill removing the liquor license limitation from the city of Fall River; against a bill providing that the number of liquor licences shall not exceed one to every 500 inhabitants in cities, and one to every 1000 inhabitants in towns; against a bill to restrict the number of liquor licenses in Boston to one for every 1000 inhabitants; against a bill abolishing the limitation of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors; against a bill removing the limitation on the number of licenses granted in cities, and fixing fees for licenses; the committee reported leave to withdraw on numerous petitions of mayors of cities for the removal of the restriction on the number of liquor licenses to be granted.

The committee on education, Senator Green and Mr. Tolman dissenting, reported a bill appropriating not exceeding $100,000 for a state normal school at North Adams, the town to pay $25,000 of the sum appropriated.

The committee on manufactures reported leave to withdraw on the petition that no arbitrary charge be made for the use of electric light meters; also on a petition for the appointment of inspectors of electric meters; also on the petition for lower rates for gas.

Kid Was the Best Man.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 17.—J. E. Scully of Woonsocket was knocked out in seven rounds here last night by Kid McCoy. Scully was badly punished, but he continued in the fray with bulldog tenacity and was knocked down nine times before he was counted out. His opponent escaped without a scratch.

A Peculiar Proceeding.

HARTFORD, March 17.—The officials of Putnam yesterday found a child, which was sick with smallpox, which had been abducted from a hospital in Boston by a woman named Talton. The woman went to the hospital in Boston to see the child, and she managed to escape without being observed.

May Be Reported on Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Senators, representing both the Democratic and Republican sides of the senate committee on finance, expressed the opinion at the close of the committee meeting yesterday that the tariff bill would be reported to the senate on Tuesday next.

Won by the Coffee Cooler.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Frank Craig, the Harlem "coffee cooler," defeated Fred Morris, Billy Madden's cyclone, in 18 rounds last night. It was a good, hard fight with small gloves. Craig weighed 10 or 15 pounds better than his opponent.

A Loss of $125,000.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The loss is $125,000.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—The jury in the case of Timothy McDermott, the slayer of George Clancy, brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree.

A LECTURE FOR BOYS

Taken Part In by Students, to Anthony Comstock's Regret.

NEW HAVEN, March 17.—Anthony Comstock lectured here last night on the street to a big crowd of boys on the evils of drunkenness and dime novel reading. Several thousand boys gathered around Comstock and cheered and made such a noise that his remarks could not be heard. Some Yale students were attracted to the lecturer, and finally rushed at him and handled Comstock in a rough manner, putting their arms around his neck and rushing him out into the street, amid the cries of the mob of boys and others who were attracted by the excitement. There was no police interference.

Not So Bad as Reported.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The story to the effect that the crew of the schooner Blanche were 20 hours on an iceberg, which crushed the schooner near Port au Basque, proves to be a hoax. The schooner ran on rocks within 100 feet of the shore, in a snowstorm in the night, and when daylight came the ice had formed so thick that the crew easily walked ashore.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

A delicious smoke—Old Hundred cigar.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

A chance is now offered to secure some great bargains at the assignee sale of Manning & Leighton.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city. Shedd's block, Central street.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Hosford Social club will observe St. Patrick's day with a social in Associate hall tonight. The American orchestra will be in attendance.

It is possible that the contracts for the plumbing and gas fitting in the new post office will come to Lowell. It is reported that there are doubts of the reliability of the Chicago bidder and that the government is inquiring into the standing of Farrell & Conaton, who are the next lowest bidders.

SEEN AND HEARD.

"I saw a young woman the other day whose face had been enameled. I am quite sure that she did not belong in Lowell, but she attracted the attention of every one and shocked not a few," says the young man of asthetic tastes, on the Courier, who has charge of the column edited by a Lowell lady. These have been and perhaps there are now several well known society ladies in Lowell who were generally credited with enamelling.

CATHOLIC PARISH NOTES.

The Easter vacations of the parochial schools of the city will begin next week. They will be of one week's duration.

In all the Catholic churches tomorrow the blessing of the palms will take place at the high mass.

At the lenten services in St. Michael's church, Wednesday evening, an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Pahey of the Augustinian order of preachers.

The retreat given annually at Notre Dame academy which usually falls within the Eastertide will, this year, be postponed on account of the mission which begins tomorrow at St. Patrick's church, until later. Invitations to former pupils will be extended as is customary.

The Easter vacation of the pupils of both academy and parochial schools will begin on Thursday, the 22nd.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart school are rehearsing for a concert and entertainment which will take place on April 5th.

The feast of St. Patrick was observed this morning at the Sacred Heart church with a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock. An eloquent panegyric was preached by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I.

The special services for Holy Week, the tenebrae will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Announcements will be made tomorrow from the different pulpits, regarding the morning services.

The Catholic clergy of the city, without exception, say that the attendances at the Lenten devotions this season have been much larger than formerly.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Millionaire Timothy Porter Leads Miss Mabel Earle to the Altar.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., March 17.—The wedding of Timothy H. Porter, the eccentric millionaire of Stamford, Conn., to Miss Mabel Earle of Bridgeport, was solemnized here yesterday at the rectory of the Episcopal church. Porter has figured prominently in legal proceedings, which were instituted against him by his relatives in Connecticut. He is over 60 years of age, and was infatuated with the young girl whom he married yesterday, and who was employed in his house as a governess.

Recently the suit brought by his relatives were withdrawn and preparations were made immediately after by the old man and Miss Earle for their marriage. The bride is only 21 years of age, and she was accompanied here by her father. In the suit several well-known ladies in Stamford were brought into notoriety by the testimony of witnesses, who testified to their conduct with the old man. The couple intend to go to Bridgeport to reside.

Priest and Judge In a Scrape.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 17.—Church and legal circles are excited over the arrest of three leading citizens of Cuyenne. Rev. Father Violante, a civil judge and a member of the city council are charged with falsifying the matrimonial records of the civil registry.

Signed by Crisp.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The silver seigniorage bill will not go to the president until Monday. It was presented to Speaker Crisp yesterday, and it received his signature. The president has 10 days in which to approve or disapprove the bill.

Obstinate Selectmen.

COHASSET, Mass., March 17.—The voters of this town, by a vote of nearly 2 to 1, voted for license at the recent town meeting. The selectmen decline to grant any licenses, despite the town vote, and, furthermore, say they will not.

Kick Caused Death.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., March 17.—Daniel Higgins, while on his way to school, stopped with a number of his playmates to fool with a horse. The animal kicked Higgins in the stomach, and the lad died soon after from his injuries.

For Mariners' Benefit.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Representative Breickner was directed by the house commerce committee to report favorably the bill authorizing the establishment of a lightship with a fog signal to the eastward of Boston light.

Suicide Frustrated.

CHARLESTON, March 17.—Jerry Hornberg was hanged here for the murder of Bob Hazel, a constable. The prisoner succeeded in gashing his neck and wrist with a piece of tin, but he was quickly revived and hanged.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for spring wear.

If Not, Why Not

buy your sugar, tea and coffee of us? We save you big money on your purchases. Dickson Bros. 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 465-4.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

AGENTS FOR

THE ABBOT - DOWNING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the

Celebrated - Concord - Wagons.

Driving, Light and Heavy Express Wagons, Team Wagons, Heavy Trucks of all kinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DESPERATE NEGRO

Takes a Savage Assault Upon Four Persons With a Gun.

MALDEN, Mass., March 17.—A brutal assault took place here last night, in which four persons had a narrow escape from being murdered, all concerned in the affair being colored.

People passing the house of Spencer Williams on Center street court, heard cries of "Murder" issuing from the house. Officer Bowker and a number of citizens entered the house and found a terrible scene.

Sidney Horner had a loaded gun in his hand and had committed an assault with this weapon upon John S. Thomas, aged 62, and Mrs. Annie Williams, Spencer Williams and little Gertie Williams, badly injuring them all.

Spencer Williams' left arm was broken and he was injured about the head and body; his wife, Annie Williams, was repeatedly beaten over the head and body, and was unconscious for several hours. Thomas, the old man, was also badly cut on the arm, and was otherwise injured, but will recover.

The gun was badly broken in the affair, but luckily was not discharged.

Sidney Horner, who committed the assault, is about 37 years old, and a very powerful negro. He claims that he was robbed of $63 while asleep.

BRECKINRIDGE'S MARRIAGE.

Dame Rumor Was Right Concerning a Secret Ceremony.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Two distinct sensations were furnished yesterday in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise trial. The foremost was the appearance of the plaintiff on the stand as a witness on her own behalf, but the one of greatest interest to legal circles was the corroboration of the rumor which has been for several days afloat that Colonel Breckinridge was secretly married to Mrs. Louise Wing in New York last April, three months before the public ceremony in Cincinnati.

When Breckinridge was shown the dispatch from New York he refused to admit its truth or to contradict it. His counsel and law partner, Colonel Shelby, however, confirmed the report, as did Attorney Stoll. The latter said, when inquiry was made whether the defense would be based on this earlier marriage: "It would not be proper to forecast our case at this stage, but I will say that Colonel Breckinridge is to take the stand very soon, and it will all be made known. Until then neither Colonel Breckinridge nor his counsel would be wise to discuss the defense."

The Strike a Failure.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., March 17.—Four of the ringleaders of the rioting strikers at the Mingo mines have been arrested and taken to Knoxville to answer in the federal court. The backbone of the strike seems to be broken at last.

South Acton, Mass.

Blood Poisoning

After a Severe Accident

Life in Great Danger—Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Roses to the Cheeks and Vigor to the System.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"My little granddaughter, Gracie E. Nash of Boston, while visiting at our house met with an accident which nearly killed her. She fell from the hay mow to the barn floor almost 18 feet below and was rendered unconscious. Her mother took her to the Boston City Hospital. The side of the head was badly crushed. Blood poisoning set in and the child did not rally. She could not eat anything; her stomach was so rebellious that she threw off all nourishment. Her mother sent for me and when I went to the girl, her spinal cord and the cords of her neck were all drawn up and a copper color had settled over her. I could quickly see the traces of blood poisoning, and persuaded her mother to let me take the girl back to our country home. She consented and as soon as I reached home I commenced to give the child Hood's Sarsaparilla. It quickly overcame her sickness and the stiffness left her neck. The good effects were also noticeable about the wound on her head. In less than a month she was able to

Run About the Farm,

and in a short time afterwards she had completely recovered her full strength and health, and it is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has since resided with us at the farm, and at intervals I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and by so doing have kept her in excellent health and spirits." MRS. SOPHIA RANDALL, South Acton, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

Ward One Drug Store,

W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Mr. Enloe's second amendment aimed at the coast and geodetic survey, providing for the investigation of that bureau and a determination of the advisability of its transfer to the navy and interior departments, was defeated in the house by a majority of 23 votes. The latter part of the day was devoted to a discussion of the appropriation for the Missouri river commission of $750,000. The senate was not in session.

Died From Natural Causes.

NORWICH, Conn., March 17.—Coroner Park of this city, who investigated the death of Mrs. D. Henry Miller, the wife of the Baptist minister, whose death aroused considerable suspicion, found nothing to indicate that the woman's death was hastened in any manner. Miller threatens to bring suit against some people whom he claims tried to defame him.

Mob Was After Them.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 17.—The vicinity of Union Springs and Suspension is excited over the murder of Railway Agent Carey, Hall, his clerk, and Detective Wallace. Richard Jordan and Amos Iver were arrested for the crime, narrowly avoiding a mob formed to lynch them.

Spilled Out of Their Carriage.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, with several other members of her company, while driving from this city to New Britain, were thrown out of their carriage in a runaway accident. Miss Coghlan was badly shaken up, but sustained no serious injury.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

The Great Clothing Leader.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN QUANTITY, QUALITY AND STYLE.

Below All Others in Prices.

Although our spring stock is not yet all in, enough is here to enable the most particular man to make a pleasing selection. There are in fact more new styles to choose from even now than you will find at any two clothing houses combined at the height of the season.

MEN'S SPRING DERBYS.

We are head quarters for all the new and popular styles in Men's Spring Derbys. There isn't a maker of repute whose latest shape is not represented in our stock. See the superb quality we are offering at $2.

SPRING NECKWEAR.

Thousands of new shapes in Tecks and Four-in-Hands in the new stripes and checks, regular 50c. Scarf. Our price 25 CENTS.

Thousands of Tecks, graduated Four-in-hands in new crepe effects, also latest colorings in checks and stripes, the equal of any $1 Scarfs. Our price 48 CENTS

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

. . THE FIRST . .

Spring Opening,

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS,

Will occur on Friday and Saturday, March 16 and 17, at the

BELVIDERE MILLINERY STORE,

131 East Merrimack Street, when

COURVILLE & TARTE

Will exhibit a splendid line of Parisian and New York Millinery and Novelties in Hats, Bonnets and Flowers.

First-Class Dressmaking Establishment in Connection.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 318-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Low Prices

5lb.	pail	Raspberry Jelly	35c.	pail
5lb.	"	Strawberry "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Currant "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Apple "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Raspberry Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.

Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

Wheel the Baby Out!

How many parents know that they should follow this advice, but how many mothers neglect it till too late. We have just received a handsome line of Wakefield Carriages, also the Brattleboro' Carriages; both manufacturers are first-class, and we solicit your inspection. A morning ride is better for the baby than the doctor's medicine.

Bedroom Sets, Springs, and Mattresses, Parlor Sets, Carpets and Mattings, Window Shades, &c., Husks, East India Bedding and Excelsior for filling Ticks, and all other goods that go to make a home what it should be. Call and see.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

BIG STRIKE ON THE TAPIS

IS - AT - THE

UNION MARKET.

The object is to Strike the Lowest Prices on Record. A dime saved in these days of business depression amounts to more than a dollar earned when business is booming. Save one dime and many dimes at Walsh's Mammoth Market, where prices are 20 per cent. under other dealers.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, 165 and 167 Middlesex St.

CHILDREN'S - - - - CARRIAGES.

We have in stock the finest line of CARRIAGES in the market today. All new goods. Not one of last year's carriages in stock. If you need a carriage this season, it is for your interest to look over our stock and get our prices. When you purchase a Carriage from us you are sure to get the best Carriage in the market for the money. All our Carriages are standard make. Goods that we have sold for years and know that they are first-class. We guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

"Perfect Spring Poems!" Exclaimed a woman.

She referred to Our New Spring Garments,

And she was right, they are spring poems, new, handsome and full of the lightness and grace of spring. We are getting in such handsome Capes and perfect fitting Coats in the latest designs from the best New York houses and in our own make.

Our stock will be complete next week, with the latest novelties in Ladies', Misses' and Children's goods.

As to prices, well, just compare ours with any store in Lowell or Boston and judge for yourselves. Never were such goods so cheap before.

We have made a big cut on every suit and wrapper in stock, to make room for new goods.

We are Headquarters for Suits.

We are very busy on big orders for Boston houses, but save a few for our retail trade, at wholesale prices. We will give you a handsome Serge Suit, lined throughout, with umbrella skirt, at $3.75. Making so many enabled us to work it at bottom figures. AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT.

A handsome, serviceable Flannel Skirt for $1.50. We have an order from a Boston house for 360 of these skirts and make an extra lot for ourselves. Our $4 Winter Suits, of which we sold so many, are nearly gone. We will close them out at $2.50, and remember when you buy these goods

Your Money all Comes Back to You,

For you're helping Lowell operatives and your money stays right here. We have other suits, all styles and prices, straight from New York, at hard-time prices.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Achieved a substantial reputation last fall for skilful and artistic work. It's still in the same competent hands.

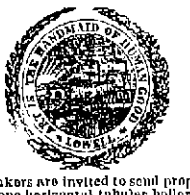
Everything Made to Order in First-class Style.

Every kind of Machine Embroidery done to order.

BEAVER - CLOAK - CO.,

51 MERRIMACK STREET, LOWELL.

To Boiler Makers.



Boiler makers are invited to send proposals for furnishing one horizontal tubular boiler for the Lowell Water Works, same to be delivered and set complete, ready for use, at Driven Wells Pumping Station, Lowell, on or before May 1, 1894.

Bids will be opened at Water Board Office on the evening of March 22nd, 1894, previous to which time specifications may be seen at Water Office, City Hall. Foundation will be put in by Water Works Department.

MILES F. BRENNAN,
President Lowell Water Board.

Lowell, March 17th, 1894.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle. 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

Joe Ott, the comedian, sings "Only One," and P. Devine, the Trunk Man, takes up the refrain and sings "Only One Trunk Manufacturer in Town." Others try to bluff the public, but when you want a Trunk get it at Devine's, in the wooden building, 70-72 Middlesex Street. Everything in Leather and Canvass Goods to be found in a Modern Trunk Store. Prices Cheapest in Town.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

70-72 Middlesex Street.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXII. NO. 15. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

THOSE DRUGGIST CASES.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY MADE THE COMPLAINTS.

Judge Hadley Finds the Defendants "Not Guilty" and They Were Discharged.

The cases of Thomas Morris and Joseph W. Litch for maintaining a liquor nuisance at the corner of Bridge street and Lakeview avenue, were tried today.

Lawyer Wm. Marshall appeared for the prosecution and W. F. Courtney for the defence.

The first witness, Officer Graves of the Massachusetts corporation, testified that he gave a man 35 cents and the latter went into Morris' and came out with a bottle of whiskey.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery was the next witness. Mr. Montgomery's green was conspicuous by its absence, although Mr. Montgomery is an Irishman. He testified that Mr. Morris called on him and said that some times when he thought a man needed liquor he had given men liquor, with the understanding that he would pay and sign for it on the following day. Witness never saw Morris sell liquor.

On cross-examination Mr. Montgomery admitted that he told Morris if he would acknowledge having sold liquor on Sunday so that he might have a clean case against him if he should sell again, he would not press this one.

Thomas J Judge, 208 Appleton street, a young man, testified that he was present at the meeting of Montgomery and Morris. The latter said he kept a good respectable place and did not sell the liquor in question (a half pint of whiskey which was produced in court). Witness then went after the clerk Mr. Litch as he wanted the case settled out of court as he did not want to get mixed up with a rum case. Mr. Montromery said that for witness' sake he would not prosecute the case if they admitted they sold on Sunday.

Stuart Phillips, of 78 West Sixth street, testified that during last July he went to see his daughter, who lived on Bridge street, on a Sunday. She was quite sick and requested him to get her some gin. He had no prescription and told her he could not get it. She insisted that she must have it, being very sick, and finally he went into Morris' and bought it, as he supposed it was gin. He did not taste it. He told his daughter, Lizzie D. Phillips, she told Mr. Graves' wife, she told her husband, he told Mr. Montgomery; the latter went to see him, and the case was brought.

Edward Davis testified that he did not know Mr. Morris. He had been in his place though and drank soda. Didn't know that he ever drank whiskey in there. Never called for whiskey in there and did not know whether or not he ever got it.

This was the government's case. There were other men summoned by the government, though they were not called.

No defence was put in and Judge Hadley ruled that a casual sale did not constitute a nuisance and therefore found them not guilty.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles L. Rogers is on a trip to New York and Norfolk.

There is a charming St. Patrick's day story on the fifth page. Be sure and read it.

The Daughters of Liberty and the O. U. A. M. have presented Joseph W. Stiles, Jr., with a tool chest.

The only intention recorded at the city clerk's office today is: Benjamin J. Bail, 21, to Carrie Calan, 22.

Mayor Pickman, it is said, is objecting to the presence of lithographs in the windows of the old city hall building.

Mrs Dudley, Miss Abbey Smith, Miss Montplaisir and Miss Braim of the Bon Marche have returned from New York.

Dudley Foster, who is 80 years old and at present is town clerk and treasurer of Billerica, is a candidate for reelection.

L'Association Catholique whist team, Barnette and Cloquette, defeated the Manhattan team, Donohoe and Crotty, Thursday night 40 to 35.

A break occurred at Lyon's store on Agawam street, early this week, and 100 pounds of tobacco, 40 or 50 pounds of sugar and other articles were stolen

The sum of money lost at the corner of Central and Middlesex streets belongs to a hard workingman who needs it. If the finder will return it to THE SUN office he will be rewarded

The board of health report for this week shows: Total deaths, 33; deaths under five, 12. Infectious disease reported were: Typhoid fever, 10; scarlet fever, 8, diphtheria, 1; measles, 1.

Joe Flaherty has received a letter from the Charlesbank Athletic club offering him $200 to meet Tom Kearney. He thinks that another cipher should have been added. Two hundred dollars seems a very small amount for a fight between these two men.

Mr. E. P. Sanborn of Royal street entertained the Dirigo Whist club at his home, Thursday evening. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. E. F. Smith and Mrs. Gilman, Mr. L. P. Sanborn won the gentleman's prize and the consolation prize went to Miss M. L. Shirley

A. C. Russell, ex-Governor Weston of New Hampshire, Abner S Adams and Mr and Mrs C. J. Glidden of this city, of the Erie Telephone company, were in San Antonio, Texas, last Sunday, and were the guests of Hon. J. H. McLeary, who gave a dinner in their honor.

On Tuesday next, commencing promptly at half past 1 o'clock, the livery stock of J. J. Stanley, Valley street, Lawrence, is to be sold at public auction, without limit or reserve of any kind whatsoever. The sale will take place rain or shine, with J. E. Conant & Co., as auctioneers.

Next week will be holy week to be brought to a close by the glorious Easter. The custom of giving Easter cards and booklets is a charming one. Lawler, the fashionable stationer, has an especially fine line of both, as well as prayer books and hymnals. 79 Merrimack and 15 John streets.

Rev. Dr. Thomas was the speaker at the liberal conference in the Shattuck street church last evening. The subject of his remarks was "The culture of the love of God." The meeting closed with brief remarks by the pastor and Rev. F. O. Hall. The conference will close with a mass meeting at the Hurd street Universalist church tomorrow evening.

ERIN'S DAY

Lowell Irishmen Honor the Memory of St. Patrick.

HEAVEN SMILES UPON THE FITTING OBSERVANCE.

Immense Congregations in the Catholic Churches.

Today the Celt throws off all care and lives in the glory of Ireland's past and the sanguine hopes of her future. The exiles of Erin wherever they roam on this 17th day of March, the national holiday of Ireland, look around for a sprig of the trefoil that is emblematic of their country. Thousands of residents of this city receive the genuine shamrock from Ireland by mail and receive it by tender care. The day is replete with memories of the past and bright hopes of the future, and well may the Irish exile grow enthusiastic in the hope that one day the flag which now represents but the aspirations of an oppressed people, the hopes of a nation yearning to be free, will yet float proudly over an Irish parliament in College Green, and be truly the flag of a nation rather than the emblem of her hope.

Today the sons of Erin may well rejoice in the prospect that

Yet on her shores shall Young Liberty rally
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west shall yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

A Fine Parade.

At 8 30 o'clock the Young Catholic cadets headed by St. Patrick's Cadet band formed at the school hall on Suffolk street and marched down Market to Prescott street where the Hiberman Knights in full uniform and under command of John A. O'Hearn, Div. S, A. O. H., and delegates of Divisions 1, 2, 11 and 28 A. O. H., were received. The line of march was then taken up to city hall. The sidewalks on both sides of Merrimack street were crowded with people. St. Patrick's band wore their new uniforms, and their playing called forth many complimentary remarks. The American flag was carried at the head of the column and by its side waved the green flag of Ireland. The cadets in their uniforms of blue and white, and carrying imitation rifles marched well and looked neat.

At the city hall the city government were received. Mayor Pickman and City Messenger Cahill headed the line of local statesmen. They were followed by Aldermen S. J. Johnson, C. R. Johnson and Dickinson, Supt. Whitcomb, President Sparks of the common council, Councilmen O'Connell, Robinson, Ryan, O'Connor, Gormley, Barclay, Noble, Lebarge, Rourke and Collins, and Assessor John P. Mahoney.

The city officials were assigned places in line and the column moved up Merrimack to Suffolk, to St. Patrick's church.

At the church yard the paraders were received by a detachment of cadets and the members of St. Patrick's Temperance society and the Holy Name society.

St. Patrick's Church.

As the procession filed into the church, the Cadets stood at "present arms". Mayor Pickman and the city officials occupied the seats nearest the altar. The church was crowded to the doors, just as it is every St. Patrick's day. The pupils of Notre Dame and the parochial school were assigned seats in the transcepts.

City Clerk Dowd, E. F. Slattery, of the public reading room, T. P. Sullivan, of the auditor's office, and Clerk Wm. Reardon of the assessors' office, were present at the services.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the procession of acolytes, altar boys and priests filed from the vestry to the sanctuary, and the celebration of the solemn high mass commenced. Rev. John. J. Shaw of Chelmsford was celebrant, Rev. John J. Gilday of Woburn, deacon, and Rev. Richard S. Burke, sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Leonard was master of ceremonies.

Within the sanctuary sat the esteemed pastor, Rev Michael O'Brien.

The choir was directed by Mr. E. F. Faulkner and rendered Hayden's 2nd mass. At the offertory, "Hibernia's Champion Saint" was sung, the solo parts being sustained by Miss Finn and Mr. C. F. Calnin. The hymn to St. Patrick, "Hail, Glorious Apostle," was rendered with great volume, at the conclusion of the mass. The soloists were Miss Finn, Miss Dunn, Miss Mack, Miss Faulkner, Miss Long and Mr. Calnin.

The panegyric, delivered by Rev. Fr. Gleason, was a masterly effort. He reviewed the life of Ireland's patron saint, and his discourse commanded the closest attention.

Immaculate Conception Church.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint was observed at the Immaculate Conception church with a solemn high mass at nine o'clock, at which Rev. Fr. Smith, O. M. I., was celebrant; Rev. Fr. Dacey, O. M. I., deacon; Rev. Fr. Burns, O. M. I., sub-deacon, and Mr. McQuade master of ceremonies. The sermon, an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick, was delivered by Rev. Fr Joyce, O. M. I. The music by the choir was particularly fine, and was sung under the direction of Prof. Haggerty, Mrs. Haggerty presiding at the organ. The soloists were Mrs. Williams, Miss Ware, and Messrs. Murphy, McCaffrey and Martin The attendance was large.

St. Peter's Church

St. Peter's church was crowded this morning when a solemn high mass was celebrated at nine o'clock. The celebrant was Rev Fr. McKenna, assisted by Rev. Fr. McManus, deacon, and Rev. Fr. McDonough, sub-deacon. The choir under the direction of T. F. Molloy rendered Weiner's mass. At the offertory, Mr. Molloy sang the beautiful hymn, "Hibernian's Champion Saint" with fine effect. At the conclusion of the mass "Hail Glorious Apostle" was rendered by the full choir, the solos being sustained by Misses McLaughlin, Hinchey and Lee.

St Michael's Church.

High mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock in St. Michael's church by Rev. Fr. Gilday, who also preached an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick. The full choir was in attendance and under the direction of John Warburton rendered the music of the mass. Mr. Henry Gilday presided at the organ.

City Treasurer Resigns.

City Treasurer Chadwick has his resignation already written out. It is addressed to the mayor, board of aldermen and common council, and will probably be presented to Mayor Pickman today.

Fifteen Cents

Buys a jumbo cup and saucer, handsomely decorated, regular price 25c, or given with a pound of tea. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

LAWYERS AT VARIANCE.

MR. COWLEY HAS HIS INNINGS AT HIGH COURT.

Moved That Brethren-at-the-Bar be Committed to Jail for Contempt—Arguments Pro and Con Heard by Judge Sheldon.

The case of Cheney vs. Cheney was resumed in the Superior court civil session yesterday. Timothy D. Kendall a former bookkeeper for the defendant identified several entries. At the noon adjournment the case was put over until Monday, and in the afternoon motions were heard.

The first concerned Waltham parties. Then Dr Thompson of Moxie fame, appeared for himself in the case of Moxie Nerve Food Co. vs. George F. Walker for damages for alleged infringement of trade mark. He said that he made a motion and Judge Dunbar sustained it, that the defendant should answer some questions asked by him. Out of 67 queries Walker answered about a dozen. No action was taken and Dr. Thompson was allowed to file an amended declaration.

Cowley-Donahue.

Then Lawyer Cowley started in with his motions. His first was that the case he had pending, entitled Cowley vs. Donahue, adm., be delayed because of the slanderous and malicious publication "procured by D. J. Donahue, the defendant, in a morning paper and its annex, of a report of a trial of a similar case, Cowley vs. Donahue, before Referee Atwood." He gave the court some clippings from the papers in question. This motion was overruled because Mr. Donahue proved that Mr. Cowley entered the case for trial after reading said articles.

Lawyer Cowley then made a motion that D. J. Donahue, B. D. O'Connell and John R. Martin, "journalist," be committed for contempt. He charged Mr. Donahue with aiding and procuring an alleged scandalous publication. Judge Sheldon will consider the motion.

The next motion he made was to have B. D. O'Connell committed to the common jail for contempt in refusing to comply with an order of Judge Dunbar ordering O'Connell to pay counsel fees and alimony to his wife pending her application for divorce. Mr. O'Connell testified that he was unable to pay as he had been sick and this together with the distress caused by his domestic troubles had divorced him from proper attention to his business. He testified further that he had no money to pay his alimony. It seems however that Mr. O'Connell has paid his wife $100 since the time she entered the suit. Mr. O'Connell was granted an indulgence of time, Judge Sheldon extending the limit, so the motion for his committal will fail if the counsel fees, alimony and arrears are paid within thirty days.

NAVY YARD LETTER.

What a Weaver Says About the Cause of the Strikers.

LOWELL, March 17th, '94.

Editor of THE SUN.

Dear Sir: I would like the space in your paper to say a few words on the situation at the Navy Yard. We have refrained from saying much on our side of the question. It is generally believed by people in Lowell that a job in the Navy Yard mills is a bonanza. I have worked in mills in all the New England states and the people in the Navy Yard have to work harder and to a greater disadvantage for their money than in any mill in which I have worked.

The spinners have to do more work here than in any other mill in the country: they have to carry all their own roping from the soace floor to their machines, put it up on the racks, strip their spools and carry their empty bobbins, and in one room they have to travel up and down a flight of stairs.

In other mills they have men to do this for the spinners. The spoolers and winding girls were receiving $1 per day; they were cut 20 per cent., which leave them 80 cents a day. The finishing room girls were getting 75 cents per day are reduced to 66 cents per day. Now, if Mr. Fels or any one else can show me how those young women can live on these wages and lead an honest life I would like them to do so.

The picker house and dye hands have been reduced from $1.10 to 95 cents per day and many of the men have families to support.

The fringers and burlers, who have only been working about one-third time all winter, have been cut down shamefully. Shawls on which they received 12 cents for burling are reduced to 10 cents; those of 30 cents, reduced to 20; those of 35 cents, reduced to 20.

In the weaving department the loom fixers are reduced from $2 per day to $1.70, leaving them the poorest paid men for their work of any in the country. In Providence, R. I., after the reduction loom fixers receive $2.10 per day for sections of 17 looms; $2.15 for 18 looms; $2.20 for 20 looms. The fixers in the Navy Yard have sections of 16 looms at $1.70 per day. At the reduced price they are the poorest paid in the country.

The average pay for weavers on beavers in the Navy Yard for the two weeks ending Feb. 26th, after working 145 hours instead of 116 hours, or 58 hours per week, as the law calls for, was $10.07 per week; on spring cloaking for the same hours the average was $9.36; on the reduced price list the weavers will be paid less than weavers in other places. This I can prove by comparing the price list with the price list paid in other places, and which I am prepared to do when the state board of arbitration puts in an appearance.

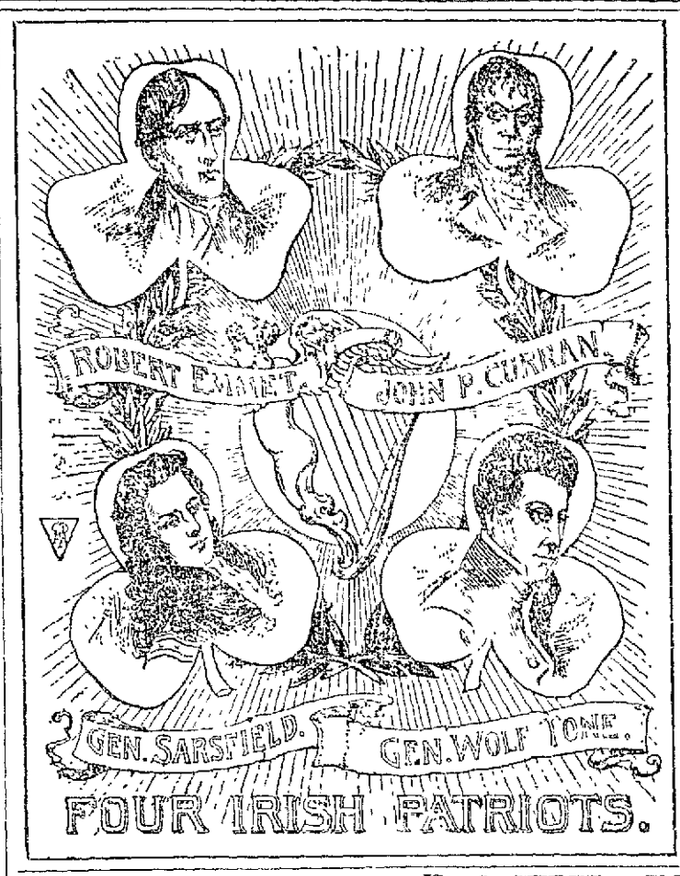
If the weavers and spinners accept the cut-down they would be required to work 14 hours per day all summer, or a further reduction would take place. The schedule time for the summer months as made out by Mr. Fels to go into effect April 1st, is start at 6.30 a. m., 45 minutes for dinner, stop at 6.45 p. m.; half holiday on Saturday. These are nine hours to ask people to work during the heat of the summer days! These facts are given for the benefit of the public, so that they may judge whether we are justified or not in the action we have taken.

JAMES CRYAN.

Entries for Whist Tourney.

The following teams have entered in the whist tournament which commenced at L'Association Catholique last Wednesday evening: Charles Giroux and Adelarde Guimond, Emil Prevost and O. Page, A. A. Pelletier and J. T. Fontaine, E. Lanoue and E. Trepanier, W. Barrette and J. Choquette, J. Fortier and A. Lefebvre, W. Cadotette and A. Lebrun, J. B. Ledoux and T. Caron, J. Delorme and F. J. Bousquet, Fred Eno and L. Flamand, J. L'Heureaux and P. L Benault, S. Rock and Amode Guimond, F. Rock and N. Denault, A. Choquette and unknown, Mr. Tremblay and J. Cote. Each team will play 14 games and the team scoring the greatest number of points will be awarded the prizes. Considerable interest is manifested in the games and lots of amusement is furnished those who watch the games each evening.

LOST—Sum of money Friday afternoon at the corner of Central and Middlesex streets. Finder please return to SUN office and be rewarded.



REV. DR. DANA

His Letter of Resignation Was Considered.

KIRK STREET CHURCH ACCEPTED IT BY BALLOT.

Margin Was Close After Interesting Debate.

The Kirk street church held its regular weekly meeting for prayer and praise service last night. The attendance was undoubtedly the largest for five years. The reason was that the church was called upon to take action on the letter of resignation of Rev. Dr. Dana, the pastor.

The devotional exercises were brief, the pastor conducting them. Afterwards he said it was not possible for him to act as moderator. He first read the following statement:

"I am glad to say that I had an interview this morning with Messrs. Pickering, Thompson and Adams, which was pervaded by a kind and conciliatory spirit and accomplished what no formal or official meeting could have effected. At this interview such explanations were made to me and such misstatements corrected as modified the appearance of unfriendliness or bitterness that seemed to be apparent heretofore, so that the action of the society's meeting appeared to me in a somewhat altered light. The facts this interview brought out were made known to me for the first time yesterday by Mr. Pickering and repeated this morning, and they have so far altered the situation as to lift a great burden from my heart and to bring light where hitherto there has been only darkness. These facts were: (1.) That my proposition made to Messrs. Thompson and Pickering, Jan. 15, in the former's office was reported to the committee on appropriations at the annual society meeting, Jan. 16.; (2.) was not reported to the general meeting because Mr. Pickering did not feel like having the pastor of the Kirk street church put his hands in his own pocket and pay a deficit in its current expenses.

And now while the facts stated in my letter of resignation before you tonight remain unchanged this interview disclosed a more considerate and generous feeling towards me that has not been without effect on both mind and health.

On nomination Mr. George W. Bachelder became moderator, and took the chair and the pastor returned to a rear seat. The records of the last meeting were read.

Mr. Adams' Appeal.

The first motion made was by Mr Charles E. Adams, and it was "that we, as members of the Kirk street church decline to accept the resignation of Rev. Dr. M. G. Dana as pastor of the church.

In support of his motion he said: We, as members of Kirk street church, have a duty to perform exceeding in importance any ever placed before the church, for upon our action depends the future welfare of the pastor and the efficiency as well as the usefulness of the religious society over which he now presides.

Although the matter before us concerns particularly the members of Kirk street church and society, yet in its consideration, it is gratifying to know that the manly course Rev. Dr. Dana has pursued relative to questions of a public nature, has won the admiration and respect of the citizens of Lowell, irrespective of creed, and that there seems to be a well defined sentiment throughout the city that this community should not be deprived of his valuable services.

The motion was heartily seconded by Henry M. Southworth, who said he hoped the resignation would not be accepted.

A Lively Discussion.

Mr. Samuel Sewell offered an amendment that the question be decided by ballot. J. Edward Gibson seconded the amendment.

Mr. Adams said the amendment was something unusual he thought, upon the part of a church organization where it is not provided in the rules for a ballot. He did not believe such a thing had occurred in 35 years at Kirk Street church. He did not believe in allowing it to be said that the church had sanctioned a secret ballot when a majority of the members had expressed themselves repeatedly as friendly to the pastor.

Deacon Philetus Burnham believed the vote a delicate matter, and many would not care to be placed in a position where their action might be seen.

W. W. Johnson wanted each person to write his or her name on the ballot. Deacon Burnham said the question at issue was not of the pastor or people, but of the church.

The chairman stated that the Congregational custom of voting was by show of hands. After further discussion it was voted to ballot, 47 to 18.

A long discussion followed on the question at issue, for the motion of Mr. Adams seemed misleading. As the result of a breezy discussion, in which several members became confused, the chair ruled that "yes" meant that the pastor should keep the pastor, and "no," let him go.

Against the Pastor.

The ballot resulted in 76 nos and 63 yes, and the chairman said the church had voted to accept the resignation of the pastor.

Then Dr. Dana rose and read a second statement, in which he quite sharply called to account and rebuked the alleged mischief makers of the church who had been making inquiries as to whether or not he preached in Brooklyn, the first Sunday of this month. He said people had telephoned and telegraphed the Brooklyn Eagle to ascertain if he had preached in that city and how his sermon had been received, they had haunted the railroad depot, talked with trainmen and in other ways showed their inquisitiveness.

He said he had preached in Brooklyn and paid his own expenses.

The doctor left the meeting with the request that a committee be appointed to act with the pastor in dismissal. Charles E. Adams, Dr. S. L. Ward and Jacob Rogers were chosen. The meeting closed with prayer and benediction.

STANLEY'S BIG BREWERY.

FIRE SWEEPS IT OUT OF EXISTENCE EARLY TODAY.

General Alarm in Lawrence and the Loss Was $125,000—Origin of the Fire Unknown—An English Syndicate Had Control of the Plant.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. Shortly before 2 o'clock, while the night gang of workmen was engaged in rushing out a supply of bock beer, fire was discovered around a new boiler which had recently been put into the establishment.

An alarm was rung in at 1.55 a. m., and six minutes later a general alarm was sounded.

The flames spread rapidly, and before the engines could arrive the whole structure was involved.

The main building was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $125,000, covered by insurance for the same amount.

The structure was four stories high, and extended along Oxford street about 200 feet, with a depth of 75 feet. The fire consumed everything on the premises except the small outbuildings.

The brewery was owned by the New England Brewery company, the principal stockholders in which are the English syndicate which some time ago purchased a number of similar establishments in this section.

The brewery manufactured and sold large quantities of ale and beer, and employed a considerable force of workmen.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.—Ed. Rice's "Venus" with Camille D'Arville, Allan Mostyn and a lot of pretty girls and good songs pleased an appreciative audience last evening. Miss D'Arville's "When the girl that you love, loves you," was loudly encored.

The selection "As I peeped to the earth from the sky," took the house. Miss Johnson is as handsome as ever as "Venus," and her singing was excellent. Mr. Pruette as "Mars," sang well, and came in for considerable applause. La Ragaloneta and her two little sisters danced and posed in a delightful manner. "Venus" will be repeated this afternoon and evening, and should draw crowded houses.

PERSONAL.

Miss Wilkinson of Providence is the guest of Miss Janet White of Gates street. Yesterday Miss Wilkinson and Miss White were guests at the Tufts' college assembly.

Miss Lizzie Phillips of Bridge street is seriously ill.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Patrick Shea took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon from his late home, 7 Clark street, and was very largely attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Chambre gives the closing Lenten lecture tomorrow night, subject, "Laud, archbishop and martyr."

Rev. G. H. Johnson preaches a sermon appropriate to Palm Sunday tomorrow.

DEATHS.

Jane Brady, died this morning at her home, 114 Lakeview avenue.

Mr. John R. Churchill of Chelmsford, formerly of Lowell, died at the home of Elbridge G. Nichols yesterday, aged 77 years. He leaves two sons, Ludlow D., of this city, and Dr. Churchill of New York, and a daughter, Mrs. Manning of Andover. Prayers at the house tomorrow at 2 p. m. The late Mrs. C R. Johnson was a daughter of the deceased.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

LATEST

BOY SHOT.

ROBERT DEE KILLED BY COMPANION.

Shot With a Revolver and Dies a Few Minutes Later—The Affair Was Accidental

Robert Dee, a pupil of the Highland school, was shot in the eye about 1 o'clock this afternoon by Benjamin Parson, a companion of his own age

The Parson boy had a revolver and the Dee boy asked to see it, whereupon Parson pointed the revolver at him in fun and accidentally pulled the trigger.

The bullet lodged in the boy's brain. A doctor was called but could not save the boy's life. The victim was the only son of Henry Dee, foreman in Stover's shoe shop, and residing at 196 Wilder street The accident occurred at the corner of West Adams and Wilder streets

Parsons has carried a revolver for two years although a mere youth. He is employed in Pilling's shoe shop.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

Mrs. Joseph Mareau of Manchester, N. H., died of injuries inflicted by her husband.

Two verdicts against the Concord & Montreal railroad were set aside today.

Isaac Grouty & Co., the largest shoe manufacturers in the world, assigned today. They had a factory in Spencer, and offices in Boston and employed 15,000 hands.

A big fire is in progress in Gloucester. It is in the block owned by Thomas E. Ferguson four stories high. The department is fighting hard and several large buildings adjoining are threatened with destruction as THE SUN goes to press.

POLICE COURT.

Hadley, J.

Chief Davis prosecuted today.

Three drunks.

One Michael Fitzgerald received a sentence of six months in the state farm.

The continued case of Patrick Mead for breaking the glass on a frame containing pictures which was on an easel in the lobby of Music hall, a number of witnesses were examined, and their testimony was substantially that Mead, who had been going in and out of Music hall, getting a door check as is customary, asked admittance, finally refusing to give up his check. They allege he went down stairs and for spite turned the frame over so as to break the glass.

The defendant claimed that the affair was entirely accidental. He was fined $8 for drunkenness, and the charge of breaking glass was continued for sentence.

Lawrence Charlton, the man who stole cigars in large quantities from Simpson & Rowland, pleaded guilty.

Strike Not Settled.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—An effort was made yesterday afternoon to settle the Washington mill strike, the prime movers being Mayor Rutter and Rev. J. T. O'Reilly.

They met at the Washington mills office, and with them were Treasurer Wood and Agent Chapin and the executive committee of the strikers.

The mill men would not concede, and after three hours the conference adjourned.

The strikers offered to leave the whole case in the hands of the state board of arbitration and to abide by the result, but to this the mill men would not agree.

Effect of the Reduction.

A striker at the Navy Yard mills says the reduction of the rent in mill tenements is not such a great boom to the operatives as it might be thought. There are only 25 mill tenements; 10, pay $8 a month; 10 $5 a month, and 4, between $5 and $6.50. The reduction in wages affects every operative.

Anything, the operative says, the reduction of the board affects only 8 or 10 operatives who board at the boarding house. They get 22 cents off each week.

Bid on Bonds Accepted

The committee on finance met last evening Nine bids were received for the $100,000 water board loan. The loan was awarded to R. L. Day & Co. of Boston at 100.216. The other bidders were: Third National bank, Boston, 103.55; E. H. Rollins & Sons, 103.815; W. H. Harris & Co., 104.19; Lowell & Co., 103.750; Blodgett, Merritt & Co., 103.91; Brewster, Cobb & Estes company, 104.03; Lee, Higginson & Co., 103.305; Blake, 103.07.

Once Arrested Here.

Charles C. Hildreth is under arrest in Boston for obtaining money under false pretences from Charles J. Todd of Walpole. Hildreth is the same man who served six months at Cambridge for swindling Cyrus Wexford of this city out of $75.

Sacred Heart Church.

High mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock, the panegyric on St. Patrick being delivered by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I. The choir, directed by Miss Adelaide Sullivan, rendered appropriate music in addition to that of the mass.

Court Lawrence Withdraws.

Court City of Lawrence A. O. F. has surprised the brethren in that city by voting to withdraw from the American court and join the parent body in England. The American order can stand the secession. Perhaps the membership is of an Anglo-Saxon tinge.

Margaret E Buckley, aged 23 years, wife of Thomas Buckley, died last night at her home, 746 Lawrence street. The funeral will take place from the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

Thomas Barnes, aged 60 years, died Thursday night at his home, 29 Floyd street.

Our Store Will Be Open Friday Nights Until Further Notice.

The hat manufacturer who makes hats for half the swell retail hatters of New York, makes for us also.

The New York retailer has the name in the hat and charges $5 for it. We sell the same Derby—without the name for $3. It's worth $2 for you to know this.

Same shapes in Black and Brown Derbys, of less costly materials, $1.59 and $2. Good Silk Hats, $5.

Very swell patterns in fancy shirts to be worn with white collars: Scotch Reps, English Oxfords and Madras Cloths. New neck fixings, such as should go with these shirts.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

FAST DAY ABOLISHED.

APRIL 19 WILL HENCEFORTH BE A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

Bill Passed the Enactment Stage in the Senate Yesterday Afternoon Without Opposition—Gov. Greenhalge Immediately Signed It With an Eagle's Quill.

Fast day is abolished.

The bill to abolish the day and substitute April 19 as a legal holiday was enacted in the senate just before adjournment yesterday afternoon. Senator Buckley of Holyoke had risen to make a motion to adjourn, when President Butler asked him to give way for a moment, as there was an important bill which he wished to put through the enactment stage.

The president then read the title of the Fast day bill, and it was passed to be enacted without dissent.

Executive Clerk Hamlin was waiting in the senate to take the bill to the governor for his signature.

Gov. Greenhalge signed the bill with an eagle's quill, furnished for the purpose by the Lexington Historical society. The quill will be returned to the society and placed on exhibition in its rooms.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART.

A Stroll Into a Studio Reveals Some New Ideas in Photography.

The elevator boy pulled the rope and in a few seconds I was landed on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building. With the curiosity of a reporter, finding the door of the photographer's studio opened, I stepped in to see if I could learn anything about the photographer's art. Inside I met Mr W. J. Freeman, a gentleman with a very pleasing manner who, after knowing my business was pleased to show me the latest novelties of the camera. Mr. Freeman has bought the studio formerly occupied by W. H. Allen and judging from the samples of his work he is an artist of no mean ability. Mr. Freeman was formerly connected with Gines, one of the leading photographers of Boston, and originator of the famous "crayonette."

Among the newest things in photography is photographing on silk handkerchiefs.

Mr. Freeman showed samples of his work on silk, which he claims can be washed without injuring the photograph. The cabinette which he is making for $2.00 a dozen, is quite an idea; it is a trifle smaller than the old style cabinet and is gaining in popular favor. He has a nice selection of enameled cabinets, Paris panels, drumonds, mignettes, pastels, oil paintings and crayon work.

Mr. Freeman invites all the ladies to come up to his studio and see his fine work. Tell the elevator boy to let you off on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building, at Freeman's, the photographer.

The Best Known Man in Town.

Is there any one in town who does not know Bob Adams? He's the king butcher, and can handle a cleaver and knife with the best men in the country. Not only can he cut up beef but he slaughters prices in such a taking way that the people all catch on and trade at his store. He is now in the White Meat market, corner of John and Lee streets. His competitors growl but Bob smiles and is happy. Some day he will be popular enough on his reputation for cutting steaks to run for mayor. Call tonight and get your Sunday dinner.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

--- TODAY ---

We open our usual beautiful and artistic line of

Easter Cards and Easter Booklets.

Appropriate also to the occasion you will find a full line of Episcopal and Catholic Prayer Books and Hymnals—new editions. Beautiful pictures mounted on glass at greatly reduced prices. All the new things in fine stationery. Books at Boston discounts.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. Telephone 373-4

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXII. NO. 15. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

THOSE DRUGGIST CASES.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY MADE THE COMPLAINTS.

Judge Hadley Finds the Defendants "Not Guilty" and They Were Discharged.

The cases of Thomas Morris and Joseph W. Litch for maintaining a liquor nuisance at the corner of Bridge street and Lakeview avenue, were tried today.

Lawyer Wm. Marshall appeared for the prosecution and W. F. Courtney for the defence.

The first witness, Officer Graves of the Massachusetts corporation, testified that he gave a man 35 cents and the latter went into Morris' and came out with a bottle of whiskey.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery was the next witness. Mr. Montgomery's green was conspicuous by its absence, although Mr. Montgomery is an Irishman. He testified that Mr. Morris called on him and said that some times when he thought a man needed liquor he had given men liquor, with the understanding that he would pay and sign for it on the following day. Witness never saw Morris sell liquor.

On cross-examination Mr. Montgomery admitted that he told Morris if he would acknowledge having sold liquor on Sunday so that he might have a clean case against him if he should sell again, he would not press this one.

Thomas J. Judge, 208 Appleton street, a young man, testified that he was present at the meeting of Montgomery and Morris. The latter said he kept a good respectable place and did not sell the liquor in question (a half pint of whiskey which was produced in court). Witness then went after the clerk Mr. Litch as he wanted the case settled out of court as he did not want to get mixed up with a rum case. Mr. Montgomery said that for witness' sake he would not prosecute the case if they admitted they sold on Sunday.

Stuart Phillips, of 78 West Sixth street, testified that during last July he went to see his daughter, who lived on Bridge street, on a Sunday. She was quite sick and requested him to get her some gin. He had no prescription and told her he could not get it. She insisted that she must have it, being very sick, and finally he went into Morris' and bought it, as he supposed it was gin. He did not taste it. He told his daughter, Lizzie D. Phillips, she told Mr. Graves' wife, she told her husband, he told Mr. Montgomery; the latter went to see him, and the case was brought.

Edward Davis testified that he did not know Mr. Morris. He had been in his place though and drank soda. Didn't know that he ever drank whiskey in there. Never called for whiskey in there and did not know whether or not he ever got it.

This was the government's case. There were other men summoned by the government, though they were not called.

No defence was put in and Judge Hadley ruled that a casual sale did not constitute a nuisance and therefore found them not guilty.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles L. Rogers is on a trip to New York and Norfolk.

There is a charming St. Patrick's day story on the fifth page. Be sure and read it.

The Daughters of Liberty and the O. U. A. M. have presented Joseph W. Stiles, Jr., with a tool chest.

The only intention recorded at the city clerk's office today is: Benjamin J. Ball, 21, to Carrie Calan, 22.

Mayor Pickman, it is said, is objecting to the presence of lithographs in the windows of the old city hall building.

Mrs. Dudley, Miss Abbey Smith, Miss Montplaisir and Miss Braim of the Bon Marche have returned from New York.

Dudley Foster, who is 80 years old and at present is town clerk and treasurer of Billerica, is a candidate for reelection.

L'Association Catholique whist team, Barnette and Choquette, defeated the Manhattan team, Donahoe and Crotty, Thursday night 40 to 37.

A break occurred at Lyon's store on Agawam street, early this week, and 100 pounds of tobacco, 40 or 50 pounds of sugar and other articles were stolen.

The sum of money lost at the corner of Central and Middlesex street's belongs to a hard workingman who needs it. If the finder will return it to THE SUN office he will be rewarded.

The board of health report for this week shows: Total deaths, 33; deaths under five, 12. Infectious disease reported were: Typhoid fever, 10; scarlet fever, 8, diphtheria, 1; measles, 1.

Joe Flaherty has received a letter from the Charlesbank Athletic club offering him $200 to meet Tom Kayaney. He thinks that another cipher should have been added. Two hundred dollars seems a very small amount for a fight between these two men.

Mr. E. P. Sanborn of Royal street entertained the Dirigo Whist club at his home, Thursday evening. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. E. F. Smith and Mrs. Gilman, Mr. E. P. Sanborn won the gentleman's prize and the consolation prize went to Miss M. I. Shirley.

A. C. Russell, ex-Governor Weston of New Hampshire, Abner S. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Glidden of this city, of the Erie Telephone company, were in San Antonio, Texas, last Sunday, and were the guests of Hon. J. H. McLeary, who gave a dinner in their honor.

On Tuesday next, commencing promptly at half past 1 o'clock, the livery stock of J. J. Stanley, Valley street, Lawrence, is to be sold at public auction, without limit or reserve of any kind whatsoever. The sale will take place rain or shine, with J. E. Conant & Co., as auctioneers.

Next week will be holy week to be brought to a close by the glorious Easter. The custom of giving Easter cards and booklets is a charming one. Lawler, the fashionable stationer, has an especially fine line of both, as well as prayer books and hymnals. 79 Merrimack and 15 John streets.

Rev. Dr. Thomas was the speaker at the liberal conference in the Shattuck street church last evening. The subject of his remarks was "The culture of the love of God." The meeting closed with brief remarks by the pastor and Rev. F. O. Hull. The conference will close with a mass meeting at the Hurd street Universalist church tomorrow evening.

ERIN'S DAY

Lowell Irishmen Honor the Memory of St. Patrick.

HEAVEN SMILES UPON THE FITTING OBSERVANCE.

Immense Congregations in the Catholic Churches.

Today the Celt throws off all care and lives in the glory of Ireland's past and the sanguine hopes of her future. The exiles of Erin wherever they roam on this 17th day of March, the national holiday of Ireland, look around for a sprig of the trefoil that is emblematic of their country. Thousands of residents of this city receive the genuine shamrock from Ireland by mail and revive it by tender care. The day is replete with memories of the past and bright hopes of the future, and well may the Irish exile grow enthusiastic in the hope that one day the flag which now represents but the aspirations of an oppressed people, the hopes of a nation yearning to be free, will yet float proudly over an Irish parliament in College Green, and be truly the flag of a nation rather than the emblem of her hope.

Today the sons of Erin may well rejoice in the prospect that

Yet on her shores shall Young Liberty rally
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west shall yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

A Fine Parade.

At 8.30 o'clock the Young Catholic cadets headed by St. Patrick's Cadet band formed at the school hall on Suffolk street and marched down Market to Prescott street where the Hibernian Knights in full uniform and under command of John A. O'Hearn, Div. 8, A. O. H., and delegates of Divisions 1, 2, 11 and 28 A. O. H., were received. The line of march was then taken up to city hall. The sidewalks on both sides of Merrimack street were crowded with people. St. Patrick's band wore their new uniforms, and their playing called forth many complimentary remarks. The American flag was carried at the head of the column and by its side waved the green flag of Ireland. The cadets in their uniforms of blue and white, and carrying imitation rifles marched well and looked neat.

At the city hall the city government were received. Mayor Pickman and City Messenger Cahill headed the line of local statesmen. They were followed by Aldermen S. J. Johnson, C. R. Johnson and Dickinson, Supt. Whitcomb, President Sparks of the common council, Councilmen O'Connell, Robinson, Ryan, O'Connor, Gormley, Barclay, Noble, Lebarge, Roarke and Collins, and Assessor John P. Mahoney.

The city officials were assigned places in line and the column moved up Merrimack to Suffolk, to St. Patrick's church.

At the church yard the paraders were received by a detachment of cadets and the members of St. Patrick's Temperance society and the Holy Name society.

St. Patrick's Church.

As the procession filed into the church, the Cadets stood at "present arms". Mayor Pickman and the city officials occupied the seats nearest the altar. The church was crowded to the doors, just as it is every St. Patrick's day. The pupils of Notr' Dame and the parochial school were assigned seats in the transcepts.

City Clerk Dowd, E. F. Slattery, of the public reading room, T. P. Sullivan, of the auditor's office, and Clerk Wm. Reardon of the assessors' office, were present at the services.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the procession of acolytes, altar boys and priests filed from the vestry to the sanctuary, and the celebration of the solemn high mass commenced. Rev. John. J. Shaw of Chelmsford was celebrant, Rev. John J. Gilday of Woburn, deacon, and Rev. Richard S. Burke, sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Leonard was master of ceremonies.

Within the sanctuary sat the esteemed pastor, Rev. Michael O'Brien.

The choir was directed by Mr. E. F. Faulkner and rendered Hayden's 2nd mass. At the offertory, "Hibernia's Champion Saint" was sung, the solo parts being sustained by Miss Finn and Mr. C. F. Calnin. The hymn to St. Patrick, "Hail, Glorious Apostle," was rendered with great volume, at the conclusion of the mass. The soloists were Miss Finn, Miss Dunn, Miss Mack, Miss Faulkner, Miss Long and Mr. Calnin.

The panegyric, delivered by Rev. Fr. Gleason, was a masterly effort. He reviewed the life of Ireland's patron saint, and his discourse commanded the closest attention.

Immaculate Conception Church.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint was observed at the Immaculate Conception church with a solemn high mass at nine o'clock, at which Rev. Fr. Smith, O. M. I., was celebrant; Rev. Fr. Dacey, O. M. I., deacon; Rev. Fr. Burns, O. M. I., sub-deacon, and Mr. McQuade master of ceremonies. The sermon, an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick, was delivered by Rev. Fr. Joyce, O. M. I. The music by the choir was particularly fine, and was sung under the direction of Prof. Haggerty, Mrs. Haggerty presiding at the organ. The soloists were Mrs. Williams, Miss Ware, and Messrs. Murphy, McCaffrey and Martin. The attendance was large.

St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's church was crowded this morning when a solemn high mass was celebrated at nine o'clock. The celebrant was Rev Fr. McKenna, assisted by Rev. Fr. McManus, deacon, and Rev. Fr. McDonough, sub-deacon. The choir under the direction of T. F. Molloy rendered Weiner's mass. At the offertory, Mr. Molloy rendered the beautiful hymn, "Hibernia's Champion Saint" with fine effect. At the conclusion of the mass "Hail Glorious Apostle" was rendered by the full choir, the solos being sustained by Misses McLaughlin, Hinchey and Lee.

St. Michael's Church.

High mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock in St. Michael's church by Rev. Fr. Gilday, who also preached an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick. The full choir was in attendance and under the direction of John Warburton rendered the music of the mass. Mr. Henry Gilday presided at the organ.

City Treasurer Resigns.

City Treasurer Chadwick has his resignation already written out. It is addressed to the mayor, board of Aldermen and common council, and will probably be presented to Mayor Pickman today.

Fifteen Cents

Buys a jumbo cup and saucer, handsomely decorated, regular price 25c, or given with a pound of tea. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

LAWYERS AT VARIANCE.

MR. COWLEY HAS HIS INNINGS AT HIGH COURT.

Moved That Brethren-at-the-Bar Be Committed to Jail for Contempt—Arguments Pro and Con Heard by Judge Sheldon.

The case of Cheney vs. Cheney was resumed in the Superior court civil session yesterday. Timothy D. Kendall a former bookkeeper for the defendant identified several entries. At the noon adjournment the case was put over until Monday, and in the afternoon motions were heard.

The first concerned Waltham parties.

Then Dr. Thompson of Moxie fame, appeared for himself in the case of Moxie Nerve Food Co. vs. George P. Walker for damages for alleged infringement of trade mark. He said that he made a motion and Judge Dunbar sustained it, that the defendant should answer some questions asked by him. Out of 67 queries Walker answered about a dozen. No action was taken and Dr. Thompson was allowed to file an amended declaration.

Cowley-Donahue.

Then Lawyer Cowley started in with his motions. His first was that the case he had pending, entitled Cowley vs. Donahue, adm., be delayed because of the slanderous and malicious publication "procured by D. J. Donahue, the defendant, in a morning paper and its annex, of a report of a trial of a similar case, Cowley vs. Donahue, before Referee Atwood." He gave the court some clippings from the papers in question. This motion was overruled because Mr. Donahue proved that Mr. Cowley entered the case for trial after reading said articles.

Lawyer Cowley then made a motion that D. J. Donahue, B. D. O'Connell and John R. Martin, "journalist," be committed for contempt. He charged Mr. Donahue with aiding and procuring an alleged scandalous publication. Judge Sheldon will consider the motion.

The next motion he made was to have B. D. O'Connell committed to the common jail for contempt in refusing to comply with an order of Judge Dunbar ordering O'Connell to pay counsel fees and alimony to his wife pending her application for divorce. Mr. O'Connell testified that he was unable to pay as he had been sick and this together with the distress caused by his domestic troubles had divorced him from proper attention to his business. He testified further that he had no money to pay his alimony. It seems however that Mr. O'Connell has paid his wife $100 since the time she entered the suit. Mr. O'Connell was granted an indulgence of time. Judge Sheldon extending the limit, so the motion for his committal will fail if the counsel fees, alimony and arrears are paid within thirty days.

NAVY YARD LETTER.

What a Weaver Says About the Cause of the Strikers.

LOWELL, March 17th, '94.

Editor of THE SUN.

Dear Sir: I would like the space in your paper to say a few words on the situation at the Navy Yard. We have refrained from saying much on our side of the question. It is generally believed by people in Lowell that a job in the Navy Yard mills is a bonanza. I have worked in mills in all the New England states and the people in the Navy Yard have to work harder and to a greater disadvantage for their money than in any mill in which I have worked.

The spinners have to do more work here than in any other mill in the country; they have to carry all their own roping from the spare floor to their machines, put it up on the racks, strip their spools and carry their empty bobbins, and in one room they have to travel up and down a flight of stairs. In other mills they have men to do this for the spinners. The spoolers and winding girls were receiving $1 per day; they were cut 20 per cent., which leave them 80 cents a day. The finishing room girls were getting 75 cents per day are reduced to 60 cents per day. Now, if Mr. Fels or any one else can show me how those young women can live on these wages and lead an honest life I would like them to do so.

The picker house and dye hands have been reduced from $1.10 to 95 cents per day and many of the men have families to support.

The fringers and burlers, who have only been working about one-third time all winter, have been cut down shamefully. Shawls on which they received 12 cents for burling are reduced to 10 cents; those of 30 cents, reduced to 20; those of 35 cents, reduced to 20.

In the weaving department the loom fixers are reduced from $2 per day to $1.70, leaving them the poorest paid men for their work of any in the country. In Providence, R. I., after the reduction loom fixers receive $2.10 per day for sections of 17 looms; $2.15 for 18 looms; $2.20 for 20 looms. The fixers in the Navy Yard have sections of 16 looms at $1.70 per day. At the reduced price they are the poorest paid in the country.

The average pay for weavers on beavers in the Navy Yard for the two weeks ending Feb. 26th, after working 145 hours instead of 116 hours, or 58 hours per week, as the law calls for, was $10.07 per week; on spring cloaking for the same hours the average was $9.36; on the reduced price list the weavers will be paid less than weavers in other places. This I can prove by comparing the price list with the price list paid in other places, and which I am prepared to do when the state board of arbitration puts in an appearance.

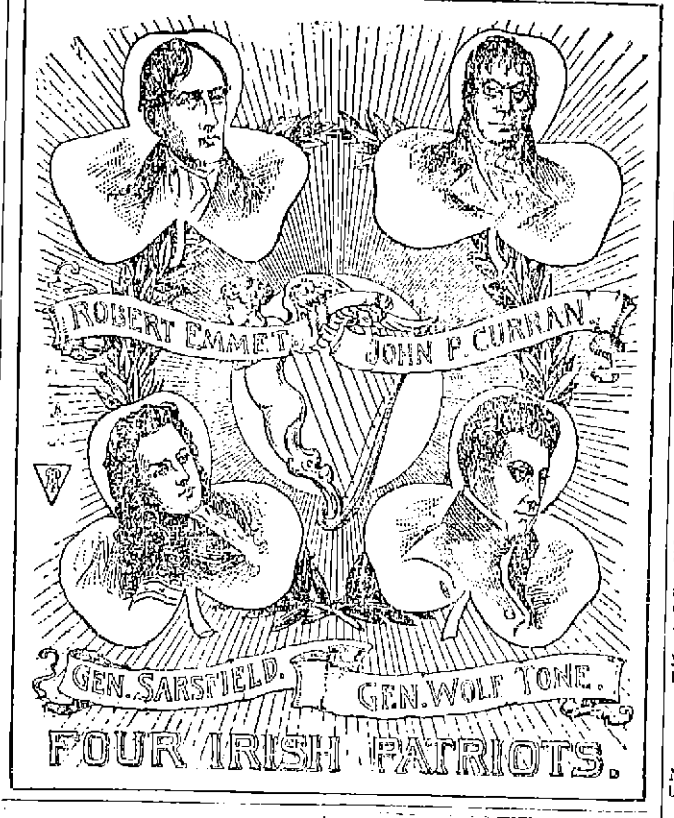
If the weavers and spinners accept the cut-down they would be required to work 14 hours per day all summer, or a further reduction would take place. The schedule time for the summer months as made out by Mr. Fels to go into effect April 1st, is start at 6.30 a. m.; 45 minutes for dinner; stop at 6.45 p. m.; half holiday on Saturday. These are nice hours to ask people to work during the heat of the summer days! These facts are given for the benefit of the public, so that they may judge whether we are justified or not in the action we have taken.

JAMES CRYAN.

Entries for Whist Tourney.

The following teams have entered in the whist tournament which commenced at L'Association Catholique last Wednesday evening: Charles Giroux and Adelarde Guimond, Emil Prevost and O. Page, A. A. Pelletier and J. T. Fontaine, E. Lanone and E. Trepanier, W. Barrette and J. Choquette, J. Fortier and A. Lefebvre, W. Cadorette and A. Lebrun, J. B. Ledoux and T. Caron, J. Deborne and F. J. Bousquet, Fred Eno and L. Flamand, J. L'Heureux and P. L. Benault, S. Rock and Amede Guimond, F. Rock and N. Benault, A. Choquette and unknown, Mr. Tremblay and J. Cote. Each team will play 14 games and the team scoring the greatest number of points will be awarded the prizes. Considerable interest is manifested in the games and lots of amusement is furnished those who watch the games each evening.

LOST—Sum of money Friday afternoon at the corner of Central and Middlesex streets. Finder please return to SUN office and be rewarded.



REV. DR. DANA

His Letter of Resignation Was Considered.

KIRK STREET CHURCH ACCEPTED IT BY BALLOT.

Margin Was Close After Interesting Debate.

The Kirk street church held its regular weekly meeting for prayer and praise service last night. The attendance was undoubtedly the largest for five years. The reason was that the church was called upon to take action on the letter of resignation of Rev. Dr. Dana, the pastor.

The devotional exercises were brief, the pastor conducting them. Afterwards he said it was not possible for him to act as moderator. He first read the following statement:

"I am glad to say that I had an interview this morning with Messrs. Pickering, Thompson and Adams, which was pervaded by a kind and conciliatory spirit and accomplished what no formal or official meeting could have effected. At this interview such explanations were made to me and such misstatements corrected as modified the appearance of unfriendliness or bitterness that seemed to be apparent heretofore, so that the action of the society's meeting appeared to me in a somewhat altered light. The facts this interview brought out were made known to me the first time yesterday by Mr. Pickering and repeated this morning, and they have so far altered the situation as to lift a great burden from my heart and to bring light where hitherto there has been only darkness. These facts were: (1.) That my proposition made to Messrs. Thompson and Pickering, Jan. 15, in the former's office was reported to the committee on appropriations at the annual society meeting, Jan. 16.; (2.) was not reported to the general meeting because Mr. Pickering did not feel like having the pastor of the Kirk street church put his hands in his own pocket and pay a deficit in its current expenses.

And now while the facts stated in my letter of resignation before you tonight remain unchanged this interview disclosed a more considerate and generous feeling towards me that has not been without effect on both mind and health.

On nomination Mr. George W. Bachelder became moderator, and took the chair and the pastor returned to a rear seat. The records of the last meeting were read.

Mr. Adams' Appeal.

The first motion made was by Mr. Charles E. Adams, and it was "that we, as members of the Kirk street church decline to accept the resignation of Rev. Dr. M. G. Dana as pastor of the church.

In support of his motion he said: We, as members of Kirk street church, have a duty to perform exceeding in importance any ever placed before the church, for upon our action depends the future welfare of the pastor and the efficiency as well as the usefulness of the religious society over which he now presides.

Although the matter before us concerns particularly the members of Kirk street church and society, yet in its consideration, it is gratifying to know that the manly course Rev. Dr. Dana has pursued relative to questions of a public nature, has won the admiration and respect of the citizens of Lowell, irrespective of creed, and that there seems to be a well defined sentiment throughout the city that this community should not be deprived of his valuable services.

The motion was heartily seconded by Henry M. Southworth, who said he hoped the resignation would not be accepted.

A Lively Discussion.

Mr. Samuel Sewell offered an amendment that the question be decided by ballot. J. Edward Gibson seconded the amendment.

Mr. Adams said the amendment was something unusual he thought, upon the part of a church organization where it is not provided in the rules for a ballot. He did not believe such a thing had occurred in 35 years at Kirk Street church. He did not believe in allowing it to be said that the church had sanctioned a secret ballot when a majority of the members had expressed themselves repeatedly as friendly to the pastor.

Deacon Philetus Burnham believed the vote a delicate matter, and many would not care to be placed in a position where their action might be seen.

W. W. Johnson wanted each person to write his or her name on the ballot. Deacon Burnham said the question at issue was not of the pastor or people, but of the church.

The chairman stated that the Congregational custom of voting was by show of hands. After further discussion it was voted to ballot, 47 to 18.

A long discussion followed on the question at issue, for the motion of Mr. Adams seemed misleading. As the result of a breezy discussion, in which several members became confused, the chair ruled that "yes" meant that the pastor should keep the pastor, and "no," let him go.

Against the Pastor.

The ballot resulted in 76 nos and 63 yes, and the chairman said the church had voted to accept the resignation of the pastor.

Then Dr. Dana rose and read a second statement, in which he quite sharply called to account and reminded the alleged mischief makers of the church who had been making inquiries as to whether or not he preached in Brooklyn, the first Sunday of this month. He said people had telephoned and telegraphed the Brooklyn Eagle to ascertain if he had preached in that city and how his sermon had been received, they had haunted the railroad depot, talked with trainmen and in other ways showed their inquisitiveness.

He said he had preached in Brooklyn and paid his own expenses.

The doctor left the meeting with the request that a committee be appointed to act with the pastor in dismissal. Charles E. Adams, Dr. S. L. Ward and Jacob Rogers were chosen. The meeting closed with prayer and benediction.

STANLEY'S BIG BREWERY.

FIRE SWEEPS IT OUT OF EXISTENCE EARLY TODAY.

General Alarm in Lawrence and the Loss Was $125,000—Origin of the Fire Unknown—An English Syndicate Had Control of the Plant.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. Shortly before 2 o'clock, while the night gang of workmen was engaged in rushing out a supply of bock beer, fire was discovered around a new boiler which had recently been put into the establishment.

An alarm was rung in at 1.55 a. m., and six minutes later a general alarm was sounded.

The flames spread rapidly, and before the engines could arrive the whole structure was involved.

The main building was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $125,000, covered by insurance for the same amount.

The structure was four stories high, and extended along Oxford street about 200 feet, with a depth of 75 feet. The fire consumed everything on the premises except the small outbuildings.

The brewery was owned by the New England Brewery company, the principal stockholders in which are the English syndicate which some time ago purchased a number of similar establishments in this section.

The brewery manufactured and sold large quantities of ale and beer, and employed a considerable force of workmen.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.—Ed. Rice's "Venus" with Camille D'Arville, Allan Mostyn and a lot of pretty girls and good songs pleased an appreciative audience last evening. Miss D'Arville's "When the girl that you love, loves you," was loudly encored.

The selection "As I perpet to the earth from the sky," took the house. Miss Johnson is as handsome as ever as "Venus," and her singing was excellent. Mr. Pruette as "Mars," sang well, and came in for considerable applause. La Ragaloneita and her two little sisters danced and posed in a delightful manner. "Venus" will be repeated this afternoon and evening, and should draw crowded houses.

PERSONAL.

Miss Wilkinson of Providence is the guest of Miss Harriet White of Gates street. Yesterday Miss Wilkinson and Miss White were guests at the Tufts' college assembly.

Miss Lizzie Phillips of Bridge street is seriously ill.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Patrick Shea took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon from his late home, 7 Clark street, and was very largely attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Chambre gives the closing Lenten lecture tomorrow night, subject, "Laud, archbishop and martyr."

Rev. G. H. Johnson preaches a sermon appropriate to Palm Sunday tomorrow.

DEATHS.

Jane Brady, died this morning at her home, 114 Lakeview avenue.

Mr. John R. Churchill of Chelmsford, formerly of Lowell, died at the home of Elbridge G. Nichols yesterday, aged 77 years. He leaves two sons, Ludlow D., of this city, and Dr. Churchill of New York, and a daughter, Mrs. Manning of Andover. Prayers at the house tomorrow at 2 p. m. The late Mrs. C. R. Johnson was a daughter of the deceased.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

LATEST

BOY SHOT.

ROBERT DEE KILLED BY COMPANION.

Shot With a Revolver and Dies a Few Minutes Later—The Affair Was Accidental.

Robert Dee, a pupil of the Highland school, was shot in the eye about 1 o'clock this afternoon by Benjamin Parson, a companion of his own age.

The Parson boy had a revolver and the Dee boy asked to see it, whereupon Parson pointed the revolver at him in fun and accidentally pulled the trigger.

The bullet lodged in the boy's brain. A doctor was called but could not save the boy's life. The victim was the only son of Henry Dee, foreman in Stower's shoe shop, and residing at 190 Wilder street. The accident occurred at the corner of West Adams and Wilder streets.

Parsons has carried a revolver for two years although a mere youth. He is employed in Pilling's shoe shop.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

Mrs. Joseph Marenu of Manchester, N. H., died of injuries inflicted by her husband.

Two verdicts against the Concord & Montreal railroad were set aside today.

Isaac Grouty & Co., the largest shoe manufacturers in the world, assigned today. They had a factory in Spencer, and offices in Boston and employed 15,000 hands.

A big fire is in progress in Gloucester. It is in the block owned by Thomas E. Ferguson four stories high. The department is fighting hard and several large buildings adjoining are threatened with destruction as THE SUN goes to press.

POLICE COURT.

Hadley, J.

Chief Davis prosecuted today.

Three drunks.

One Michael Fitzgerald received a sentence of six months in the state farm.

The continued case of Patrick Mead for breaking the glass on a frame containing pictures which was on an easel in the lobby of Music hall, a number of witnesses were examined, and their testimony was substantially that Mead, who had been going in and out of Music hall, getting a door check as is customary, asked admittance, finally refusing to give up his check. They allege he went down stairs and for spite turned the frame over so as to break the glass.

The defendant claimed that the affair was entirely accidental. He was fined $8 for drunkenness, and the charge of breaking glass was continued for sentence.

Lawrence Charlton, the man who stole cigars in large quantities from Simpson & Rowland, pleaded guilty.

Strike Not Settled.

LAWRENCE, March 17.—An effort was made yesterday afternoon to settle the Washington mill strike, the prime movers being Mayor Butler and Rev. J. T. O'Reilly.

They met at the Washington mills office, and with them were Treasurer Wood and Agent Chapin and the executive committee of the strikers.

The mill men would not concede, and after three hours the conference adjourned.

The strikers offered to leave the whole case in the hands of the state board of arbitration and to abide by the result, but to this the mill men would not agree.

Effect of the Reduction.

A striker at the Navy Yard mills says the reduction of the rent in mill tenements is not such a great boom to the operatives as it might be thought. There are only 25 mill tenements; 10, pay $3 a month; 10, $5 a month, and 4, between $5 and $6.50. The reduction in wages affects every operative.

Anything, the operative says, the reduction of the board affects only 8 or 10 operatives who board at the boarding house. They get 22 cents off each week.

Bid on Bonds Accepted.

The committee on finance met last evening. Nine bids were received for the $100,000 water board loan. The loan was awarded to R. L. Day & Co. of Boston at 106.216. The other bidders were: Third National bank, Boston, 106.55; E. H. Rollins & Sons, 105.815; W. H. Harris & Co., 104.19; Lowell & Co., 105.750; Blodgett, Merritt & Co., 105.91; Brewster, Cobb & Estes company, 104.55; Lee, Higginson & Co., 105.395; Blake, 105.07.

Once Arrested Here.

Charles C. Hildreth is under arrest in Boston for obtaining money under false pretences from Charles J. Todd of Walpole. Hildreth is the same man who served six months at Cambridge for swindling Cyrus Wexford of this city out of $75.

Sacred Heart Church.

High mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock, the panegyric on St. Patrick being delivered by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I. The choir, directed by Miss Adelaide Sullivan, rendered appropriate music in addition to that of the mass.

Court Lawrence Withdraws.

Court City of Lawrence A. O. F. has surprised the brethren in that city by voting to withdraw from the American court and join the parent body in England. The American order can stand the secession. Perhaps the membership is of an Anglo-Saxon tinge.

Margaret E. Buckley, aged 23 years, wife of Thomas Buckley, died last night at her home, 746 Lawrence street. The funeral will take place from the Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

Thomas Barnes, aged 60 years, died Thursday night at his home, 29 Floyd street.

Our Store Will Be Open Friday Nights Until Further Notice.

The hat manufacturer who makes hats for half the swell retail hatters of New York, makes for us also.

The New York retailer has the name in the hat and charges $5 for it. We sell the same Derby—without the name for $3. It's worth $2 for you to know this.

Same shapes in Black and Brown Derbys, of less costly materials, $1.69 and $2. Good Silk Hats, $5.

Very swell patterns in fancy shirts to be worn with white collars: Scotch Reps, English Oxfords and Madras Cloths. New neck fixings, such as should go with these shirts.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

FAST DAY ABOLISHED.

APRIL 19 WILL HENCEFORTH BE A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

Bill Passed the Enactment Stage in the Senate Yesterday Afternoon Without Opposition—Gov. Greenhalge Immediately Signed It With an Eagle's Quill.

Fast day is abolished.

The bill to abolish the day and substitute April 19 as a legal holiday was enacted in the senate just before adjournment yesterday afternoon. Senator Buckley of Holyoke had risen to make a motion to adjourn, when President Butler asked him to give way for a moment, as there was an important bill which he wished to put through the enactment stage.

The president then read the title of the Fast day bill, and it was passed to be enacted without dissent.

Executive Clerk Hamlin was waiting in the senate to take the bill to the governor for his signature.

Gov. Greenhalge signed the bill with an eagle's quill, furnished for the purpose by the Lexington Historical society. The quill will be returned to the society and placed on exhibition in its rooms.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART.

A Stroll Into a Studio Reveals Some New Ideas in Photography.

The elevator boy pulled the rope and in a few seconds I was landed on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building. With the curiosity of a reporter, finding the door of the photographer's studio opened, I stepped in to see if I could learn anything about the photographer's art. Inside I met Mr. W. J. Freeman, a gentleman with a very pleasing manner who, after knowing my business was pleased to show me the latest novelties of the camera. Mr. Freeman has bought the studio formerly occupied by W. H. Allen and judging from the samples of his work he is an artist of no mean ability. Mr. Freeman was formerly connected with Gines, one of the leading photographers of Boston, and originator of the famous "crayonette."

Among the newest things in photography is photographing on silk handkerchiefs.

Mr. Freeman showed samples of his work on silk, which he claims can be washed without injuring the photograph. The cabinette which he is making for $2.00 a dozen, is quite an idea; it is a trifle smaller than the old style cabinet and is gaining in popular favor. He has a nice selection of enameled enamels, Paris panels, diamonds, miguettes, pastels, oil paintings and crayon work.

Mr. Freeman invites all the ladies to come up to his studio and see his fine work. Tell the elevator boy to let you off on the fifth floor of the Hildreth building, at Freeman's, the photographer.

The Best Known Man in Town.

Is there any one in town who does not know Bob Adams? He's the king butcher, and can handle a cleaver and knife with the best men in the country. Not only can he cut up beef but he slaughters prices in such a taking way that the people all catch on and trade at his store. He is now in the White Meat market, corner of John and Lee streets. His competitors grow but Bob smiles and is happy. Some day he will be popular enough on his reputation for cutting steaks to run for mayor. Call tonight and get your Sunday dinner.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

--- TODAY ---

We open our usual beautiful and artistic line of

Easter Cards and Easter Booklets.

Appropriate also to the occasion you will find a full line of Episcopal and Catholic Prayer Books and Hymnals—new editions. Beautiful pictures mounted on glass at greatly reduced prices. All the new things in fine stationery. Books at Boston discounts.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. Telephone 373-4

THE MODERN MILITIA.

Why Is It Kept Up, by Whom and For What Purpose?

How the Principal Embodied In the Constitution Has Been Perverted—"These Troublous Times" Necessitate a Well Equipped Soldiery.

The First Illinois regiment is, as will be remembered, at present homeless. It was proud of its new castlelike armory a year or so ago, but the boys lost it—not in battle, while bravely defending it, but by a mere accidental combination of the elements, where in the struggle not they, but the fire laddies, reaped the glory.

It is sad indeed that these fair young men, accustomed to luxuries and laudations, have not where to lay their arms, and the pathos of the situation seems to appeal strongly to a certain class. A stirring appeal is being addressed to wealthy business men in the city. I read one of these letters not long since which had been sent to a merchant not so interested in the matter as to hold the communication sacred. It touchingly alluded to the homelessness of the First regiment, called attention to the necessity "in these troublous times" of having a well equipped militia ready at hand for any emergency and asking that any sum from $25 up be donated for the purpose of building a new armory. In this instance the plea was not successful, but there is ample proof that most of the appeals were well responded to. The Times of Feb. 12 contains the following:

> The heavy contributions made by such corporations as the North and South Chicago Street railway corporations toward the rebuilding of the First regiment's mediæval fort, which frowns over Michigan boulevard, giving the lie to our civilization, will not tend to popularize that organization among the people. The militia, if it is to exist at all, should exist without obligations to corporations.

The editorial item sounds sensible except that by inference something is supposed that never could be true. Is it possible that an armed class can exist at all unless it be by "obligations to corporations?" Why should any one expect the militia to be "popular among the people?" And, when we come to think of it, what business has a frowning fort, filled to the roof with murderous implements, manned by trained soldiers, in the midst of a "civilized" community?

For the militia of today is not what was intended at the foundation of this country. The second amendment of the constitution reads thus:

> A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

This provision for security looks to defense against enemies from the outside, possible attacks from foreign foes, Indians, Mexicans and other hostile invaders. It is the only possible excuse for the existence of a state militia, for as the state is but a government of the people by the people it is absurd to suppose they would set up a killing institution that might at any time be turned upon themselves.

In the earlier days of this nation the border states were by no means secure from invasion. It was considered necessary to the public safety that all men should be prepared to protect themselves and their homes, and their right to bear arms was secured to them in the constitution. But all the ablebodied citizens of a state comprised its militia. Every man drilled. There were regular training days, which were also holidays for all the people. The right of the people to keep and bear arms was not to be infringed, and they were all on an equal footing. The militiamen were at the same time producers, tradesmen, citizens. There was never a thought that some would turn against the others or that any occasion could arise which should make foemen and defenders out of the same body.

But as business grew and the system of privilege and monopoly thrived artificial inequalities, such as enormous aggregations of wealth, powerful corporations and consequent poverty, became factors in society. The rich found it would no longer do to trust to all the people for security. A nation of equally armed and drilled people is dangerous material out of which to make drudges and victims. Slaves and paupers do not fit in well with a populace armed and ready for defense. Enormous fortunes cannot be made without making slaves and paupers. So the argument was advanced that all the people could not give their time and attention to purposes of defense, and it was urged that a class be set apart and trained with that object, leaving the others free to pursue their callings undisturbed. The argument prevailed. The people's right to keep and bear arms was infringed. They have been disarmed and an armed class set over them.

There is no longer scarcely a pretense that a militia is kept for the purpose of resisting outside invasion. Perhaps a few old fashioned patriots still thoughtlessly believe that the militia would protect them or any ordinary citizen who needed protection. But almost every one who thinks about it at all knows that it exists but for one purpose. The facts that rich corporations are especially generous and anxiously considerate toward this class; that only upon rich men do the officers urge their claims for a well armed, well housed soldiery; that it is times like these, when a vast number of workingmen are unemployed, that the necessity for a perfect body of militia is most zealously urged, go to prove why the armed soldiers are kept, who needs their services and what enemy is feared.

A community in which justice prevailed, where the only inequalities were those resulting from natural differences in physical and mental ability, with no possible outside enemy in sight, could not find a use for an established armed class for expensive "frowning castles" and improved artillery. It is only when a privileged class grown wrongfully rich by unjust methods begins to confront the ghastly consequences of their work in the great, hungry, idle, desperate hordes about them that the need of a strong militia is so earnestly felt.

There is no enemy in sight except the workingman. He has been driven from his rightful heritage—the land. He has been rent ridden, interest ridden, profit ridden until he can no longer consume and therefore has no chance to produce. He is idle, destitute, homeless. He drifts about, patiently as yet, in crowds. Organized in trades unions, he is feared and warned off by legal enactments and the lash of starvation; unorganized, he is feared as a mob and threatened with militia. It is conscience stricken fear that is strengthening regiments and building forts in the midst of peaceful homes. Free, busy, justly used citizens do not need them.

To the workingmen everywhere I would say: Do not mistake the reason for the existence of this armed body among you. Do not be cajoled into joining it for a little pomp and flattery. Do not allow your sons to become the trick dudes of a smartly dressed "company." Watch well the organization. Do your own organizing, convert the soldier boys if you can, but do not let them convert you, and remember it is to your degradation, not your glory, that in a free republic an armed class exists, ever ready to respond to the call of rich corporations. They were never known to be called out to protect the workingmen's interests.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Good Wages Mean Good Work.

If it be true that want is the parent of work, the converse is also true that comfort begets idleness. Adam Smith notes the complaint common in his day and our own—that workmen are discontented, are everywhere striving to improve their condition and to attain to a higher standard of food, clothing and housing.

But, so far from drawing the conclusion that this rise has diminished industry, he lays it down that higher wages mean a greater amount of work done. Not merely, he says, does better living increase the strength and efficiency of the laborer, but the prospect of yet higher earnings and a yet better position is the sharpest spur which can be applied to his energy.

When we pass to the present century, we find McCulloch and Senior attacking it as a popular error. Does experience, asks the former, show the Irish, the Poles and the Hindoos, whose wages are uniformly small, to be more industrious than the highly paid Englishman, Dutchman or American? The cost of production, says the latter, in France, where wages are low, is far greater than in England, where they are high, if you compare the same industry in the two countries, while the amount of capital required for the same amount of production is greater in France than in England, because more laborers are needed and larger buildings and more superintendence.

Wages in Ireland are a third only of wages in England, and the work done is in the same proportion. These conclusions are borne out in a striking manner by the experience of the late Mr. Brassey, who found, as a result of his manifold undertakings in all parts of the world, that the cost of unskilled labor at any rate was everywhere the same. The actual payments might be higher in one place than another, but what was saved in wages was lost in efficiency.—Edinburgh Review.

It Won't Hurt the Workingman.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing on the proposed income tax, expresses himself in this plain fashion:

How some people do squeal when one treads on their toes! They squeal more still when their pocketbook is tread upon. The workingmen, having nothing to lose, but much to gain by the projected income tax, have nothing to say against the measure. It is only the well to do that complain. No one need be at a loss now to discover the culprits. They are just foolish enough to tell the story themselves. The $500 a year men are safe. The taxgatherer will let them alone. He's only after the rat that's got the bait. Such lucky fellows ought to be compelled to deliver up a portion of that they never earned.

I would like to pay the income tax myself should the measure become a law. It would be far better than keeping a grocery store. If one retail grocer in a thousand pays that tax this year or next, I will buy him a new hat. We poor fellows have enough to do to keep square in this land of catch as catch can. When the great body of workingmen are cast down, I want it to be the lot of all. To make men think alike you must make them feel alike. No kind of labor, not even the worthless labor of a congressman, deserves $4,000 a year. A large manufacturer ought perhaps to have more to meet possible losses, and men of extraordinary skill, such as Edison, deserve as much or more, as they are the greatest benefactors to the race.

Do They Believe In God?

At the meeting recently held in Cooper Union, New York, Father Ducey of St Leo's church said: "When I see the pampered woman of fashion spending in frivolities many dollars through lack of which other women, as good if not better, are starving, I feel within me the thought, 'Do these women believe in a God?' The more I see of charity, the more I think of hypocrisy." Turning to the ministers on the platform, he said, "Do not hesitate to refuse the $5,000 gifts and the stained glass windows if you know they come from the men who live luxuriously upon the flesh and blood of their employees."

An English paper took a ballot on the subject of favorite names for boys and girls received 4,000 replies. A list of 31 boys and 33 girls' names was submitted, and the voting showed Harold and Dorothy to be the two most popular appellations.

OUR HORRIBLE CONDITION.

Something Must Be Done to Check the Downward Tendency So Powerful.

Another very striking fact which must impress every earnest man and woman who seriously studies this great question is found in the increasing downward pressure which bears upon the retreating battalion. Every step from the independent surroundings of those who are able to earn an honest living toward the ocean of hopeless existence known as the slums robs a man of some of his natural manly spirit and dignity, taking from him hope, which is God's torch in the soul, and brings his family into an environment which as a rule is more or less impregnated by moral contagion, whose deadly character increases as necessity presses the toiler nearer and nearer the precipice which marks the line between the poor strugglers and those who are in the depths of the social cellar.

We find that during recent years the slums of our great cities have season by season encroached upon the shelving rocks where honest poverty exists, and year by year those who have watched current events, with an eye single to truth and the happiness of the people, have noticed with mingled apprehension and horror the giving way of layer after layer of that treacherous boundary which marks the precipice between hope and despair, between honest, self respecting industry and hopeless, abandoned want.

The slums—the great nurseries of vice, crime and immorality, as they are the reservoirs of filth—are today many times more populous and menacing to society than ever before. The problem of uninvited poverty, the very existence of which was denied half a decade ago by easy going conservatism, and which a little later was sneered at as of little moment, has during the past three years grown to such commanding proportions that now it is one of the most alarming and momentous issues confronting our civilization.

Only education, justice and freedom can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution—education, addressed to the conscience of both rich and poor, or the awakening of the divine in man; justice, which will be the flower of such an education, compelling the privileged class to yield what is right and just to those who have suffered, that all may enjoy equal opportunities to earn a livelihood, freedom, which the people never can know until the right to the crust of the earth is given to all God's children by the abolition of monopoly in land, with all that it implies; freedom, which furthermore demands that the country's highways of trade, the arterial system of the nation, be so controlled or regulated by the people that the millions of farmers, miners and fruitgrowers of west and south and the communities of other regions be not robbed of their earnings to pay dividends on stock which represents four parts water to one part true value, while the real wealth producer is yearly being pressed toward serfdom; freedom, which will be unknown until the greatest wealth producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments, ceases to become year by year more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten off the wealth earning peoples.—B. O. Flower in Arena.

Oh, the Misery and Despair!

Kaufmann hasn't had steady work for six months. He got little jobs for awhile, made a dollar or two in a week, but for the last four months he hasn't had a stitch to do. He hasn't earned a dollar. The man is almost crazy. The landlord's agent was around yesterday. Kaufmann begged and pleaded for a little more time.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the agent. "If it was me, I suppose I'd let you stay. But you see how it is. The landlord needs his money. He has to pay taxes and all that. He'd rather let the rooms stand empty than have people in here who don't pay any rent. The place runs down when you're here, and it wouldn't if it were empty. You'll have to get the rent somehow or other."

Then Kaufmann's heart sank within him, and his bosom was contracted with grief.

One of the neighbors tried to comfort him. "Don't get discouraged. Times are going to pick up."

"Yes, but how shall I get the money to pay my rent? We haven't a cent to buy food with. How can I pay rent?"

"Business will pick up pretty soon."

"For me, not. I'll be dead when it does. I can die but once, and why not die quick instead of dragging along?"

Then he started off on a run.

"Where are you going?" the neighbor called after him.

"To hell!" cried Kaufmann.

The neighbors think he will not kill himself. They expect he will make the same old weary round of the shops asking for a little job that will give him something to eat.—New York World.

Paris Labor Exchange.

It is long since there has been any mention of the Labor Exchange in Paris, which M. Dupuy, president of the council, closed, thanks to the support of 30,000 troops, either armed with good rifles or mounted on good horses. A workingman deputy, M. Faberot, has now asked M. Raynal, minister of the interior, and M. Casimir-Perier, president of the council, why the closing of the building was still maintained.

The reply of the government was that a scheme for the regulation of all labor exchanges in France has been submitted to the council of state, and that when it is finally completed the Labor Exchange in Paris may be reopened. The new regulations will impose upon all trades unions the obligation of conforming to the regulations in force in regard to professional syndicates.

Whether the workingmen's associations will submit to the law or follow the counsels of agitators who advise them to the contrary remains to be seen. —Paris Herald.

The Last Was First.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New Pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name?

Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward. —Brooklyn Life.

PRACTICAL "HOWS.

USEFUL HINTS IN GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

How to Remove Stains on Marble—Why a Cap Is Symbolic of Liberty—How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Most countries owe their importance to the fact that they produce something that mankind uses in one way or another. Study the productions, at least the most important ones, and also give the reasons why certain countries have certain productions and not others. This will bring in matters of temperature, rainfall, elevation, latitude, nature of soil, etc., and the children will see why they are required to learn these facts, and they will seem realities.

Find out what other countries have the same productions, and which produce the greater amount, with causes, etc. Many of the teachers would astonish their pupils by asking them why the United States produces large quantities of corn, while England produces none, or why the coasts of Mexico have productions different from the inland regions, or why Russia is anxious to get control of Constantinople, etc.

But the use of a country does not depend alone upon what it can produce. It also depends upon its advantages for sending away what is not used at home, and also for getting the products of other countries which it does not have. The study of this question will involve the proximity of a country to the seacoast, its navigable rivers, railroads, canals, etc., thus bringing out the vital points and showing their importance. The pupils are thus learning the facts as means to an end, and not as a large assortment of dry, disconnected ends. Ask them if they would rather live in Mexico than England, and why? Always why? Interesting and animated debates may often be carried on in this way.

How to Remove Stains From Marble.

Marble is a very difficult article to clean if the stain has sunk into the stone. Slight stains may be removed with a pumice stone or with vigorous scrubbing. Greasy stains are best removed with a paste of fuller's earth applied in the same way it is to wall paper. Stains of ink on marble may be removed by hydrochloric acid, which is a powerful poison, and must be washed off with water almost as soon as it is applied to prevent its eating into the stone.

Why a Cap Is Symbolical of Liberty.

The right of covering the head was in early times a mark of liberty, slaves only going bareheaded. When a slave was given his freedom, it was customary for his late master to place on his head a small red cloth cap, called pileus. When this had been done, he was termed libertinus (a freedman), and his name was registered in the city tribes. In 263 B. C., Saturnius, on taking possession of the capital, hoisted a cap on the top of his spear to indicate that all slaves who joined his standard should be free. Marius used the same symbol when he incited the slaves against Sylla. When Cæsar was murdered, the conspirators marched forth with a cap on a spear as a token of liberty. The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine mount was represented as holding in her hand a cap. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap. In England a blue cap bordered in white, with the word liberty in gold, is a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and in our country the statue of Liberty always wears a cap.

How to Dispose of Duplicate Presents.

Some people who have a good many presents have a way of disposing of duplicate or generally inappropriate gifts. They put them carefully away in a drawer by themselves and consider this a depot of supplies to go to in an emergency when called upon to make a donation in return. The great care has to be that the donation does not go back to its original giver.

How to Rest.

To begin with, women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Standing about and sitting are not resting, however cleverly women may delude themselves on this point. Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest—relaxed. The middle aged woman should learn how to rest. Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so styled rest in an armchair or in that unreposeful tempter, the rocking chair. Some one has said to the women of today, "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best recipe for beauty I know of. I recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Do not use any so called russet polishes. They are all harmful. Simply rub off the shoes every morning with a damp cloth and then polish them briskly with a soft, dry brush. They will soon show a beautiful polish without any stickiness.

How to Make Cream of Macaroons.

A delicious sweet to offer at luncheon is made of whipped cream and macaroons. Use the rich cream that is of the proper consistency to whip well. Sweeten and whip until quite stiff. Get macaroons that have been kept about two days and roll them until they are finely crumbled, but not powdered. Stir enough of them with the whipped cream to give it a delicate brown color. This should be served heaped lightly in dainty cups, as, while it makes a most delectable compound, it is altogether too rich to be taken in any but the most moderate quantities.

How to Clean Willow.

Willow chairs require only soap and water, with good scrubbrush, to make them look like new. Let the soap be good, the water warm, and give a good rinsing to remove all traces of soap. Do not dry, but leave in the air until well drained, then remove to their place in the house.

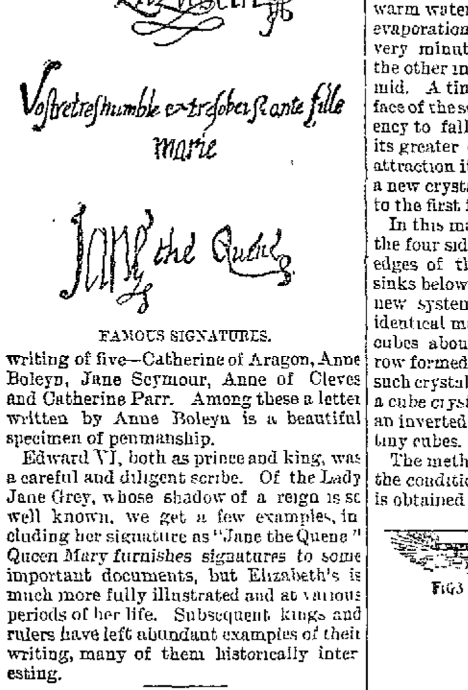
THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

EARLY HANDWRITING AND NOTED ROYAL SIGNATURES.

Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Grey—Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne

Whether the earlier English kings and princes could write or not is not always certain, but after the conquest 300 years elapsed before they left specimens of their caligraphy. A collection of facsimiles of these, with many explanatory details, has recently been made, from which it is learned that at the period just referred to names were appended to documents, but the writing is that of the scribes, and only attested by the sign of the cross, though even that was not always made with a pen and is often stamped. Of this kind we have examples reaching back to the conqueror and including kings, queens, bishops and nobles, but no royal handwriting is produced earlier than the latter part of the fourteenth century, the first being that of Edward, the Black Prince, in 1370, and the next that of Richard II, in 1386, after which royal writing becomes more frequent. There are letters by Henry IV, both in French and in English. The first sample of a woman's signature is that of Jaquetta of Luxemburg, wife of the Regent Bedford, to whom she was married in 1432.

The first English queen whose handwriting has been preserved is Elizabeth Wydeville, wife of Edward IV, but it is a signature only and dates from several years after Edward's death. With Henry VIII we enter upon a new era, for not only did he write much himself, but of Henry's half dozen wives we have examples of the hand



FAMOUS SIGNATURES.

writing of five—Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves and Catherine Parr. Among these a letter written by Anne Boleyn is a beautiful specimen of penmanship.

Edward VI, both as prince and king, was a careful and diligent scribe. Of the Lady Jane Grey, whose shadow of a reign is so well known, we get a few examples, including her signature as "Jane the Quene." Queen Mary furnishes signatures to some important documents, but Elizabeth's is much more fully illustrated and at various periods of her life. Subsequent kings and rulers have left abundant examples of their writing, many of them historically interesting.

A Curious Siamese Custom.

Among the curious customs observed in Siam and that still maintain to the present day, though modified in some cases through recent contact with western nations, the following may be of interest:

Men are often subjected to severe punishment for very trivial offenses, and the many modes adopted, though intensely painful and galling, are borne with apparently complete indifference. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the king to sentence two men to be chained together, who are then compelled to go about perhaps for years yoked in this manner, as no one dare release them without the king's permission, and of course he soons forgets the circumstance.

An instance of this character occurred not very long ago, when one of the prisoners died, and the other unfortunate wretch was seen dragging the body of his late companion about beside him, unable to escape from his horrible yoke. The European consuls, shocked by the sight, endeavored to obtain his immediate release, but during the delay occasioned by the absence of the king the poor fellow became insane and soon afterward died.

Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment, says The New England Magazine, than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National hall in the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The great singer suddenly turned her face toward the part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

At the Kimberley Diamond Mines.

The compound is a wide space within a great stockade about 12 feet high. Strong wire netting is fastened above, so that it looks like a monstrous aviary. Here the natives who work in the mines live to the number of I am afraid to say how many hundreds. They engage to work in the mine for a term of months, agreeing to remain prisoners for that period. They sleep in sheds round the compound, have shops where they can buy what they choose and dens where they smoke a sort of narcotic plant, in its effects not unlike Indian hemp. All these precautions are taken to prevent the diamonds from being stolen. But for the wire the men would throw the stones over the stockade. As it is, they contrive to steal some. The difficulty is to get their spoil out of the compound. A day or two before their time expires they are carefully searched.

He Remembered.

Public Library Official (tearing up card) —What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago!

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squirt with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

How English Is Spreading.

Friend—So you think English will become the universal language?

Philosopher—Unquestionably. There are already in it 250,000 words, mostly from other languages, and it won't take long to add the rest.—New York Weekly.

Their Need.

A bookman superintending readers in the British museum told a visitor something that suits all libraries—"Don't give books too much 'eat, and give 'em plenty of hair, and they'll be all right."—Lynn Item.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

AN ARTICLE OF VALUE FROM REMOTE TIMES.

Crystalline of Salt—About Licorice—Varnish From Linseed Oil.

When man first learned the value of salt is not known. From time most remote, prompted by an irresistible call of nature, he has been incited to search for it. The savage recognized the value of salt. A black king's wealth was estimated in accord with his possession of salt and ivory. The first whites to cross the dark continent established a significant salt trade. In the capitals of Hindustan, stamped in the shape

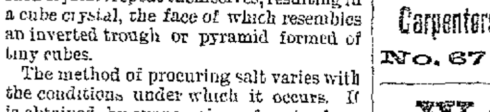


FIG 1. FIG 2.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

of cakes, it passed for money. To both man and beast it is invaluable. Without exception, it is the most indispensable of all seasonings.

"Bread is the staff of life," but without salt it could hardly be eaten. Indeed, vegetables, meat, bread and butter are almost tasteless without salt. Even water, nature's drink, contains this essential ingredient. It is necessary to the proper conduction of digestion, supplying hydrochloric acid for the gastric juice and soda for the bile and pancreatic fluid. The healthy condition of the higher animals, especially cattle and horses, demands a quantity of salt. Instinctively the dumb creatures seem to know this, as is demonstrated in their intense liking for it. In connection with the manufacture of chemicals and in mining pursuits it is of vast importance.

Sodium forms with chlorine but a single combination (NaCl)—that is, common salt. It is a little less soluble in cold than in warm water. When crystallization sets in, evaporation is very rapid. The crystals are very minute. Ordinarily one builds upon the other in the form of an inverted pyramid. A tiny cube crystal forms on the surface of the solution. The crystal has a tendency to fall below the surface because of its greater density, but owing to capillary attraction it remains near the surface. Soon a new crystal develops and attaches itself to the first form.

In this manner a little crystal on each of the four sides forms a row about the upper edges of the first cube. This formation sinks below the surface of the liquid, and a new system of crystals groups itself in identical manner, forming another row of cubes about the upper edges of the first row formed. Similar buildings of rows of such crystals repeat themselves, resulting in a cube crystal, the face of which resembles an inverted trough or pyramid formed of tiny cubes.

The method of procuring salt varies with the conditions under which it occurs. It is obtained by evaporation of water from

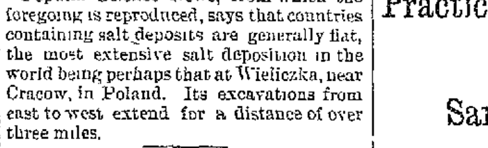


FIG 3. FIG 4.

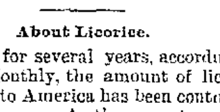


FIG 5.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

the ocean and of interior saline lakes, from evaporation of water rising naturally in brine springs or obtained by boring, and by mining it in its solid state from the earth—rock salt. In numerous localities it exists in beds thousands of feet in thickness. As it is found in solid form, it is, as a rule, associated with earthy impurities—clay, sandstone and gypsum.

Popular Science News, from which the foregoing is reproduced, says that countries containing salt deposits are generally flat, the most extensive salt deposition in the world being perhaps that at Wieliczka, near Cracow, in Poland. Its excavations from east to west extend for a distance of over three miles.

About Licorice.

Annually for several years, according to Meehan's Monthly, the amount of licorice imported into America has been continually on the increase. At the present time the importation is simply enormous. As there are no doubt portions of the United States in which this plant would grow to perfection, it is remarkable that few or possibly no attempts have been made to cultivate it. Nearly all that we have now comes from various parts of Greece. The roots run somewhat deep into the ground, and the dislike of our people is the hard digging. After digging the roots they have to be dried somewhat, and the juice is obtained by heavy pressure. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are produced in Greece alone annually. The botanical name of licorice is Glycyrrhiza glabra.

Varnish From Linseed Oil.

A German is reported to have taken out a patent for producing varnish from linseed oil by means of an electric current. The oil, after being purified in a proper manner, is thoroughly mixed and agitated with sulphuric acid and water and subjected to the action of an electric current for two or three hours, so that the oxygen produced in the nascent state by the passage of the current converts the oil into varnish. The varnish so produced is said to be almost colorless and perfectly free from all mineral or metallic admixtures or impurities.

Predicting the Weather by Photographs.

Dr. Zergler, a foreign scientist, is of the opinion that it will be possible to predict the weather by means of photographs of the sun far more accurately than by a study of the barometer. Circular or elliptical halos round the orb of day indicate violent storms, especially if the halos are dark in tint or of a large diameter. Lightning and magnetic disturbances may also be expected from these signs.

Solid Air.

Solid air may be mentioned as Professor Dewar's last wonderful achievement, says The Industrial World. An empty tube was placed inside another full of liquid oxygen, the latter was boiled off under a high vacuum, and the intense cold produced by the evaporation brought down the air in the empty tube first in a liquid and eventually in a solid or icy form.

To Take Ink Spots Out of Carpet.

Pour sweet milk on the spot. Scrape with a silver spoon and dip it up. Then pour on more milk and repeat until the milk is very little colored. Wash thoroughly with warm soapsuds, rinsing well to take out the milk. If this is done immediately after the ink is spilled, it comes out easily. If dry, let the milk remain on the spot a short time before scraping.

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THE MODERN MILITIA.

Why Is It Kept Up, by Whom and For What Purpose?

How the Principal Embodied In the Constitution Has Been Perverted—"These Troublous Times" Necessitate a Well Equipped Soldiery.

The First Illinois regiment is, as will be remembered, at present homeless. It was proud of its new castlelike armory a year or so ago, but the boys lost it—not in battle, while bravely defending it, but by a mere accidental combination of the elements, where in the struggle not they, but the fire laddies, reaped the glory.

It is sad indeed that those fair young men, accustomed to luxuries and laudations, have not where to lay their arms, and the pathos of the situation seems to appeal strongly to a certain class. A stirring appeal is being addressed to wealthy business men in the city. I read one of these letters not long since which had been sent to a merchant not so interested in the matter as to hold the communication sacred. It touchingly alluded to the homelessness of the First regiment, called attention to the necessity "in these troublous times" of having a well equipped militia ready at hand for any emergency and asking that any sum from $25 up be donated for the purpose of building a new armory. In this instance the plea was not successful, but there is ample proof that most of the appeals were well responded to. The Times of Feb. 18 contains the following:

The heavy contributions made by such corporations as the North and South Chicago Street railway corporations toward the rebuilding of the First regiment's mediæval fort, which frowns over Michigan boulevard, giving the lie to our civilization, will not tend to popularize that organization among the people. The militia, if it is to exist at all, should exist without obligations to corporations.

The editorial item sounds sensible except that by inference something is supposed that never could be true. Is it possible that an armed class can exist at all unless it be by "obligations to corporations?" Why should any one expect the militia to be "popular among the people?" And, when we come to think of it, what business has a frowning fort, filled to the roof with murderous implements, manned by trained soldiers, in the midst of a "civilized" community?

For the militia of today is not what was intended at the foundation of this country. The second amendment of the constitution reads thus:

A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

This provision for security looks to defense against enemies from the outside, possible attacks from foreign foes, Indians, Mexicans and other hostile invaders. It is the only possible excuse for the existence of a state militia, for as the state is but a government of the people by the people it is absurd to suppose they would set up a killing institution that might at any time be turned upon themselves.

In the earlier days of this nation the border states were by no means secure from invasion. It was considered necessary to the public safety that all men should be prepared to protect themselves and their homes, and their right to bear arms was secured to them in the constitution. But all the ablebodied citizens of a state comprised its militia. Every man drilled. There were regular training days, which were also holidays for all the people. The right of the people to keep and bear arms was not to be infringed, and they were all on an equal footing. The militiamen were at the same time producers, tradesmen, citizens. There was never a thought that some would turn against the others or that any occasion could arise which should make foemen and defenders out of the same body.

But as business grew and the system of privilege and monopoly thrived artificial inequalities, such as enormous aggregations of wealth, powerful corporations and consequent poverty, became factors in society. The rich found it would no longer do to trust to all the people for security. A nation of equally armed and drilled people is dangerous material out of which to make drudges and victims. Slaves and paupers do not fit in well with a populace armed and ready for defense. Enormous fortunes cannot be made without making slaves and paupers. So the argument was advanced that all the people could not give their time and attention to purposes of defense, and it was urged that a class be set apart and trained with that object, leaving the others free to pursue their callings undisturbed. The argument prevailed. The people's right to keep and bear arms was infringed. They have been disarmed and an armed class set over them.

There is no longer scarcely a pretense that a militia is kept for the purpose of resisting outside invasion. Perhaps a few old fashioned patriots still thoughtlessly believe that the militia would protect them or any ordinary citizen who needed protection. But almost every one who thinks about it at all knows that it exists but for one purpose. The facts that rich corporations are especially generous and anxiously considerate toward this class; that only upon rich men do the officers urge their claims for a well armed, well horsed soldiery; that it is times like these, when a vast number of workingmen are unemployed, that the necessity for a perfect body of militia is most zealously urged, go to prove why the armed soldiers are kept, who needs their services and what enemy is feared.

A community in which justice prevailed, where the only inequalities were those resulting from natural differences in physical and mental ability, with no possible outside enemy in sight, could not find a use for an established armed class for expensive "frowning castles" and improved artillery. It is only when a privileged class grown wrongfully rich by unjust methods begins to confront the ghastly consequences of their work in the great, hungry, idle, desperate hordes about them that the need of a strong militia is so earnestly felt.

There is no enemy in sight except the workingman. He has been driven from his rightful heritage—the land. He has been rent ridden, interest ridden, profit ridden until he can no longer consume and therefore has no chance to produce. He is idle, destitute, homeless. He drifts about, patiently as yet, in crowds. Organized in trade unions, he is feared and warned off by legal enactments and the lash of starvation; unorganized, he is feared as a mob and threatened with militia. It is conscience stricken fear that is strengthening regiments and building forts in the midst of peaceful homes. Free, busy, justly used citizens do not need them.

To the workingmen everywhere I would say: Do not mistake the reason for the existence of this armed body among you. Do not be cajoled into joining it for a little pomp and flattery. Do not allow your sons to become the trick dudes of a smartly dressed "company." Watch well the organization. Do your own organizing, convert the soldier boys if you can, but do not let them convert you, and remember it is to your degradation, not your glory, that in a free republic an armed class exists, ever ready to respond to the call of rich corporations. They were never known to be called out to protect the workingmen's interests.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Good Wages Mean Good Work.

If it be true that want is the parent of work, the converse is also true that comfort begets idleness. Adam Smith notes the complaint common in his day and our own—that workmen are discontented, are everywhere stirring to improve their condition and to attain to a higher standard of food, clothing and housing.

But, so far from drawing the conclusion that this rise has diminished industry, he lays it down that higher wages mean a greater amount of work done. Not merely, he says, does better living increase the strength and efficiency of the laborer, but the prospect of yet higher earnings and a yet better position is the sharpest spur which can be applied to his energy.

When we pass to the present century, we find McCulloch and Senior attacking it as a popular error. Does experience, asks the former, show the Irish, the Poles and the Hindoos, whose wages are uniformly small, to be more industrious than the highly paid Englishman, Dutchman or American? The cost of production, says the latter, in France, where wages are low, is far greater than in England, where they are high. If you compare the same industry in the two countries, while the amount of capital required for the same amount of production is greater in France than in England, because more laborers are needed and larger buildings and more superintendence.

Wages in Ireland are a third only of wages in England, and the work done is in the same proportion. These conclusions are borne out in a striking manner by the experience of the late Mr. Brassey, who found, as a result of his manifold undertakings in all parts of the world, that the cost of unskilled labor at any rate was everywhere the same. The actual payments might be higher in one place than another, but what was saved in wages was lost in efficiency.—Edinburgh Review.

It Won't Hurt the Workingman.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing on the proposed income tax, expresses himself in this plain fashion:

How some people do squeal when one treads on their toes! They squeal more still when their pocket book is trend upon. The workingmen, having nothing to lose, but much to gain by the projected income tax, have nothing to say against the measure. It is only the well to do that complain. No one need be at a loss now to discover the culprits. They are just foolish enough to tell the story themselves. The $500 a year men are safe. The taxgatherer will let them alone. He's only after the rat that's got the bait. Such lucky fellows ought to be compelled to deliver up a portion of that they never earned.

I would like to pay the income tax myself should the measure become a law. It would be far better than keeping a grocery store. If one retail grocer in a thousand pays that tax this year or next, I will buy him a new hat. We poor fellows have enough to do to keep square in this land of catch as catch can. When the great body of workingmen are cast down, I want it to be the lot of all. To make men think alike you must make them feel alike. No kind of labor, not even the worthless labor of a congressman, deserves $4,000 a year. A large manufacturer ought perhaps to have more to meet possible losses, and men of extraordinary skill, such as Edison, deserve as much or more, as they are the greatest benefactors to the race.

Do They Believe In God?

At the meeting recently held in Cooper Union, New York, Father Ducey of St. Leo's church said: "When I see the pampered woman of fashion spending in frivolities many dollars through lack of which other women, as good if not better, are starving, I feel within me the thought, 'Do these women believe in a God?' The more I see of charity, the more I think of hypocrisy." Turning to the ministers on the platform, he said, "Do not hesitate to refuse the $5,000 gifts and the stained glass windows if you know they come from the men who live luxuriously upon the flesh and blood of their employees."

An English paper took a ballot on the subject of favorite names for boys and girls received 4,000 replies. A list of 30 boys and 30 girls' names was submitted, and the voting showed Harold and Dorothy to be the two most popular appellations.

OUR HORRIBLE CONDITION.

Something Must Be Done to Check the Downward Tendency So Powerful.

Another very striking fact which must impress every earnest man and woman who seriously studies this great question is found in the increasing downward pressure which bears upon the retreating battalion. Every step from the independent surroundings of those who are able to earn an honest living toward the ocean of hopeless existence known as the slums robs a man of some of his natural manly spirit and dignity, taking from him hope, which is God's torch in the soul, and brings his family into an environment which as a rule is more or less impregnated by moral contagion, whose deadly character increases as necessity presses the toiler nearer and nearer the precipice which marks the line between the poor strugglers and those who are in the depths of the social cellar.

We find that during recent years the slums of our great cities have season by season encroached upon the shelving rocks where honest poverty exists, and year by year those who have watched current events, with an eye single to truth and the happiness of the people, have noticed with mingled apprehension and horror the giving way of layer after layer of that treacherous boundary which marks the precipice between hope and despair, between honest, self respecting industry and hopeless, abandoned want.

The slums—the great nurseries of vice, crime and immorality, as they are the reservoirs of filth—are today many times more populous and menacing to society than ever before. The problem of uninvited poverty, the very existence of which was denied half a decade ago by easy going conservatism, and which a little later was sneered at as of little moment, has during the past three years grown to such commanding proportions that now it is one of the most alarming and momentous issues confronting our civilization.

Only education, justice and freedom can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution—education, addressed to the conscience of both rich and poor, or the awakening of the divine in man; justice, which will be the flower of such an education, compelling the privileged class to yield what is right and just to those who have suffered, that all may enjoy equal opportunities to earn a livelihood; freedom, which the people never can know until the right to the crust of the earth is given to all God's children by the abolition of monopoly in land, with all that it implies; freedom, which furthermore demands that the country's highways of trade, the arterial system of the nation, be so controlled or regulated by the people that the millions of farmers, miners and fruitgrowers of west and south and the communities of other regions be not robbed of their earnings to pay dividends on stock which represents four parts water to one part true value, while the real wealth producer is yearly being pressed toward serfdom; freedom, which will be unknown until the greatest wealth producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments, ceases to become year by year more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten all the wealth earning peoples.—B. O. Flower in Arena.

Oh, the Misery and Despair!

Kaufmann hasn't had steady work for six months. He got little jobs for awhile, made a dollar or two in a week, but for the last four months he hasn't had a stitch to do. He hasn't earned a dollar. The man is almost crazy. The landlord's agent was around yesterday. Kaufmann begged and pleaded for a little more time.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the agent. "If it was me, I suppose I'd let you stay. But you see how it is. The landlord needs his money. He has to pay taxes and all that. He'd rather let the rooms stand empty than have people in here who don't pay any rent. The place runs down when you're here, and it wouldn't if it were empty. You'll have to get the rent somehow or other."

Then Kaufmann's heart sank within him, and his bosom was contracted with grief.

One of the neighbors tried to comfort him. "Don't get discouraged. Times are going to pick up."

"Yes, but how shall I get the money to pay my rent? We haven't a cent to buy food with. How can I pay rent?"

"Business will pick up pretty soon."

"For me, not. I'll be dead when it does. I can die but once, and why not die quick instead of dragging along?"

Then he started off on a run.

"Where are you going?" the neighbor called after him.

"To hell!" cried Kaufmann.

The neighbors think he will not kill himself. They expect he will make the same old weary round of the shops asking for a little job that will give him something to eat.—New York World.

Paris Labor Exchange.

It is long since there has been any mention of the Labor Exchange in Paris, which M. Dupuy, president of the council, closed, thanks to the support of 30,000 troops, either armed with good rifles or mounted on good horses. A workingman deputy, M. Faberot, has now asked M. Ryzal, minister of the interior, and M. Casimir-Perier, president of the council, why the closing of the building was still maintained.

The reply of the government was that a scheme for the regulation of all labor exchanges in France has been submitted to the council of state, and that when it is finally completed the Labor Exchange in Paris may be reopened. The new regulations will impose upon all trades unions the obligation of conforming to the regulations in force in regard to professional syndicates.

Whether the workingmen's associations will submit to the law or follow the counsels of agitators who advise them to the contrary remains to be seen. —Paris Herald.

The Last Was First.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New Pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name?

Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward. —Brooklyn Life.

PRACTICAL HOWS.

USEFUL HINTS IN GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

How to Remove Stains on Marble—Why a Cap Is Symbolic of Liberty—How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Most countries owe their importance to the fact that they produce something that mankind uses in one way or another. Study the productions, at least the most important once, and also give the reasons why certain countries have certain productions and not others. This will bring in matters of temperature, rainfall, elevation, latitude, nature of soil, etc., and the children will see why they are required to learn these facts, and they will seem realities.

Find out what other countries have the same productions, and which produce the greater amount, with causes, etc. Many of the teachers would astonish their pupils by asking them why the United States produces large quantities of corn, while England produces none, or why the coasts of Mexico have productions different from the inland regions, or why Russia is anxious to get control of Constantinople, etc.

But the use of a country does not depend alone upon what it can produce. It also depends upon its advantages for sending away what is not used at home, and also for getting the products of other countries which it does not have. The study of this question will involve the proximity of a country to the seacoast, its navigable rivers, railroads, canals, etc., thus bringing out the vital points and showing their importance. The pupils are thus learning the facts as means to an end, and not as a large assortment of dry, disconnected ends. Ask them if they would rather live in Mexico than England, and why? Always why? Interesting and animated debates may often be carried on in this way.

How to Remove Stains From Marble.

Marble is a very difficult article to clean if the stain has sunk into the stone. Slight stains may be removed with a pumice stone or with vigorous scrubbing. Greasy stains are best removed with a paste of fuller's earth applied in the same way it is to wall paper. Stains of ink on marble may be removed by hydrochloric acid, which is a powerful poison, and must be washed off with water almost as soon as it is applied to prevent its eating into the stone.

Why a Cap Is Symbolical of Liberty.

The right of covering the head was in early times a mark of liberty, slaves only going bareheaded. When a slave was given his freedom, it was customary for his late master to place on his head a small red cloth cap, called pileus. When this had been done, he was termed libertinus (a freedman), and his name was registered in the city tribes. In 269 B. C., Saturnius, on taking possession of the capital, hoisted a cap on the top of his spear to indicate that all slaves who joined his standard should be free. Marius used the same symbol when he incited the slaves against Sylla. When Cæsar was murdered, the conspirators marched forth with a cap on a spear as a token of liberty. The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine mount was represented as holding in her hand a cap. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap. In England a blue cap bordered in white, with the word liberty in gold, is a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and in our country the statue of Liberty always wears a cap.

How to Dispose of Duplicate Presents.

Some people who have a good many presents have a way of disposing of duplicate or generally inappropriate gifts. They put them carefully away in a drawer by themselves and consider this a depot of supplies to go to in an emergency when called upon to make a donation in return. The great care has to be that the donation does not go back to its original giver.

How to Rest.

To begin with, women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Standing about and sitting are not resting, however cleverly women may delude themselves on this point. Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest—relaxed. The middle aged woman should learn how to rest. Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so styled rest in an armchair or in that unreposeful tempter, the rocking chair. Some one has said to the women of today, "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best recipe for beauty I know of. I recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

How to Preserve Russet Shoes.

Do not use any so called russet polishes. They are all harmful. Simply rub off the shoes every morning with a damp cloth and then polish them briskly with a soft, dry brush. They will soon show a beautiful polish without any stickiness.

How to Make Cream of Macaroons.

A delicious sweet to offer at luncheon is made of whipped cream and macaroons. Use the rich cream that is of the proper consistency to whip well. Sweeten and whip until quite stiff. Get macaroons that have been kept about two days and roll them until they are finely crumbled, but not powdered. Stir enough of them with the whipped cream to give it a delicate brown color. This should be served heaped lightly in dainty cups, as, while it makes a most delectable compound, it is altogether too rich to be taken in any but the most moderate quantities.

How to Clean Willow.

Willow chairs require only soap and water, with good scrubbrush, to make them look like new. Let the soap be good, the water warm, and give a good rinsing to remove all traces of soap. Do not dry, but leave in the air until well drained, then remove to their place in the house.

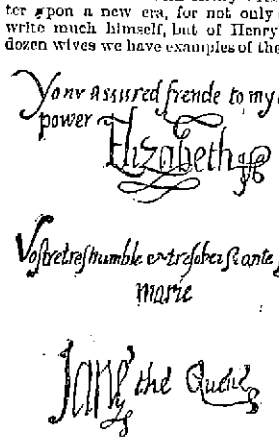
THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

EARLY HANDWRITING AND NOTED ROYAL SIGNATURES.

Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Grey—Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

Whether the earlier English kings and princes could write or not is not always certain, but after the conquest 300 years elapsed before they left specimens of their caligraphy. A collection of facsimiles of these, with many explanatory details, has recently been made, from which it is learned that at the period just referred to names were appended to documents, but the writing is that of the scribes, and only attested by the sign of the cross, though even that was not always made with a pen and is often stamped. Of this kind we have examples reaching back to the conqueror and including kings, queens, bishops and nobles, but no royal handwriting is produced earlier than the latter part of the fourteenth century, the first being that of Edward, the Black Prince, in 1370, and the next that of Richard II, in 1386, after which royal writing becomes more frequent. There are letters by Henry IV, both in French and in English. The first sample of a woman's signature is that of Jaquetta of Luxemburg, wife of the Regent Bedford, to whom she was married in 1422.

The first English queen whose handwriting has been preserved is Elizabeth Wydevile, wife of Edward IV, but it is a signature only and dates from several years after Edward's death. With Henry VIII we enter upon a new era, for not only did he write much himself, but of Henry's half dozen wives we have examples of the hand-



FAMOUS SIGNATURES.

writing of five—Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves and Catherine Parr. Among these a letter written by Anne Boleyn is a beautiful specimen of penmanship.

Edward VI, both as prince and king, was a careful and diligent scribe. Of the Lady Jane Grey, whose shadow of a reign is so well known, we get a few examples, including her signature as "Jane the Quene." Queen Mary furnishes signatures to some important documents, but Elizabeth's is much more fully illustrated and at various periods of her life. Subsequent kings and rulers have left abundant examples of their writing, many of them historically interesting.

A Curious Siamese Custom.

Among the curious customs observed in Siam and that still maintain to the present day, though modified in some cases through recent contact with western nations, the following may be of interest:

Men are often subjected to severe punishment for very trivial offenses, and the many modes adopted, though intensely painful and galling, are borne with apparently complete indifference. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the king to sentence two men to be chained together, who are then compelled to go about perhaps for years yoked in this manner, as no one dare release them without the king's permission, and of course he soons forgets the circumstance.

An instance of this character occurred not very long ago, when one of the prisoners died, and the other unfortunate wretch was seen dragging the body of his late companion about beside him, unable to escape from his horrible yoke. The European consuls, shocked by the sight, endeavored to obtain his immediate release, but during the delay occasioned by the absence of the king the poor fellow became insane and soon afterward died.

Jenny Lind's Tribute to Payne.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment, says The New England Magazine, than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National hall in the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The great singer suddenly turned her face toward the part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

At the Kimberley Diamond Mines.

The compound is a wide space within a great stockade about 12 feet high. Strong wire netting is fastened above, so that it looks like a monstrous aviary. Here the natives who work in the mines live to the number of I am afraid to say how many hundreds. They engage to work in the mine for a term of months, agreeing to remain prisoners for that period. They sleep in sheds round the compound, have shops where they can buy what they choose and dens where they smoke a sort of narcotic plant, in its effects not unlike Indian hemp. All these precautions are taken to prevent the diamonds from being stolen. But for the wire the men would throw the stones over the stockade. As it is, they contrive to steal some. The difficulty is to get their spoil out of the compound. A day or two before their time expires they are carefully searched.

He Remembered.

Public Library Official (tearing up card)—What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago!

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squirt with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

How English Is Spreading.

Friend—So you think English will become the universal language?

Philosopher—Unquestionably. There are already in it 250,000 words, mostly from other languages, and it won't take long to add the rest.—New York Weekly.

Their Need.

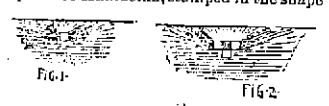
A bookman superintending readers in the British museum told a visitor something that suits all libraries—"Don't give books too much heat, and give 'em plenty of hair, and they'll be all right."—Lynn Item.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

AN ARTICLE OF VALUE FROM REMOTE TIMES.

Crystalline of Salt—About Licorice—Varnish From Linseed Oil.

When man first learned the value of salt is not known. From time most remote, prompted by an irresistible call of nature, he has been incited to search for it. The savage recognized the value of salt. A black king's wealth was estimated in accord with his possession of salt and ivory. The first whites to cross the dark continent established a significant salt trade. In the capitals of Hindustan, stamped in the shape



CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

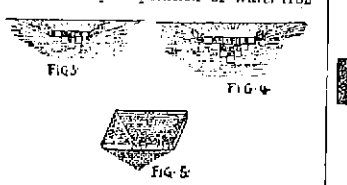
of cakes, it passed for money. To both man and beast it is invaluable. Without exception, it is the most indispensable of all seasonings.

"Bread is the staff of life," but without salt it could hardly be eaten. Indeed, vegetables, meat, bread and butter are almost tasteless without salt. Even water, nature's drink, contains this essential ingredient. It is necessary to the proper conduction of digestion, supplying hydrochloric acid for the gastric juice and soda for the bile and pancreatic fluid. The healthy condition of the higher animals, especially cattle and horses, demands a quantity of salt. Instinctively the dumb creatures seem to know this, as is demonstrated in their intense liking for it. In connection with the manufacture of chemicals and in mining pursuits it is of vast importance.

Sodium forms with chlorine but a single combination (NaCl)—that is, common salt. It is a little less soluble in cold than in warm water. When crystallization sets in, evaporation is very rapid. The crystals are very minute. Ordinarily one builds upon the other in the form of an inverted pyramid. A tiny cube crystal forms on the surface of the solution. The crystal has a tendency to fall below the surface because of its greater density, but owing to capillary attraction it remains near the surface. Soon a new crystal develops and attaches itself to the first form.

In this manner a little crystal on each of the four sides forms a row about the upper edges of the first cube. This formation sinks below the surface of the liquid, and a new system of crystals groups itself in identical manner, forming another row of cubes about the upper edges of the first row formed. Similar buildings of rows of such crystals repeat themselves, resulting in a cube crystal, the face of which resembles an inverted trough or pyramid formed of tiny cubes.

The method of procuring salt varies with the conditions under which it occurs. If is obtained by evaporation of water from



CRYSTALLIZATION OF SALT.

the ocean and of interior saline lakes, from evaporation of water rising naturally in brine springs or obtained by boring, and by mining it in its solid state from the earth—rock salt. In numerous localities it exists in beds thousands of feet in thickness. As it is found in solid form, it is, as a rule, associated with earthy impurities—clay, sandstone and gypsum.

Popular Science News, from which the foregoing is reproduced, says that countries containing salt deposits are generally flat, the most extensive salt deposition in the world being perhaps that at Wieliczka, near Cracow, in Poland. Its excavations from east to west extend for a distance of over three miles.

About Licorice.

Annually for several years, according to Meehan's Monthly, the amount of licorice imported into America has been continually on the increase. At the present time the importation is simply enormous. As there are no doubt portions of the United States in which this plant would grow to perfection, it is remarkable that few or possibly no attempts have been made to cultivate it. Nearly all that we have now comes from various parts of Greece. The roots run somewhat deep into the ground, and the dislike of our people is the hard digging. After digging the roots they have to be dried somewhat, and the juice is obtained by heavy pressure. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are produced in Greece alone annually. The botanical name of licorice is Glycyrrhiza glabra.

Varnish From Linseed Oil.

A German is reported to have taken out a patent for producing varnish from linseed oil by means of an electric current. The oil, after being purified in a proper manner, is thoroughly mixed and agitated with sulphuric acid and water and subjected to the action of an electric current for two or three hours, so that the oxygen produced in the nascent state by the passage of the current converts the oil into varnish. The varnish so produced is said to be almost colorless and perfectly free from all mineral or metallic admixtures or impurities.

Predicting the Weather by Photographs.

Dr. Zergler, a foreign scientist, is of the opinion that it will be possible to predict the weather by means of photographs of the sun far more accurately than by a study of the barometer. Circular or elliptical halos round the orb of day indicate violent storms, especially if the halos are dark in tint or of a large diameter. Lightning and magnetic disturbances may also be expected from these signs.

Solid Air.

Solid air may be mentioned as Professor Dewar's last wonderful achievement, says The Industrial World. An empty tube was placed inside another full of liquid oxygen, the latter was boiled off under a high vacuum, and the intense cold produced by the evaporation brought down the air in the empty tube first in a liquid and eventually in a solid or icy form.

To Take Ink Spots Out of Carpet.

Pour sweet milk on the spot. Scrape with a silver spoon and dip it up. Then pour on more milk and repeat until the milk is very little colored. Wash thoroughly with warm soapsuds, rinsing well to take out the milk. If this is done immediately after the ink is spilled, it comes out easily. If dry, let the milk remain on the spot a short time before scraping.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

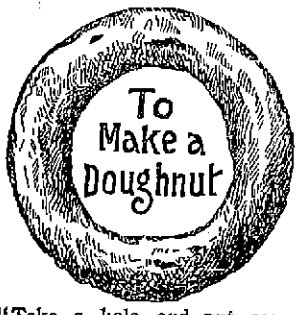
RIGHT PRICES

AT

Gardner's Music Store,

No. 46 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

Pianos—$40.00. A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.



"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With COTTOLENE in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare.

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers. Get the genuine. Made by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

CHICAGO,

224 State Street, Boston. Portland, Me.

Hart's Bakery.

It's specialty is French Bread, made by a new receipt. All kinds of Cake and Pastry. Hot Rolls daily at 5 p. m. Parties and Weddings supplied at short notice. Delivery to all parts of the city.

BAKERY,

Salem and Decatur Street Corner.

TRY HART'S BAKERY.

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Hardware, Cutlery, Glass and Putty, Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools.

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BAKERY,

553 GORHAM STREET,

Next Block to Heelon's Livery Stable.

Farrell & Conaton

55 DUTTON ST.,

Practical Plumbers

AND

Sanitary Engineers.

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest price.

LESTER'S

SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Evgs., 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS at 2 p. m. ; ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught to advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER,

Member National Association Masters of Dancing

Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.

The latest style is to use

B. & K.

CLEAR TONED

INTERIOR PAINTS

The delicate party colors of which harmonize with the newest shades of wall papers.

They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.

SOLD ONLY AT

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

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Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

19 CHURCH STREET.

BUSINESS

A Fresh Impetus in the Upward Direction.

SOUTHERN MILLS ARE REPORTED AS BUSY.

Indications of Spring Trade in the Provinces.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Bradstreet's today says: The unusual prolongation of mild spring-like weather during the early portion of March has greatly stimulated consumptive demand in almost all staple lines. Corroboration of this is found in almost unanimous reports of increased sales from six of the larger distributing points in the New England and middle states, where general trade has heretofore been reported barely steady.

More sales in general lines are reported from Boston, with special activity in lumber and building materials.

Providence manufacturers of cotton yarns report an improvement in the demand, and woolen mills in northern Rhode Island are starting up on heavy-weight cloths.

Philadelphia merchants report an improving outlook for dealings with the west and south and gains in sales of shoes. Increased distribution of woolens has been at a sacrifice in price.

At Pittsburg, Chicago and other iron centers, competition has further reduced prices for shaped as well as raw iron and steel.

The most striking evidence of improvement south is from Augusta, where all mills are running on full time, and the demand for cotton goods has increased, although improved crop prospects in Texas, tributary to Dallas, together with increased immigration, have stimulated sales as compared with February, and prices of real estate.

The stimulated demand for wholesale dry goods results in an oversale of ginghams, and prices are 1-4 cent higher, although it has taken concessions on some cotton goods to move them.

The Cereal Crops.

If to the government report of 114,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hand may be added 117,000,000 bushels of wheat out of farmers' hands, the resulting 231,000,000 bushels will supply food and seed for four months to come, a reserve on July 1, next, of 49,000,000 bushels, and, if required, 16,000,000 bushels a month for export, which is more than will be demanded.

Exports of wheat, flour, including both coasts of the United States and Canada this week, equal 3,238,000 bushels, against 2,851,000 bushels last week, 2,886,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 3,818,000 bushels in the week in 1892, and as compared with 2,733,000 bushels in the week in 1891.

Trade at Montreal is quiet and is expected to remain so until after navigation opens a few weeks hence. Jobbers report demand for groceries and shoes most active.

Halifax advices are that an early spring trade is indicated. At Toronto the business situation is featureless. The volume of bank clearings at Hamilton, Halifax, Montreal and Toronto is $17,649,000 this week, a fraction of 1 per cent less than in the week before and 11 per cent less than in the corresponding week a year ago.

Exports of produce are 40 per cent above and imports 38 per cent below last year's for the month thus far.

The Failures.

Failures for the first week of March were few, with liabilities thus far reported of only $2,025,838, of which $816,284 were of manufacturing and $1,161,270 of trading concerns. Owing to large deferred statements, received too late for use last week, the aggregate of liabilities for February has been raised to $17,895,670. The number of failures this week is 264 in the United States against 190 last year, and 55 in Canada against 30 last year.

The absence of important embarrassments is still most encouraging.

Alleged Violation of Charter.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 17.—A petition has been circulated asking the city council to order the removal of the tracks of the Newport Street Railway company in Bath road. The line carries summer excursionists to the beach. Claim is made that the company broke requirements of the charter in failing to run cars for 60 days. Summer residents are ready to fight the company, as property is much depreciated by the tracks.

Rules Too Strict.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Chaplain Atwood of the state prison has resigned on account of difficulties in discharging his duties in accordance with the strict rules of the institution, it is said. He took the position May 1, 1892, and gained some notoriety by burying a dead convict-veteran with part of the Grand Army service.

Trouble Expected.

COLORADO SPRINGS, March 17.—Sheriff Bowers is in charge of a posse at Cripple Creek to prevent interference by the strikers with the men who have gone to work in the mines. It is thought trouble will break out first on Bull Hill. The miners are well armed.

Failure of Prouty & Co.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The boot and shoe manufacturing firm of Isaac Prouty & Co. of Spencer, one of the biggest concern of its kind in the country, made an assignment yesterday. The factory employs 2000 hands.

Husband Caused Her Death.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 17.—Mrs Joseph Moreau is dead, as a result of the injuries inflicted by her husband last Monday night, when in a drunken rage. Moreau will be arraigned on the charge of manslaughter.

Grand Jury Will Take It Up.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 17.—The case of the death of Henrietta Jackson, who, it is alleged, died from the effects of inhaling gas prepared by students at Cornell college, will be brought before the grand jury next week.

The Panama Canal.

COLON, March 17.—President Nunez has received encouraging news in regard to the formation of a new company being organized for the resumption of the work on the Panama canal.

Death of Sister Rosina.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Sister M. Rosina, mother superior of the order of Sisters of Charity of the United States, died at Westchester of paralysis.

Industrial Army's Threat.

LOS ANGELES, March 17.—The industrial army has received fresh accessions. Acting Commander Gould asked the city council for free transportation for the army over the Santa Fe. The answer will be a refusal, and then the leaders say they will seize the railroad and operate it themselves.

OXFORD BOYS WIN

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DEFEATED IN A GREAT RACE.

Great Interest Manifested in the Result Throughout England—The Finish 21 Minutes Advance of Oxfords.

LONDON, March 17.—The greatest event in the English aquatic world—the race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs—took place today in the presence of a great crowd of people that lined both banks of the river Thames from Putney bridge to the "Ship" at Mortlake, the points at which the race begun and ended.

Oxford won the toss and chose the Surrey side of the river.

At 9:12 the pistol was fired for the start and the both crews started well together. Eight minutes later the Cambridge crew was pulling 42 strokes to the minute and the Oxfords 40.

On the soap works Oxford was in the lead. When the lead mills were reached Oxford had opened a gap of a length between themselves and the Cambridge crew.

At 9:25 Oxford still maintained the lead of a length and was gradually forging ahead. The crew pulled a magnificent and telling stroke, and it was evident that they were far superior to the Cambridge crew. Slowly but surely they forged ahead of their opponents, and when Hammersmith bridge was reached it was plainly evident that the Oxford crew would win.

The Oxford crew passed Throneycroft's four lengths in the lead, but here they eased off their stroke a little, and when the Devonshire meadows were reached they were only three lengths ahead.

Barnes' bridge was passed at 9:29, and when the Oxfords passed under it they were again four lengths in front.

The finish line at Mortlake was crossed by the Oxfords at 9:33. The unofficial time was 21 minutes. Cambridge did not gain on the Oxfords after Barnes' bridge was passed.

MELLO'S MOVEMENTS.

The Revolutionists Said to Be Organizing Land Forces.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 17.—President Peixoto insists on the surrender of Admiral da Gama and the other rebel officers who have taken refuge on board Portuguese vessels. The president declares that they will be tried by the ordinary tribunals.

The Portuguese admiral has refused to give up the officers who have sought refuge on board the Portuguese ships; but he has promised to refer the matter to the Portuguese government and to act in accordance with the instructions which he may receive from Lisbon.

The Portuguese steamer Ceida de Porto attempted to leave Rio de Janeiro with the insurgents on board; but she was stopped by Fort Santa Cruz, the officer in command of that post threatening to fire upon her if she did not put back.

Advices received from Rio Grande do Sul say that Admiral de Mello is actively engaged in organizing land forces. It is reported that De Mello has ordered the Aquidaban to attack some of the northern ports of Brazil. The rebel warship Republica is said to be repairing damages and recoaling at Paranagua. The torpedo boats under the command of Admiral de Mello are said to have assembled at the entrance of Santos.

GREED FOR GOLD

Was the Primary Cause of the Slaughter of the Wilson Party.

CAPE TOWN, March 17.—It has been ascertained that King Lobengula sent three messengers to the patrol sent out by Major Forbes, on Dec. 3, with a present of 1000 pounds sterling and a verbal message asking the patrol to stop, as he, the king, would surrender.

The king's messengers assert that they handed the gold to two men belonging to the imperial police, who formed a part of the rear guard. Suspicion has fallen upon two troopers named Wilson and Daniels, who have been arrested.

Commissioner Jameson will endeavor to obtain further information from the natives in regard to this transaction as the men who stole the 1000 pounds in gold were morally guilty of the murders of the Wilson party and of King Lobengula.

Gathering Evidence Against Shea.

TROY, N. Y., March 17.—At the inquest in the election murder the brother of the murdered man testified: "I saw Shea shoot twice at my brother, the first shot was apparently directed at the body, as Robert was a tall man. When my brother fell, Shea came up and lowered the revolver and fired into the head." Several witnesses testified to seeing Shea shoot Ross.

Sutherland Is Missing.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Kenneth F Sutherland was called for sentence in the supreme court yesterday. Sutherland did not respond. The explanation given by his counsel was that Sutherland was drunk. The impression is general that he will not return and face a year in jail, $500 fine and trial on three other indictments.

King's Movements Not Secret.

BRUSSELS, March 17.—There is no truth in the story saying that King Leopold had secretly left his country residence. King Leopold arrived at Montreux yesterday.

Big Fire at Mobile.

MOBILE, March 17.—Fire broke out last night in Lienkauf & Strauss' wholesale dry goods and notions building, and spread rapidly to other buildings, causing a loss of $200,000, perhaps more.

UNCLE SAM

Has Full Control of Pearl River Harbor.

SENATOR LODGE'S ASSERTIONS HAVE BEEN CORRECTED.

Our Country's Position Outlined by Senator Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Ex Senator Edmunds of Vermont, who is the author of the amendment to the Hawaii reciprocity treaty by which the United States acquired Pearl river harbor as a coal station, gave an interview on the rights of the United States to that station. He said:

"I am sorry to see that Senator Lodge appears from newspaper reports to be under the impression that the grant of Pearl river harbor by the Hawaiian government to the United States was limited only to seven years, during which Hawaiian sugar, etc., were to be introduced into the United States duty free. And I am surprised at what is reported to be the contention of President Dole to the same effect.

"I regret that proceedings of the senate in considering and ratifying the last convention with Hawaii have not been made public, but without violating any duty of confidence, I can say that the convention was agreed upon between Frelinghuysen and Carter, the Hawaiian minister, on Dec. 6, 1884, and soon afterwards sent to the senate for consideration.

An Explanatory Clause.

"The senate did not advise the ratification until Jan. 20, 1887. Evidently there was difficulty in the senate in respect of allowing further introduction of free sugar, and that at last, for some reason which I am not at liberty to state the detail of, the senate agreed to ratify with one most important additional clause, which appears as article 2 of the convention as published in the statutes. That article is in these words:

"His majesty, King of the Hawaiian Islands, grants to the government of the United States the exclusive rights to enter the harbor of Pearl river in the island of Oahu, and to establish and maintain there a coaling and repair station for the use of vessels of the United States, and to that end the United States may improve the entrance to said harbor and do all other things needful for the purpose aforesaid.

"It will be seen that it was a positive and unlimited grant in presenti from one political community having perpetual existence to another, and therefore necessarily both in its literal and general sense a perpetual right, which became then and forever the absolute and exclusive property of the United States.

Substantial Argument.

"It is certain, therefore, that the United States have and will continue to have until they choose to part with it (which I hope will never occur) the absolute and exclusive dominion of Pearl harbor for the purpose named in the article I have mentioned.

"Whether the United States will be guilty of a moral wrong in imposing duties on Hawaiian sugar, etc., before the expiration of the convention on the proper notice of 12 months after next November, is quite a different matter, and to which, of course, there can be only one answer.

"But that now and hereafter, whatever else may happen, the United States are the lawful masters of the key of the Pacific is a fact which all nations interested should perfectly understand, for Pearl river harbor in the possession of our government for the purposes named gives us the mastery."

"Does the remission of duties on sugars from other countries in any way invalidate the Hawaiian treaty?" was asked.

"No; it does not; at least Hawaii has no right to complain of anything, either in imposing or taking off duties on the products of other countries."

Lower Than Expected.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The army appropriation bill is completed. It appropriates a total of $23,377,284. The estimates were $25,342,918. The appropriation last year was $24,208,639. There are reductions all along the line. The commanding officer of the army—now General Schofield—is made a brevet lieutenant general.

Saw Their Jobs Disappearing.

PATERSON, N. J., March 17.—The strike in the mills of Arnold Bros. and the American Silk and Dyeing company were ended yesterday, the firm having obtained the services of a number of new men. Seeing their places being filled, most of the strikers reported for work.

Cronin Found Guilty.

HARTFORD, March 17.—John Cronin was convicted of murder in the first degree in killing Albert J. Skinner of South Windsor, Oct. 6, 1893. The jury was out three hours. Cronin shot Skinner at his breakfast table. He will be sentenced next week.

In the Jury's Hands.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 17.—The evidence in the case of Mrs. Florence Hawley, charged with murdering Mary Munson, is all in, and the case went to the jury today. A disagreement is expected.

A New Holiday.

BOSTON, March 17.—Governor Greenhalge yesterday signed the bill abolishing Fast day, and making April 19, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, a legal holiday.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Alleged train robbers were arrested at Mound City, Ills.

A hotel at Dalton, Mass., was burned. Loss about $20,000.

Official announcement is made of McKane's shortage of $200,000.

The Russo-German commercial treaty passed the German reichstag.

William Backman, aged 60, of Rockville, Conn., committed suicide.

John Hart was executed at Rockford, Ills., for the murder of his two sisters.

The explosion of a lamp at Newtown, N. Y., will cause the death of two men.

Yale men deny the story that Dick Shupe's death was the result of football injuries.

The statements of the Bank of England regarding Cashier May's irregularities are not satisfactory.

C. P. Huntington is said to have bought the Panama railroad for between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000.

Mrs. James Aikens, an eccentric character, died at Stonington, Conn., leaving $40,000. She lived the life of a hermit.

Thomas S. Pierce of Middleboro, Mass., was found unconscious in the Crawford House, Boston, having been overcome by gas.

Mrs. James Horne, a member of the "Soudan" company, died at Bridgeport, Conn., of typhoid pneumonia. She was 26 years old.

Good Enough For Him.

SANDWICH, Ont., March 17.—Adolph Jones, one of the Lexington citizens who tried to debauch several young girls of that town, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and 12 lashes on his bare back, in the middle of each year.

Of Republican Faith.

ROCKLAND, Me., March 17.—The Rockland Daily Sun, a new Republican paper, has made its appearance. Associated Press wires run directly into the office. This is the only daily paper within a radius of 50 miles.

Manderson Was Absent.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The meeting of the printing committee to pursue the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the contract for printing The Patent Office Gazette was postponed, owing to the absence of Senator Manderson.

Liabilities of $375,000.

ST. LOUIS, March 17.—Felix H. Hunicke, dealing wholesale in hats, caps, etc., made an assignment. Assets about $75,000; liabilities about $375,000.

Fripps

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

M. O'FLAHAVAN & CO.,

79 AND 81 MARKET STREET.

We are sole agents for the Gov. Winthrop B. Ranges and Winthrop Parlor which is superior to anything ever put on the market. Our stock is selected from the best patterns in the states, at prices that cannot be beat. Please call and examine before purchasing. Repairs for all Stoves furnished. Piping and Plumbing promptly attended to.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street.

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

190½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St.

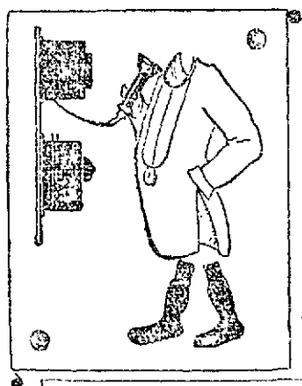
OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

The President's Family

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal



Let the Clothes Talk

They will say every time "we are washed cleaner and quicker, look whiter, last longer, and feel better when washed with

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

PAINE, Maye.

"I fully appreciate Ivorine washing powder, have used it for years. I think there's nothing equal it for washing. It does not require half the labor and makes the clothes beautifully white."

MRS. L. LYNCH.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. Est. 56 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

GOV. WAITE

Will Submit to Supreme Court Ruling.

THE CITY OFFICES ARE AGAIN OPENED.

Interesting Questions for the President's Decision.

DENVER, March 17.—Notwithstanding all the warlike preparations, the controversy between Governor Waite and the old police board will be settled peacefully and that by the supreme court. The governor considered a proposition submitted to him by Attorneys Stoves, Hartzell, Rogers and Ward to ask the supreme court to decide who are the legal police commissioners. The court can compel the attorneys for the old board to appear and argue the question, and, under the circumstances, will undoubtedly consent to take up the case at once.

During the day the militia guard at Douglass place, where Governor Waite resides, was recalled to the armory, and for the first time since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the building was left unprotected. Shortly afterward the governor left for the executive chamber, but refused to discuss the situation further than to say that he would like a consultation with General McCook, U. S. A.

The conference lasted but a short time, and it is understood was exceedingly peppery, the governor being angry because General McCook refused to aid the governor in his purpose to seat the new commissioners, but confined himself to dispersing the crowd and maintaining the peace.

At the termination of the interview the governor sent General McCook a letter, which was taken by the public as an evidence that the governor was weakening and would accept any reasonable proposition to compromise that might be offered him.

General McCook did not answer Governor Waite's letter and will take no further action until he hears from Washington. General McCook declares that Governor Waite in his letter makes several erroneous statements, one of which is that he stated for what purpose he desired the government troops. General McCook says Governor Waite did not specify for what purpose they were wanted.

Judge Graham, who issued the injunction against Governor Waite and his new police board restraining them from interfering with the old members, and which caused all the disgraceful proceedings of the last few days, said: "I shall take no action on the application made to me for a writ of attachment for Governor Waite for contempt unless there is a new display of force at the city hall or somebody is hurt, or some other important change in the present status of things occurs. The situation does not call for action on my part."

Fire and Police Commissioners Orr and Martin, over whose office the fight is being made, were at their offices yesterday, but no efforts were made to do business. Judge Orr looked upon the governor's actions as a bluff, and having failed in its purpose did not anticipate any further demonstration of a hostile or threatening nature. Mr. Martin indicated that he was of the same opinion. All of the city offices were opened for business, but there was little going on.

Problem For the President.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The president has another grave question before him, involving the propriety of using United States troops in the dispute between Governor Waite and the Denver police authorities. The matter was brought to the attention of the president by Secretary Lamont, who had received a telegraphic report from General McCook, commanding the United States forces in Colorado.

The general reports that Governor Waite stated to him that he has called out the militia in Denver to enforce the laws of the state, and that he found an organized opposition composed of the city police and detectives forces and the sheriff's people. The governor says he can enforce the law, but not without great bloodshed, and therefore as governor of the state calls on General McCook to assist him in preserving order and preventing bloodshed.

General McCook, in his dispatch to Washington, adds that in pursuance of this demand he has ordered the United States troops from Fort Logan to go at once to Denver for the sole purpose of preserving the peace, under paragraph 555, army regulations. General McCook says he considers a crisis imminent, as this is insurrection and riot against the executive authority of the state of Colorado. The troops, he says, will be directed to act with great discretion, and he will see that the laws of the land are not violated.

General McCook's report created a stir in the war department, for the authorities there have always deprecated the use of the army in public disturbances where there are questions of doubtful legality at issue. General McCook has acted to the extent of bringing his troops to the scene of the difficulty. It is now for the president to say whether his action shall be approved.

If approved, the troops will at once be returned to Fort Logan, while if the action so far is approved General McCook will continue to preserve the peace as long as he finds it necessary. It is evident that under the statutes he has large discretion as to how far he may co-operate with Governor Waite.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 173 to 185 Central St

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Gala Matinee St. Patrick's Day.

Return Engagement for Two Nights and Matinee. Friday Evening, Saturday Matinee and Evening.

MARCH 16 and 17.

Camille D'Arville Comic Opera Co.,

80 ARTISTS IN

RICE'S VENUS.

sumptuous production of the fantastic comic opera in two merry chapters, entitled, libretto, by C. A. Byne and Louis Harrison, music by Gustave Kerker, introducing the Peerless Queen of comic opera, CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, and the same great star cast as before. New music, new songs, new costumes, new scenic and electrical effects. Our own orchestra under the direction of the composer of Venus, Mr. Gustave Kerker, musical director of the Casino, N. Y. The entire production will be under the personal supervision and management of Mr. Edward E. Rice.

Prices—Matinee, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Evenings, $1 50, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Sale of seats will begin on Wednesday.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Commencing Monday, March 19th.

A terrific sensation. The original and only

PROF. O. R. GLEASON,

America's King of Horse Tamers, will handle some of the most vicious brutes that can be found by his agents in this country.

MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS.

Specially Featured for Ladies to Attend.

One of the most interesting entertainments that has been in your city, and the Only One of the Kind in the World.

Gleason does not see the horse until he walks upon the stage.

People owning vicious or nervous horses can book them to be handled by Prof. Gleason, at the theatre free of charge. Come one. Come all.

Prices to suit the times, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Seats on sale for the week Monday at 10 a. m.

Music - Hall

Thursday, 15th.

Friday, 16th.

Saturday, 17th.

GRAND ST. PATRICK'S MATINEE

SATURDAY AT 2.30. P. M.

Williams H. Rightmier's

THE TWO WANDERERS

Thomas and Watson in the Cast.

SPECIAL.—On Friday evening every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat will receive a finished cabinet of T. F. THOMAS in character.

Popular Prices, 10, 20, 30c

Look! Look!!

A Solid Oak Chamber Set,

Woven Wire Spring,

Soft Top Mattress,

Two Pillows,

Comforter, 20 Yds. Seamless Straw Matting,

3-Piece Toilet Set,

Two Curtains.

All for $35.

Look in our windows and see this exceptional Bargain. The Chamber Set alone is worth the money.

A complete line of Household Goods always on hand. Easy terms of payment. Second-hand Goods taken in part payment for new or bought outright.

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE for sale. Clean stock, on good thoroughfare. Nice cash trade. Apply at SUN office.

NOW IS THE TIME to get your spring clothing cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing House. Ladies' and gents' clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired. All orders neatly and promptly done. Orders called for and delivered free of charge. 457 Merrimack street, F. P. Lew, proprietor.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 491 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—A boarding house in a good location at a bargain. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack & Bridge street.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 491 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, new cottage house of 7 rooms, large pantry and bath room, bank stairs, furnace in cellar, large barn with 6000 ft. of land. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—Near Chelmsford street, two story 2 tenement house all in good repair, good barn, carriage house, 7000 feet of land with lots of fruit. This is a bargain and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it dyed, cleaned and repaired by Thomas Daley, 11 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

FOR SALE—In Ward 4, 150 feet from Westford street, nearly new cottage house of 7 rooms with all modern improvements, with good lot of land. This is a bargain if you want a home. Price $2200. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2700 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merr'k and Bridge streets.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $3000.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1050. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Belvidere, on Stackpole street, house of 12 rooms with large lot of land and plenty of fruit. This can be bought at a bargain. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street. (Courier building.)

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4249 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Office, Supervising architect, Washington, D. C., March 8, 1894. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 23d day of March, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place and complete a tower clock and bell, for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawing and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for tower clock and bell for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, supervising architect.

Strikes! Strikes!! Strikes!!!

Strikes bring joy to the bowler, but I fear distress to the thousands of operatives in Lawrence and Fall River.

Strikes are successful only with a rising market—never with a falling one. The present depressed condition of the markets and trade generally, should deter the operatives from striking against a reduction of wages. A reduction of wages is always to be deplored, but in the winter time what are the operatives to do but submit; a half loaf is better than none, but with the return of spring it is hoped there will be a revival of trade, let us hope the old schedule of wages will be restored and consequently everybody made happy.

In the meantime be of good cheer, keep good hours, spend much time at home; you are then away from temptation, and if you must have something to cheer you and the family, why send an order to John Warburton, Globe Hotel, for Port or Sherry Wine, 3 large bottles for $1. Whiskey for family use 75c. per bottle, 3 for $2.

JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coal.

E. G. PARKER,

29 Manchester, Branch Office 23 East Merrimack Street,

WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF

COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only, to help the laboring men. The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,

53 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my price before going elsewhere.

When in doubt to Maker's go,
Big store is filled both high and low;
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles.
The most artistic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

No. 2 John St., Marble Bank Building.

Oh, Try It, Sure!

The Royal Cake Icing never sours or moulds; always fresh and ready for instant use, and will keep in any climate. Chocolate, Price 15c. Per Package.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BUSINESS

A Fresh Impetus in the Upward Direction.

SOUTHERN MILLS ARE REPORTED AS BUSY.

Indications of Spring Trade in the Provinces.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Bradstreet's today says: The unusual prolongation of mild spring-like weather during the early portion of March has greatly stimulated consumptive demand in almost all staple lines. Corroboration of this is found in almost unanimous reports of increased sales from six of the larger distributing points in the New England and middle states, where general trade has heretofore been reported barely steady.

More sales in general lines are reported in Boston, with special activity in lumber and building materials.

Providence manufacturers of cotton yarns report an improvement in the demand, and woolen mills in northern Rhode Island are starting up on heavy-weight clothes.

Philadelphia merchants report an improving outlook for dealings with the west and south and gains in sales of shoes. Increased distribution of woolens has been at a sacrifice in price.

At Pittsburg, Chicago and other iron centers, competition has further reduced prices for shaped as well as raw iron and steel.

The most striking evidence of improvement south is from Augusta, where all mills are running on full time, and the demand for cotton goods has increased, although improved crop prospects in Texas, tributary to Dallas, together with increased immigration, have stimulated sales as compared with February, and prices of real estate.

The stimulated demand for wholesale dry goods results in an oversale of ginghams, and prices are 1-4 cent higher, although it has taken concessions on some cotton goods to move them.

The Cereal Crops.

If to the government report of 114,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hand may be added 117,000,000 bushels of wheat out of farmers' hands, the resulting 231,000,000 bushels will supply food and seed for four months to come, a reserve on July 1, next, of 40,000,000 bushels, and, if required, 16,000,000 bushels a month for export, which is more than will be demanded.

Exports of wheat, flour, including both coasts of the United States and Canada this week, equal 3,258,000 bushels, against 2,851,000 bushels last week, 2,886,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 3,818,000 bushels in the week in 1892, and as compared with 2,733,000 bushels in the week in 1891.

Trade at Montreal is quiet and is expected to remain so until after navigation opens a few weeks hence. Jobbers report demand for groceries and shoes most active.

Halifax advices are that an early spring trade is indicated. At Toronto the business situation is featureless. The volume of bank clearings at Hamilton, Halifax, Montreal and Toronto is $17,649,000 this week, a fraction of 1 per cent less than in the week before and 11 per cent less than in the corresponding week a year ago.

Exports of produce are 10 per cent above and imports 38 per cent below last year's for the month thus far.

The Failures.

Failures for the first week of March were few, with liabilities thus far reported of only $2,025,938, of which $810,284 were of manufacturing and $1,161,270 of trading concerns. Owing to large deferred statements, received too late for use last week, the aggregate of liabilities for February has been raised to $17,895,670. The number of failures this week is 264 in the United States, against 199 last year, and 55 in Canada against 30 last year.

The absence of important embarrassments is still most encouraging.

Alleged Violation of Charter.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 17.—A petition has been circulated asking the city council to order the removal of the tracks of the Newport Street Railway company in Bath road. The line carries summer excursionists to the beach. Claim is made that the company broke requirements of the charter in failing to run cars for 60 days. Summer residents are ready to fight the company, as property is much depreciated by the tracks.

Rules Too Strict.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Chaplain Atwood of the state prison has resigned on account of difficulties in discharging his duties in accordance with the strict rules of the institution, it is said. He took the position May 1, 1892, and gained some notoriety by burying a dead convict veteran with part of the Grand Army service.

Trouble Expected.

COLORADO SPRINGS, March 17.—Sheriff Bowers is in charge of a posse at Cripple Creek to prevent interference by the strikers with the men who have gone to work in the mines. It is thought trouble will break out first on Bull Hill. The miners are well armed.

Failure of Pronty & Co.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The boot and shoe manufacturing firm of Isaac Pronty & Co. of Spencer, one of the biggest concern of its kind in the country, made an assignment yesterday. The factory employs 200 hands.

Husband Caused Her Death.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 17.—Mrs. Joseph Moreau is dead, as a result of the injuries inflicted by her husband last Monday night, when in a drunken rage. Moreau will be arraigned on the charge of manslaughter.

Grand Jury Will Take It Up.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 17.—The case of the death of Henrietta Jackson, who, it is alleged, died from the effects of inhaling gas prepared by students at Cornell college, will be brought before the grand jury next week.

The Panama Canal.

COLON, March 17.—President Nunez has received encouraging news in regard to the formation of a new company being organized for the resumption of the work on the Panama canal.

Death of Sister Rosina.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Sister M. Rosina, mother superior of the order of Sisters of Charity of the United States, died at Westchester of paralysis.

Industrial Army's Threat.

LOS ANGELES, March 17.—The industrial army has received fresh accessions. Acting Commander Gould asked the city council for free transportation for the army over the Santa Fe. The answer will be a refusal, and then the leaders say they will seize the railroad and operate it themselves.

OXFORD BOYS WIN

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DEFEATED IN A GREAT RACE.

Great Interest Manifested in the Result Throughout England—The Finish 21 Minutes Advance of Oxfords.

LONDON, March 17.—The greatest event in the English aquatic world—the race between the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs—took place today in the presence of a great crowd of people that lined both banks of the river Thames from Putney bridge to the "Ship" at Mortlake, the points at which the race began and ended.

Oxford won the toss and chose the Surrey side of the river.

At 9:12 the pistol was fired for the start and both crews started well together. Eight minutes later the Cambridge crew was pulling 42 strokes to the minute and the Oxfords 40.

Off the soap works Oxford was in the lead. When the lead mills were reached Oxford had opened a gap of a length between themselves and the Cambridge crew.

At 9:25 Oxford still maintained the lead of a length and was gradually forging ahead. The crew pulled a magnificent and telling stroke, and it was evident that they were far superior to the Cambridge crew. Slowly but surely they forged ahead of their opponents, and when Hammersmith bridge was reached it was plainly evident that the Oxford crew would win.

The Oxford crew passed Thornycroft's four lengths in the lead, but here they eased off their stroke a little, and when the Devonshire meadows were reached they were only three lengths ahead.

Barnes' bridge was passed at 9:29, and when the Oxfords passed under it they were again four lengths in front.

The finish line at Mortlake was crossed by the Oxfords at 9:33. The unofficial time was 21 minutes. Cambridge did not gain on the Oxfords after Barnes' bridge was passed.

MELLO'S MOVEMENTS.

The Revolutionists Said to Be Organizing Land Forces.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 17.—President Peixoto insists on the surrender of Admiral da Gama and the other rebel officers who have taken refuge on board Portuguese vessels. The president declares that they will be tried by the ordinary tribunals.

The Portuguese admiral has refused to give up the officers who have sought refuge on board the Portuguese ships; but he has promised to refer the matter to the Portuguese government and to act in accordance with the instructions which he may receive from Lisbon.

The Portuguese steamer Ceida de Porto attempted to leave Rio de Janeiro with the insurgents on board; but she was stopped by Fort Santa Cruz, the officer in command of that post threatening to fire upon her if she did not put back.

Advices received from Rio Grande do Sul say that Admiral de Mello is actively engaged in organizing land forces. It is reported that De Mello has ordered the Aquidaban to attack some of the northern ports of Brazil. The rebel warship Republica is said to be repairing damages and recoaling at Paranagua. The torpedo boats under the command of Admiral de Mello are said to have assembled at the entrance of Santos.

GREED FOR GOLD

Was the Primary Cause of the Slaughter of the Wilson Party.

CAPE TOWN, March 17.—It has been ascertained that King Lobengula sent three messengers to the patrol sent out by Major Forbes, on Dec. 3, with a present of 1000 pounds sterling and a verbal message asking the patrol to stop, as he, the king, would surrender.

The king's messengers assert that they handed the gold to two men belonging to the imperial police, who formed a part of the rear guard. Suspicion has fallen upon two troopers named Wilson and Daniels, who have been arrested.

Commissioner Jameson will endeavor to obtain further information from the natives in regard to this transaction as the men who stole the 1600 pounds in gold were morally guilty of the murders of the Wilson party and of King Lobengula.

Gathering Evidence Against Shea.

TROY, N. Y., March 17.—At the inquest in the election murder the brother of the murdered man testified: "I saw Shea shoot twice at my brother, the first shot was apparently directed at the body, as Hobert was a tall man. When my brother fell, Shea came up and lowered the revolver and fired into the head." Several witnesses testified to seeing Shea shoot Ross.

Sutherland Is Missing.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Kenneth F. Sutherland was called for sentence in the supreme court yesterday. Sutherland did not respond. The explanation given by his counsel was that Sutherland was drunk. The impression is general that he will not return and face a year in jail, $500 fine and trial on three other indictments.

King's Movements Not Secret.

BRUSSELS, March 17.—There is no truth in the story saying that King Leopold had secretly left his country residence. King Leopold arrived at Montreux yesterday.

Big Fire at Mobile.

MOBILE, March 17.—Fire broke out last night in Lienkauf & Strauss' wholesale dry goods and notions building, and spread rapidly to other buildings, causing a loss of $200,000, perhaps more.

UNCLE SAM

Has Full Control of Pearl River Harbor.

SENATOR LODGE'S ASSERTIONS HAVE BEEN CORRECTED.

Our Country's Position Outlined by Senator Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont, who is the author of the amendment to the Hawaii reciprocity treaty by which the United States required Pearl river harbor as a coal station, gave an interview on the rights of the United States to that station. He said:

"I am sorry to see that Senator Lodge appears from newspaper reports to be under the impression that the grant of Pearl river harbor by the Hawaiian government to the United States was limited only to seven years, during which Hawaiian sugar, etc., were to be introduced into the United States duty free. And I am surprised at what is reported to be the contention of President Dole to the same effect.

"I regret that proceedings of the senate in considering and ratifying the last convention with Hawaii have not been made public, but without violating any duty of confidence, I can say that the convention was agreed upon between Frelinghuysen and Carter, the Hawaiian minister, on Dec. 6, 1884, and soon afterwards sent to the senate for consideration.

An Explanatory Clause.

"The senate did not advise the ratification until Jan. 20, 1887. Evidently there was difficulty in the senate in respect of allowing further introduction of free sugar, and that at last, for some reason which I am not at liberty to state the detail of, the senate agreed to ratify with one most important additional clause, which appears as article 2 of the convention as published in the statutes. That article is in these words:

"His majesty, King of the Hawaiian Islands, grants to the government of the United States the exclusive rights to enter the harbor of Pearl river in the island of Oahu, and to establish and maintain there a coaling and repair station for the use of vessels of the United States, and to that end the United States may improve the entrance to said harbor and do all other things needful for the purpose aforesaid.

"It will be seen that it was a positive and unlimited grant in presenti from one political community having perpetual existence to another, and therefore necessarily both in its literal and general sense a perpetual right, which became then and forever the absolute and exclusive property of the United States.

Substantial Argument.

"It is certain, therefore, that the United States have and will continue to have until they choose to part with it (which I hope will never occur) the absolute and exclusive dominion of Pearl harbor for the purpose named in the article I have mentioned.

"Whether the United States will be guilty of a moral wrong in imposing duties on Hawaiian sugar, etc., before the expiration of the convention on the proper notice of 12 months after next November, is quite a different matter, and to which, of course, there can be only one answer.

"But that now and hereafter, whatever else may happen, the United States are the lawful masters of the key of the Pacific is a fact which all nations interested should perfectly understand, for Pearl river harbor in the possession of our government for the purposes named gives us the mastery."

"Does the remission of duties on sugars from other countries in any way invalidate the Hawaiian treaty?" was asked.

"No; it does not; at least Hawaii has no right to complain of anything, either in imposing or taking off duties on the products of other countries."

Lower Than Expected.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The army appropriation bill is completed. It appropriates a total of $23,377,284. The estimates were $25,342,918. The appropriation last year was $24,208,639. There are reductions all along the line. The commanding officer of the army—now General Schofield—is made a brevet lieutenant general.

Saw Their Jobs Disappearing.

PATERSON, N. J., March 17.—The strike in the mills of Arnold Bros. and the American Silk and Dyeing company were ended yesterday, the firm having obtained the services of a number of new men. Seeing their places being filled, most of the strikers reported for work.

Cronin Found Guilty.

HARTFORD, March 17.—John Cronin was convicted of murder in the first degree in killing Albert J. Skinner of South Windsor, Oct. 6, 1893. The jury was out three hours. Cronin shot Skinner at his breakfast table. He will be sentenced next week.

In the Jury's Hands.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 17.—The evidence in the case of Mrs. Florence Hawley, charged with murdering Mary Munson, is all in, and the case went to the jury today. A disagreement is expected.

A New Holiday.

BOSTON, March 17.—Governor Greenhalge yesterday signed the bill abolishing Fast day, and making April 19, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, a legal holiday.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Alleged train robbers were arrested at Mound City, Ills.

A hotel at Dalton, Mass., was burned. Loss about $20,000.

Official announcement is made of McKinley's shortage of $200,000.

The Russo-German commercial treaty passed the German reichstag.

William Backman, aged 63, of Rockville, Conn., committed suicide.

John Hart was executed at Rockford, Ills., for the murder of his two sisters.

The explosion of a lamp at Newtown, N. Y., will cause the death of two men.

Yale men deny the story that Dick Shupe's death was the result of football injuries.

The statements of the Bank of England regarding Cashier May's irregularities are not satisfactory.

C. P. Huntington is said to have bought the Panama railroad for between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000.

Mrs. James Aikens, an eccentric character, died at Stonington, Conn., leaving $30,000. She lived the life of a hermit.

Thomas S. Pierce of Middleboro, Mass., was found unconscious in the Crawford House, Boston, having been overcome by gas.

Mrs. James Horne, a member of the "Soudan" company, died at Bridgeport, Conn., of typhoid pneumonia. She was 26 years old.

Good Enough For Him.

SANDWICH, Ont., March 17.—Adolph Jones, one of the Lexington citizens who tried to debauch several young girls of that town, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and 12 lashes on his bare back, in the middle of each year.

Of Republican Faith.

ROCKLAND, Me., March 17.—The Rockland Daily Sun, a new Republican paper, has made its appearance. Associated Press wires run directly into the office. This is the only daily paper within a radius of 50 miles.

Manderson Was Absent.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The meeting of the printing committee to pursue the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the contract for printing The Patent Office Gazette was postponed, owing to the absence of Senator Manderson.

Liabilities of $375,000.

ST. LOUIS, March 17.—Felix H. Huntcke, dealing wholesale in hats, caps, etc., made an assignment. Assets about $75,000; liabilities about $375,000.

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

M. O'FLAHAVAN & CO.,
79 AND 81 MARKET STREET.

We are sole agents for the Gov. Winthrop H. Ranges and Winthrop Parlor which is superior to anything ever put on the market. Our stock is selected from the best patterns in the states, at prices that cannot be beat. Please call and examine before purchasing. Repairs for all Stoves furnished. Piping and Plumbing promptly attended to.

E. E. HILL,
297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,
AGENTS,
41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street.

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
190½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE
MERRIMACK
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St.

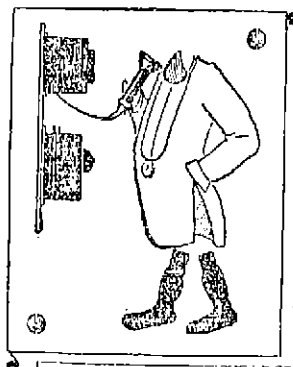
OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

The President's Family

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal



Let the Clothes Talk

They will say every time we are washed cleaner and quicker, look whiter, last longer, and feel better when washed with

Ivorine
WASHING POWDER

PALMER, Mass.
"I fully appreciate Ivorine washing powder, having used it for years. I think there is nothing equal it for washing. It does not require half the labor and makes the clothes beautifully white."
MRS. L. LYNCH.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years the makers of
Yankee Shaving Soap.

GOV. WAITE

Will Submit to Supreme Court Ruling.

THE CITY OFFICES ARE AGAIN OPENED.

Interesting Questions for the President's Decision.

DENVER, March 17.—Notwithstanding all the warlike preparations, the controversy between Governor Waite and the old police board will be settled peacefully and that by the supreme court. The governor considered a proposition submitted to him by Attorneys Stoves, Hurtzell, Rogers and Ward to ask the supreme court to decide who are the legal police commissioners. The court can compel the attorneys for the old board to appear and argue the question, and, under the circumstances, will undoubtedly consent to take up the case at once.

During the day the militia guard at Douglass place, where Governor Waite resides, was recalled to the armory, and for the first time since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the building was left unprotected. Shortly afterward the governor left for the executive chamber, but refused to discuss the situation further than to say that he would like a consultation with General McCook, U. S. A.

The conference lasted but a short time, and it is understood was exceedingly peppery, the governor being angry because General McCook refused to aid the governor in his purpose to seat the new commissioners, but confined himself to dispersing the crowd and maintaining the peace.

At the termination of the interview the governor sent General McCook a letter, which was taken by the public as an evidence that the governor was weakening and would accept any reasonable proposition to compromise that might be offered him.

General McCook did not answer Governor Waite's letter and will take no further action until he hears from Washington. General McCook declares that Governor Waite in his letter makes several erroneous statements, one of which is that he stated for what purpose he desired the government troops. General McCook says Governor Waite did not specify for what purpose they were wanted.

Judge Graham, who issued the injunction against Governor Waite and his new police board restraining them from interfering with the old members, and which caused all the disgraceful proceedings of the last few days, said: "I shall take no action on the application made to me for a writ of attachment for Governor Waite for contempt unless there is a new display of force at the city hall or somebody is hurt, or some other important change in the present status of things occurs. The situation does not call for action on my part."

Fire and Police Commissioners Orr and Martin, over whose office the fight is being made, were at their offices yesterday, but no efforts were made to do business. Judge Orr looked upon the governor's actions as a bluff, and having failed in its purpose did not anticipate any further demonstration of a hostile or threatening nature. Mr. Martin indicated that he was of the same opinion. All of the city offices were opened for business, but there was little going on.

Problem For the President.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The president has another grave question before him, involving the propriety of using United States troops in the dispute between Governor Waite and the Denver police authorities. The matter was brought to the attention of the president by Secretary Lamont, who had received a telegraphic report from General McCook, commanding the United States forces in Colorado.

The general reports that Governor Waite stated to him that he has called out the militia in Denver to enforce the laws of the state, and that he found an organized opposition composed of the city police and detectives forces and the sheriff's people. The governor says he can enforce the law, but not without great bloodshed, and therefore as governor of the state calls on General McCook to assist him in preserving order and preventing bloodshed.

General McCook, in his dispatch to Washington, adds that in pursuance of this demand he has ordered the United States troops from Fort Logan to go at once to Denver for the sole purpose of preserving the peace, under paragraph 665, army regulations. General McCook says he considers a crisis imminent, as this is insurrection and riot against the executive authority of the state of Colorado. The troops, he says, will be directed to act with great discretion, and he will see that the laws of the land are not violated.

General McCook's report created a stir in the war department, for the authorities there have always deprecated the use of the army in public disturbances where there are questions of doubtful legality at issue. General McCook has acted to the extent of bringing his troops to the scene of the difficulty. It is now for the president to say whether his action shall be approved.

If approved, the troops will at once be returned to Fort Logan, while if the action so far is approved General McCook will continue to preserve the peace as long as he finds it necessary. It is evident that under the statutes he has large discretion as to how far he may co-operate with Governor Waite.

MAY BROS. & HOPFORD,
Nos. 173 to 185 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

LOWELL
OPERA HOUSE,

Gala Matinee St. Patrick's Day.

Return Engagement for Two Nights and Matinee. Friday Evening, Saturday Matinee and Evening.

MARCH 16 and 17.

Camille D'Arville Comic Opera Co.,

80 ARTISTS IN

RICE'S sumptuous production of the fantastic comic opera in two merry chapters, entitled, Libretto by C. A. Byrne and Louis Harrison, music by Gustave Kerker, introducing the Peerless Queen of comic opera, CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, and the same great star cast as before. New music, new songs, new costumes, new scenic and electrical effects. Our own orchestra under the direction of the composer of Venus, Mr. Gustave Kerker, musical director of the Casino, N. Y. The entire production will be under the personal supervision and management of Mr. Edward E. Rice.

VENUS.

Prices—Matinee, 25, 50, 75, $1. Evenings, $1.50, $1, 75, 50, 25, 25c. Sale of seats will begin on Wednesday.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Commencing Monday, March 19th.

A terrible sensation. The original and only

PROF. O. R. GLEASON,

America's King of Horse Tamers, will handle some of the most vicious brutes that can be found by his agents in this country.

MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS.

Specially Featured for Ladies to Attend.

One of the most interesting entertainments that has been in your city, and the Only One of the Kind in the World.

Gleason does not see the horse until he walks upon the stage.

People owning vicious or nervous horses can look them to be handled by Prof. Gleason, at the theatre free of charge. Come one, Come all.

Prices to suit the times, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Seats on sale for the week Monday at 10 a. m.

Music - Hall

Thursday, 15th.
Friday, 16th.
Saturday, 17th.

GRAND ST. PATRICK'S MATINEE
SATURDAY AT 2.30. P. M.

Williams H. Rightmire's

THE TWO WANDERERS

Thomas and Watson in the Cast.

SPECIAL.—On Friday evening every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat will receive a finished cabinet of T. F. THOMAS in character.

Popular Prices, 10, 20, 30c

Look! Look!!

A Solid Oak Chamber Set,
Woven Wire Spring,
Soft Top Mattress,
Two Pillows,
Comforter, 20 Yds. Seamless
Straw Matting,
3-Piece Toilet Set,
Two Curtains.

All for $35.

Look in our windows and see this exceptional Bargain. The Chamber Set alone is worth the money.

A complete line of Household Goods always on hand. Easy terms of payment. Second-hand Goods taken in part payment for new or bought outright.

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE for sale. Clean stock, on good thoroughfare. Nice cash trade. Apply at SUN office.

NOW IS THE TIME to get your spring clothing cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing House. Ladies' and gents' clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired. All orders neatly and promptly done. Orders called for and delivered free of charge. 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Law, proprietor.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expenses and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 126, New York City.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 491 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—A boarding house in a good location at a bargain. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack & Bridge street.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repairing; sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, new cottage house of 7 rooms, large pantry and bath room, back sinker, furnace in cellar, large barn with 6000 ft. of land. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $325. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Hildreth street.

FOR SALE—Near Chelmsford street, two story 2 tenement house all in good repair, good barn, carriage house, 2000 feet of land with lots of fruit. This is a bargain and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Linley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

FOR SALE—In Ward 4, 100 feet from Westford street, nearly new cottage house of 7 rooms with all modern improvements, with good lot of land. This is a bargain if you want a home. Price $2200. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 9740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2600. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TO LET—At Middlesex Village a tenement of six rooms and barn with large yard. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge streets.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $3000.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Belvidere, on Stackpole street, house of 12 rooms with large lot of land and plenty of fruit. This can be bought at a bargain. G. L. Hubbard, 11 and 13 Merrimack street, (Courier building.)

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, concreted cellar, fine location, 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Office, Supervising architect, Washington, D. C., March 8, 1894. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 23d day of March, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place and complete a tower clock and bell, for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawing and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be inclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for tower clock and bell for the U. S. post office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, supervising architect.

Strikes!
Strikes!!
Strikes!!!

Strikes bring joy to the bowler, but I fear distress to the thousands of operatives in Lawrence and Fall River.

Strikes are successful only with a rising market—never with a falling one. The present depressed condition of the markets and trade generally, should deter the operatives from striking against a reduction of wages. A reduction of wages is always to be deplored, but in the winter time what are the operatives to do but submit; a half loaf is better than none, but with the return of spring it is hoped there will be a revival of trade; let us hope the old schedule of wages will be restored and consequently everybody made happy.

In the meantime be of good cheer, keep good hours, spend much time at home; you are then away from temptation, and if you must have something to cheer you and the family, why send an order to John Warburton, Globe Hotel, for Port or Sherry Wine, 3 large bottles for $1. Whiskey for family use 75c. per bottle, 3 for $2.

JOHN WARBURTON,
Globe Hotel, City.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coal.

E. G. PARKER,
20 Manchester, Branch Office 23 East Merrimack Street,

WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF

COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only, to help the laboring men. The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

M. W. MILLER,
House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,
65 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my price before going elsewhere.

When in doubt to Maher's go,
His store is filled both high and low;
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their frame has spread for many miles.
The most aesthetic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.
PICTURES AND FRAMES.
No. 2 John St., Marble Bank Building.

Oh, Try It, Sure!

The Royal Cake Icing never sours or moulds; always fresh and ready for instant use, and will keep in any climate. Chocolate, Price 15c. Per Package.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 100 Middlesex St. New No. 66.
Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 871-3, Brass Signs.
CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

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JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

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Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

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TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON

Southern Division.

To Boston Lve.	To Boston Arr.	From Boston Lve.	From Boston Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 56
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 53
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 10	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 17
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 15
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 51	12 40
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 47	2 00	3 01
1 45	2 58	3 03	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 35
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 37
4 35	5 30	5 00	5 41
§5 35	6 50	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 30	5 30	7 00
§6 33	7 29	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 30
		8 30	8 47
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 10	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 48
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston Lve.	To Boston Arr.	From Boston Lve.	From Boston Arr.
6 50	8 15	7 30	[illegible]
8 15	9 18	[illegible]	10 37
9 20	[illegible]	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 07	12 01	1 07
12 15	1 10	2 15	[illegible]
12 35	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 25	4 50	[illegible]	5 47
4 10	[illegible]	[illegible]	6 16
5 50	6 42	6 00	7 06
6 50	8 00	6 35	[illegible]
9 2[illegible]	10 3[illegible]		

Sunday Trains

8 15	[illegible]	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 56
1 15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 35	7 09	7 15	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union station, Causeway Street.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is St. Patrick's day, a day that to the Irish heart awakens memories of Ireland's national greatness, her glorious past, her trials and tribulations, her struggles, her victories and defeats; the sacrifice of her patriots, their valor and their heroism, together with their irrepressible love of liberty that not even tyranny nor the force of overwhelming power could ever stamp out or conquer.

Away back in the early days of Ireland's history her people worshipped no graven images as did the people of other lands, but looked to the sun as indicative of one Supreme being, the giver of life, the vivifier of all nature and the source of human existence. With such a religion, false though it was, the people by an easy transition of thought came to believe that their day god was only a material body and that the real Creator was not seen by human eye, that the brightness of His face was too brilliant to behold, that the orb of day was but the merest spark of his transcendant glory. With the sun as giving the idea of the Godhead and the shamrock to explain the Trinity, St. Patrick soon planted the faith of Christ on the soil of Ireland and there it has flourished ever since despite the efforts of English sovereigns to eradicate it.

An age of learning, of culture, of enlightment, of religious advancement followed, and soon Ireland was the intellectual luminary of Europe, "the Island of Saints and of Scholars," whose schools were attended by students from every other country in Europe, whose learned men become the professors and teachers in all the leading institutions of learning on the continent.

This was the golden age of learning in Ireland but soon it was overcast by the arrival of the Danes in the eighth century. These savage hordes came like fierce birds of prey upon the quiet God-fearing people of Ireland pillaging their homes, tearing down and desecrating their churches and spreading ruin, disaster and death wherever they went. But the martial spirit of the people was eventually aroused, they united against the invaders and after one of the Danish kings had been captured and thrown into a lake, they determined to make a final effort to break the power of the invaders forever. The forces of Ireland assembled on Good Friday, 1014 at Clontarf and under the leadership of Brian Boru, in one of the most desperate battles in the annals of history, defeated the whole Danish army and drove the remnants of their forces into the sea.

The military glory of Ireland reaches its climax in this battle because here the Irish defeated the Danes, although England which was equally subject to their incursions was unable to drive them out. Brian Boru was murdered by a Dane after the victory while he knelt in prayer thanking God for the triumph achieved. Ireland was recovering from the ravages of the Danes when the Saxon foe came upon her. From the landing of Strongbow in 1172 with few interruptions until the close of the last century Ireland was a sea of gore subject to the most iniquitous and cruel persecution that tyranny could invent.

The battles of 1691, the rising of 1798, of 1805, of 1848 and 1867 are but the great landmarks in the history of the nation's woe. But after Ireland's resources for physical force were almost exhausted Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, taught the people another method of fighting England and of securing their rights. He secured Catholic emancipation and left repeal of the union or the home rule movement to posterity and it was taken up by Charles Stewart Parnell who carried it within the domain of practical politics until the justice of Ireland's claims were acknowledged by England, and until Mr. Gladstone himself became the champion of that cause.

The progress made in constitutional agitation, for Ireland's rights has been largely due to the influence of American public opinion and American money, which was poured into Ireland in the home rule cause.

The question is still pending with the prospect of a certain settlement which will give Ireland the management of her own affairs and put her on a level with Canada as a self-governing nation, subject, of course, to imperial sway as a component part of the British empire.

Hence it is that today the Irish people can rejoice at the prospect of self-government in the near future, that never again will the hat be passed around for Ireland, and that yet their land may be—

"Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

-The man who changes his politics so as to go with the side that appears to be on top is now an orthodox republican. Democratic successes in town and municipal elections are hard to find.—Fall River Herald.

The above would indicate that the writer was suffering from a severe attack of the "blues," politically speaking. The outlook is gloomy, neighbor, but remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Stay those tears.

The Lowell SUN really must not confound the Gazette with newspapers that have abused Senator D. B. Hill of New York. We rather admire David and respect him as well for the enemies he has made.—Haverhill Gazette.

The Gazette at the present time admires everybody that opposes Cleveland's administration. From being a mugwump paper the Gazette has changed to be a most rabidly republican organ.

UPON UNJUST TAXATION.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON GOES TO GENERAL COURT ABOUT IT.

Tax Dodging Is Compulsory Under the Existing Tax Laws—Interesting Abstract From An Address Before the Committee on Taxation.

Richard Roe is a citizen of Massachusetts, and is under its jurisdiction. He owns a majority interest in the Richard Roe Manufacturing company of Maine. He is entitled to the full protection of the law.

Now, because for convenience, since many private properties are being converted into corporations merely for purposes of convenience, Richard Roe choses to hold property in Maine under the corporation laws of that state, he must be fined. Let us assume that Richard Roe had lived in the state of Maine where he had made a fortune, and being desirous of rest and recreation and wishing to enjoy the privileges of our city of Boston he elected to come here to live, bringing with him his certificates of stock incidental to his property in the state of Maine. Straightway the assessors of Boston under existing laws impose a fine upon him, under a decree in legislative form miscalled taxation. What will he do? Probably get out as quick as he can, or else rightly and

Justly Become a Tax Dodger.

But in order to bring this case to an ultimate absurdity we will assume that Richard Roe has no other invested property, but has laid up just enough money in advance of his needs as will enable him to live in Boston for a certain length of time, say one year. He has that money with him, which he deposits in a bank. In that year, owing to an industrial paralysis like that which is now upon us, the corporation ceases to make dividends, while at the same time the assessors of Boston come down on him for the payment of the fine under the pretext of a tax. They take a large part of his money, or else if he refuses to disclose what money he has, they may clap him in jail.

I venture to say, gentlemen, that in this you raise an issue which might well be brought to an adjudication. You "fail to give full faith and credence to the public acts of other states." The act of incorporation of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company is a public act of the state of Maine, to which the state of Massachusetts is bound to give full faith and credence. In Miller vs. United States, (11th Wallace, S. C., Rep. 268), the court held that "title is an incident to property and that the actual property was vested in the president and directors of a corporation." Furthermore, in this and in many other cases, the Courts have held that taxation is an incident of sovereignty; there must be dominion over property in order to tax it

Two Dominions Cannot Exist

over the same property at the same time, neither can the same property be in two places at the same time.

The State of Maine by its public act alleges that it has dominion over the property of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company and rightly taxes it. The State of Massachusetts under the legal fiction that personal property follows the person, and by the exercise of its dominion over the person of Richard Roe, also asserts its dominion over property which is in another State. It fails to give credence to the public acts of the state of Maine.

It may also be held that our Massachusetts laws for collecting the tax imposed on Richard Roe are in contravention of the 14th amendment of the constitution of the United States, which declares that a citizen shall not be deprived of his property without "due process of law."

Your assessor applies torture; he dooms him to pay a sum of money, larger and larger each year until, as one assessor rightly termed it,

"The Victim Squeals."

In other words, Richard Roe, under the thumbscrew of the doomsman, discloses that he owns $100,000 in a Maine corporation, a fact which the state of Massachusetts could not ascertain in any other way unless by the employment of spies to inspect books not within its dominion. Having thus "forced the victim to squeal," and the value of shares being $100,000 in the market, the assessor next fines Richard Roe for owning such property, and on the average the amount of the fine would be $1500 a year; then, if he, having no property under the dominion of Massachusetts, refuses to, or cannot draw on his quasi trustees for the amount of the fine, you clap him in jail.

Now that may all be "due process of law," but it is not in accordance with one of the later provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees equal rights without distinction of race, color or condition.

Next the same assessor visits John Doe, whose like property is held on a simple deed. Do they apply torture, or doom him for the crime of owning property in another State? Oh, no! he shows his deed, and they at once say to him, "your real estate is not under our jurisdiction; we cannot tax you, not even on income if you earned no income that year. Pay your poll tax and you shall enjoy the benefits of all the laws of Massachusetts, including your share of the fine we have just imposed on your neighbor."

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

SUNBEAMS.

Drawing a Distinction.

Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday tomorrow.

Miss Oldage—Indeed? And isn't it singular? So do I!

Miss Sharpe—Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!—Vogue.

How a Suspender Worked to a Lover's Disadvantage.

Woe is me, for now each morrow brings continuance of sorrow to this heart that fate hath blighted, to this life engulfed, benighted, steeped in woe. And the dirge these lines do render tells of grief that did engender through a frayed and torn suspender purchased from a curbstone vender long ago.

'Neath the leafy picnic bowers, what transcendent bliss was ours! Soul to soul in sweet surrender, she and I, in concord tender, wooed the while.

Fatal happ'ning that befell me! Curs'd mistake that did impel me to my comrade dear to send her, thinking, "Surely he'll attend her without guile, while in forest crypt, in shelter from inquiring gaze, I kelter up my broken old suspender—curse that guileful curbstone vender black and blue!"

Shaded in that sylvan grotto, "Try again" became my motto, as 't must needs of every mender when a frayed and worn suspender comes in two.

In my heart she reigned supremely; dignified she was and seemly—fairest one of all her gender. How could I of reft suspender her apprise? Hence, while I was riled and foaming with my trusses in the gloaming, she was wooed in many tender hints of her meantime defender and his sighs.

Oh, the burning, bitter sequel! Woe's sad annals show no equal. Many plaintive notes I penned her—many missives sadly tender; all in vain. When at last I went to meet her, there with longing glance to greet her, she returned the notes I penned her; begged that never would the sender call again. Then it was my heart was blighted and my heart engulfed, benighted; then I prayed remorse to rend her—straightway went I on a bender, in despair. What is now the springtide's splendor? Where the joys that life might render? All that time to me can tender is the hope that I may gender rich and rare plagues to rack that curbstone vender, that mendacious old pretender, who with one decayed suspender gave my earthly hopes an ender, then and there.—New York World.

Overwhelmed.

As he rapidly took his place in the armchair that had held them for so many evenings of their courtship George Gilderspoon saw at once that it was not easy for the beautiful creature who nestled so close to him to conceal the great joy that had come to her.

"Dearest," he murmured, "something has happened to make you very, very happy. Tell me what it is."

"You are right, my own," she replied, smiling at him with the perfect confidence of budding womanhood. "Can't you guess?"

"I am afraid not," he replied reflectingly. "Long ago your dear father consented to our union, the happy day has been set, and it would seem now as if nothing could add to our great joy. Perhaps he has shown you some new proof of his affection."

"Oh, now you have it!" she cried, with a glad little laugh. "What do you suppose the dear, good man has done?"

"I can't imagine, dear," said George. "What can it be?"

"Why, darling," she replied, "the dear, good man has told me that he would pay all my glove bills for the first year."

The light of a great peace came into George's face, and as he kissed her tenderly he said, "Darling, you may not know it, but your father has saved my life."—Truth.

A Powerful Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead."—New York Tribune.

Needed Some Stimulus.

Manager—I shall shortly produce a new play called "The Goldbug," and I want you to take the part of the hero.

Actor—Who is he?

Manager—He is the goldbug—a millionaire.

Actor—Very well. Pay me my back salary just before the curtain rises, and I'll sweep the town.—New York Weekly.

The Worst.

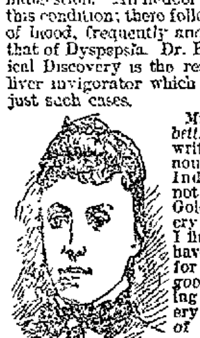
"Araminta," he said solemnly, "in our happiest moments the demon of grief is oft near us. This is a world of sorrow, and at all times we should be prepared for the shock"——

"Odeacer," she exclaimed excitedly, "if it's on crooked, I wish you'd tell me so at once!"—Detroit Tribune.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

A BAD TEMPER

—generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows anæmia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will positively cure just such cases.



MRS. F. A. ORR.

MRS. F. A. ORR, of Corbett, Baltimore Co., Md., writes: "Physicians pronounced my case acute Indigestion. If it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets I firmly believe I would have been in my grave, for nothing did me any good until I began taking them. The "Discovery" also cured my child of night-sweats and a weak stomach, which followed an attack of Pneumonia. We cannot praise your medicines too highly." Sold by all medicine dealers.

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Remember there is no charge for consultation, examination, advice or trial treatment. The Free Trial treatment is offered to convince the public of the superiority of our method.

That is what we claim for it and the only proper way to treat these diseases.

That the treatment is mild, painless and harmless.

That it is simple and uncomplicated, and the directions easily followed, and do not in any way interfere with ordinary occupations.

That the attending physicians are well educated, well trained, and the office well equipped with all modern devices for the successful treatment of the diseases of their specialty.

Come and have a talk with us concerning your health. You will be given a careful examination, advice and a trial treatment, for which there will be no charge. Come and talk with the crowds in attendance in our reception parlors, and ascertain from them their opinion of the treatment as far as they have gone.

DISEASES OF OUR SPECIALTY.

THE EYES: Are they weak or watery? Burn? Ache? See spots before them? Dull pain over eyes? Lids glued together in morning? Bright light causes pain?

THE EARS: Do they itch? Ache? Run matter? Ringing or buzzing noises? Partial loss of hearing?

THE NOSE: Is it dry? Stopped up? Crusts form? Watery discharge? Bad odor in it? Pain and tightness over bridge? Sense of smell impaired?

THE THROAT: Is it dry and parched? Tickling sensation? Get sore often? Matter gather in it? Hacking to clear it? Feels filled up? Matter drops from your head? Voice hoarse or husky?

THE LUNGS: Have you a cough? Is cough worse at night? Does it prevent sleeping? Pains in chest? Get short of breath? Losing flesh and strength? Wheezing in chest? Sharp pains in side?

THE STOMACH: Do you suffer with nausea? Have vomiting spells? Bloat after eating? Lift up gas? Pain after eating? Tongue coated? Sour stomach? Stomach feel full and heavy? Feel faint when stomach is empty? Full and oppressed after meals? Headache? Dizziness?

THE LIVER: Is your complexion sallow or yellow? Pains under right shoulder? Low spirited at times? Memory failing? Easily tired out? Hot and cold flashes? Pain in right side? Sick headache?

THE KIDNEYS: Hands and feet swell? Skin cold and clammy? Pain in small of back? Urine dark and cloudy? Deposit forms when left standing? Puffiness under eyes? Mouth and throat dry? Perspiration has a bad odor? Unpleasant dreams? Swelling around ankles? Palpitation of heart?

OTHER DISEASES: Joints swollen? Bones ache? Rheumatism? Neuralgia? Asthma? Nervous trouble? Blood diseases? Skin diseases? Diseases of rectum? Piles? Etc?

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NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity, No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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1894.

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IS NOW READY.

It contains illustrations and complete descriptions of all the leading varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, and Garden, Lawn and Farm requisites of all kinds.

It is larger than ever and is complete in all respects. It is FREE to all who call for it, or we will mail it to all who will drop us postal cards giving street and number.

Bartlett & Dow.

New Number 216 Central St.

Beautiful - Easter Display.

It is our intention to fit up our large three windows early in the week with a

UNIQUE EASTER DECORATION,

Which will display many novel specialties for the Easter trade. Many of the novelties were picked up in New York, and none of them are expensive, but are of general utility and convenience. The goods were selected with the utmost care.

Look Out for Our Window Display Early in the Week.

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JOHN H. McCABE, Room 19, Odd Fellows' B'l'k, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

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ESTABLISHED 1852. - - - CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

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NEVER was the charity of the country at large so severely taxed as at present, in relieving real distress. Those suffering from Lung troubles and sore throats are actual sufferers.

There are many who cannot afford to pay the high prices asked for ordinary cough remedies, but ELLINGWOOD'S is sold so low—25c. for a trial size bottle—that all can afford to buy it. Both sexes unite in praising its merits and curative properties.

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PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

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Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal

GREAT SALE OF

Ladies' Shirt Waists

—AT—

YOUNG'S

111 Central Street.

UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS.

UNPARALLELED BARGAINS.

29c. 29c. 29c. 29c.

39 doz. Ladies' Navy Blue, Polka Dot and Striped Waists, ruffled fronts, plaited front and back, high sleeves, made in the best possible manner: regular selling price 49c.; our price for this sale 29c each. First come first served.

35c. 35c. 35c. 35c.

57 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped and Cherry with Polka Dots—Handsome Shirt Waists, only 35c. each.

49c. 49c. 49c.

45 doz. Ladies' Elegant Sateen Waists, in Blacks, Blues, and Blues with Polka Dots, nobby ruffled fronts with Bishop sleeves, cannot be bought in Lowell for less than 98c. each; our price while they last 49c. each.

25c. 25c.

65 doz. Ladies' Fancy Striped Plaited Shirt Waists, all sizes, 25c. each.

25c.

50 doz. Boys' Blouses and Waists, all new patterns, sizes 4 to 14 years, 25c. each, well worth 39c. each.

We expect a big rush for these bargains this week if you want goods at half price. Now is your time to buy. A chance like this will never occur again. Come everybody. Come early to the biggest bargain store in Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 CENTRAL ST.

PETER - DAVEY,

WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.

Always on hand a Large Supply of

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, ETC.,

LOWEST PRICES AND EASIEST TERMS.

Bodies Embalmed by the Latest Methods.

ALWAYS READY to attend to calls Day or Night.

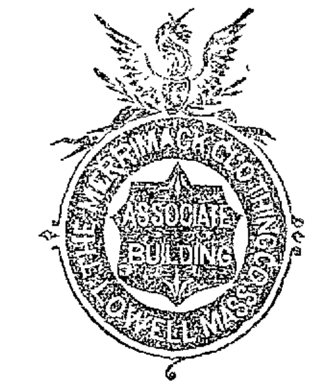
Telephone Connection at both Store and Residence.

Peter Davey.

34 MARKET STREET - - OPPOSITE PALMER.

WE SHINE, OTHERS GLIMMER.

SPRING OPENING



St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

CLOTHES, - HATS, - FURNISHINGS,

A GRAND DISPLAY.

Everybody is hereby extended a cordial invitation to visit our store Saturday between the hours of 7.30 a. m. and 10.30 p. m., and inspect our elegant facilities for catering to their wants when they will be requiring something in our line later in the season.

Don't fail to see our matchless Boys' Dept. It's a gem of perfection.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO.,

Opposite City Hall.

BROKEN LOTS OF

Window Shades.

Mounted on Good Fixtures.

25c., 30c., 35c., 40c.

Also extremely low prices made on Opaque, Holland, or tint shades, made and hung to order.

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Prices on Furniture in proportion, to close out the entire stock, as it must be sold.

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NO. 230 CENTRAL STREET.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced. Large Loaves to 8 Cents —AND— Small Loaves to 4 Cents

The Bread is Second to None in the City. Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets

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CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL, HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER, BRICKS, FERTILIZERS, Straw, Hay Grain, Flour &c., &c.

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W. A. Mack & Co.,

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John E. Coleman,

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

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TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 15	10 17
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 30	10 40	11 30	12 19
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 43	2 00	3 01
1 46	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 32
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 20	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 53	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 59	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 07	12 10	1 05
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 15	2 00	3 15	4 29
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 26	5 10	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 16
6 55	8 00	6 35	5 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 25	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 05	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is St. Patrick's day, a day that to the Irish heart awakens memories of Ireland's national greatness, her glorious past, her trials and tribulations, her struggles, her victories and defeats; the sacrifice of her patriots, their valor and their heroism, together with their irrepressible love of liberty that not even tyranny nor the force of overwhelming power could ever stamp out or conquer.

Away back in the early days of Ireland's history her people worshipped no graven images as did the people of other lands, but looked to the sun as indicative of one Supreme being, the giver of life, the vivifier of all nature and the source of human existence. With such a religion, false though it was, the people by an easy transition of thought came to believe that their day god was only a material body and that the real Creator was not seen by human eye, that the brightness of His face was too brilliant to behold, that the orb of day was but the merest spark of his transcendant glory. With the sun as giving the idea of the Godhead and the shamrock to explain the Trinity, St. Patrick soon planted the faith of Christ on the soil of Ireland and there it has flourished ever since despite the efforts of English sovereigns to eradicate it.

An age of learning, of culture, of enlightment, of religious advancement followed, and soon Ireland was the intellectual luminary of Europe, "the Island of Saints and of Scholars," whose schools were attended by students from every other country in Europe, whose learned men become the professors and teachers in all the leading institutions of learning on the continent.

This was the golden age of learning in Ireland but soon it was overcast by the arrival of the Danes in the eighth century. These savage hordes came like fierce birds of prey upon the quiet God-fearing people of Ireland pillaging their homes, tearing down and desecrating their churches and spreading ruin, disaster and death wherever they went. But the martial spirit of the people was eventually aroused, they united against the invaders and after one of the Danish kings had been captured and thrown into a lake, they determined to make a final effort to break the power of the invaders forever. The forces of Ireland assembled on Good Friday, 1014, at Clontarf and under the leadership of Brian Boru, in one of the most desperate battles in the annals of history, defeated the whole Danish army and drove the remnants of their forces into the sea.

The military glory of Ireland reaches its climax in this battle because here the Irish defeated the Danes, although England which was equally subject to their incursions was unable to drive them out. Brian Boru was murdered by a Dane after the victory while he knelt in prayer thanking God for the triumph achieved. Ireland was recovering from the ravages of the Danes when the Saxon foe came upon her. From the landing of Strongbow in 1172 with few interruptions until the close of the last century Ireland was a sea of gore subject to the most iniquitous and cruel persecution that tyranny could invent.

The battles of 1691, the rising of 1798, of 1803, of 1848 and 1867 are but the great landmarks in the history of the nation's woe. But after Ireland's resources for physicial force were almost exhausted Daniel O'Connell, the liberator, taught the people another method of fighting England and of securing their rights. He secured Catholic emancipation and left repeal of the union or the home rule movement to posterity and it was taken up by Charles Stewart Parnell who carried it within the domain of practical politics until the justice of Ireland's claims were acknowledged by England, and until Mr. Gladstone himself became the champion of that cause.

The progress made in constitutional agitation, for Ireland's rights has been largely due to the influence of American public opinion and American money, which was poured into Ireland in the home rule cause.

The question is still pending with the prospect of a certain settlement which will give Ireland the management of her own affairs and put her on a level with Canada as a self-governing nation, subject, of course, to imperial sway as a component part of the British empire.

Hence it is that today the Irish people can rejoice at the prospect of self-government in the near future, that never again will the hat be passed around for Ireland, and that yet their land may be—

"Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

The man who changes his politics so as to go with the side that appears to be on top is now an orthodox republican. Democratic successes in town and municipal elections are hard to find.—Fall River Herald.

The above would indicate that the writer was suffering from a severe attack of the "blues," politically speaking. The outlook is gloomy, neighbor, but remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Stay those tears.

The Lowell SUN really must not confound the Gazette with newspapers that have abused Senator D. B. Hill of New York. We rather admire David and respect him as well for the enemies he has made.—Haverhill Gazette.

The Gazette at the present time admires everybody that opposes Cleveland's administration. From being a mugwump paper the Gazette has changed to be a most rabidly republican organ.

UPON UNJUST TAXATION.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON GOES TO GENERAL COURT ABOUT IT.

Tax Dodging Is Compulsory Under the Existing Tax Laws — Interesting Abstract From An Address Before the Committee on Taxation.

Richard Roe is a citizen of Massachusetts, and is under its jurisdiction. He owns a majority interest in the Richard Roe Manufacturing company of Maine. He is entitled to the full protection of the law.

Now, because for convenience, since many private properties are being converted into corporations merely for purposes of convenience, Richard Roe choses to hold property in Maine under the corporation laws of that state, he must be fined. Let us assume that Richard Roe had lived in the state of Maine where he had made a fortune, and being desirous of rest and recreation and wishing to enjoy the privileges of our city of Boston he elected to come here to live, bringing with him his certificates of stock incidental to his property in the state of Maine. Straightway the assessors of Boston under existing laws impose a fine upon him, under a decree in legislative form miscalled taxation. What will he do? Probably get out as quick as he can, or else rightly and

Justly Become a Tax Dodger.

But in order to bring this case to an ultimate absurdity we will assume that Richard Roe has no other invested property, but has laid up just enough money in advance of his needs as will enable him to live in Boston for a certain length of time, say one year. He has that money with him, which he deposits in a bank. In that year, owing to an industrial paralysis like that which is now upon us, the corporation ceases to make dividends, while at the same time the assessors of Boston come down on him for the payment of the fine under the pretext of a tax. They take a large part of his money, or else if he refuses to disclose what money he has, they may clap him in jail.

I venture to say, gentlemen, that in this you raise an issue which might well be brought to an adjudication. You "full to give full faith and credence to the public acts of other states." The act of incorporation of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company is a public act of the state of Maine, to which the state of Massachusetts is bound to give full faith and credence. In Miller vs. United States, (11th Wallace, S. C., Rep. 268), the court held that "title is an incident to property and that the actual property was vested in the president and directors of a corporation." Furthermore, in this and in many other cases, the Courts have held that taxation is an incident of sovereignty; there must be dominion over property in order to tax it.

Two Dominions Cannot Exist

over the same property at the same time, neither can the same property be in two places at the same time.

The State of Maine by its public act alleges that it has dominion over the property of the Richard Roe Manufacturing company and rightly taxes it. The State of Massachusetts under the legal fiction that personal property follows the person, and by the exercise of its dominion over the person of Richard Roe, also asserts its dominion over property which is in another State. It fails to give credence to the public acts of the state of Maine.

It may also be held that our Massachusetts laws for collecting the tax imposed on Richard Roe are in contravention of the 14th amendment of the constitution of the United States, which declares that a citizen shall not be deprived of his property without "due process of law."

Your assessor applies torture; he dooms him to pay a sum of money, larger and larger each year until, as one assessor rightly termed it,

"The Victim Squeals."

In other words, Richard Roe, under the thumbscrew of the doomsman, discloses that he owns $100,000 in a Maine corporation, a fact which the state of Massachusetts could not ascertain in any other way unless by the employment of spies to inspect books not within its dominion. Having thus "forced the victim to squeal," and the value of shares being $100,000 in the market, the assessor next fines Richard Roe for owning such property, and on the average the amount of the fine would be $1500 a year; then, if he, having no property under the dominion of Massachusetts, refuses to, or cannot draw on his quasi trustees for the amount of the fine, you clap him in jail.

Now that may all be "due process of law," but it is not in accordance with one of the later provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees equal rights, without distinction of race, color or condition.

Next the same assessor visits John Doe, whose like property is held on a simple deed. Do they apply torture, or doom him for the crime of owning property in another State? Oh, no! he shows his deed, and they at once say to him, "your real estate is not under our jurisdiction; we cannot tax you, not even on income if you earned no income that year. Pay your poll tax and you shall enjoy the benefits of all the laws of Massachusetts, including your share of the fines we have just imposed on your neighbor."

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

SUNBEAMS.

Drawing a Distinction.

Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday tomorrow.

Miss Oldage—Indeed? And isn't it singular? So do I!

Miss Sharpe—Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!—Vogue.

How a Suspender Worked to a Lover's Disadvantage.

Woe is me, for now each morrow brings continuance of sorrow to this heart that fate hath blighted, to this life engulfed, benighted, steeped in woe. And the dirge these lines do render tells of grief that did engender through a frayed and torn suspender purchased from a curbstone vender long ago.

'Neath the leafy picnic bowers, what transcendent bliss was ours! Soul to soul in sweet surrender, she and I, in concord tender, wooed the while.

Fatal happ'ning that befell me! Curs'd mistake that did impel me to my comrade dear to send her, thinking, "Surely he'll attend her without guile, while in forest crypt, in shelter from inquiring gaze, I kelter up my broken old suspender—curse that guileful curbstone vender black and blue!"

Shaded in that sylvan grotto, "Try again" became my motto, as 'bmust needs of every mender when a frayed and worn suspender comes in two.

In my heart she reigned supremely; dignified she was and seemly—fairest one of all her gender. How could I of reft suspender her apprise? Hence, while I was riled and fuming with my trusses in the gloaming, she was wooed in many tender hints of her meantime defender and his sighs.

Oh, the burning, bitter sequel! Woe's sad annals show no equal. Many plaintive notes I penned her—many missives sadly tender: all in vain. When at last I went to meet her, there with longing glance to greet her, she returned the notes I penned her; begged that never would the sender call again. Then it was my heart was blighted and my heart engulfed, benighted; then I prayed remorse to rend her—straightway went I on a bender, in despair. What is now the springtide's splendor? Where the joys that life might render? All that time to me can tender is the hope that I may gender rich and rare plagues to rack that curbstone vender, that mendacious old pretender, who with one decayed suspender gave my earthly hopes an ender, then and there.—New York World.

Overwhelmed.

As he rapidly took his place in the armchair that had held them for so many evenings of their courtship George Gilderspoon saw at once that it was not easy for the beautiful creature who nestled so close to him to conceal the great joy that had come to her.

"Dearest," he murmured, "something has happened to make you very, very happy. Tell me what it is."

"You are right, my own," she replied, smiling at him with the perfect confidence of budding womanhood. "Can't you guess?"

"I am afraid not," he replied reflectingly. "Long ago your dear father consented to our union, the happy day has been set, and it would seem now as if nothing could add to our great joy. Perhaps he has shown you some new proof of his affection."

"Oh, now you have it!" she cried, with a glad little laugh. "What do you suppose the dear, good man has done?"

"I can't imagine, dear," said George. "What can it be?"

"Why, darling," she replied, "the dear, good man has told me that he would pay all my glove bills for the first year."

The light of a great peace came into George's face, and as he kissed her tenderly he said, "Darling, you may not know it, but your father has saved my life."—Truth.

A Powerful Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead."—New York Tribune.

Needed Some Stimulus.

Manager—I shall shortly produce a new play called "The Goldbug," and I want you to take the part of the hero.

Actor—Who is he?

Manager—He is the goldbug—a millionaire.

Actor—Very well. Pay me my back salary just before the curtain rises, and I'll sweep the town.—New York Weekly.

The Worst.

"Araminta," he said solemnly, "in our happiest moments the demon of grief is oft near us. This is a world of sorrow, and at all times we should be prepared for the shock"——

"Odeacer," she exclaimed excitedly, "if it's on crooked, I wish you'd tell me so at once!"—Detroit Tribune.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

A BAD TEMPER

—generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows anæmia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will *positively* cure just such cases.

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Mrs. F. A. Orr, of Corbett, *Baltimore Co., Md.*, writes: "Physicians pronounced my case acute Indigestion. If it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets I firmly believe I would have been in my grave, for nothing did me any good until I began taking them. The "Discovery" also cured my child of night-sweats and a weak stomach, which followed an attack of Pneumonia. We cannot praise your medicines too highly." Sold by all medicine dealers.

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Remember there is no charge for consultation, examination, advice or trial treatment. The Free Trial treatment is offered to convince the public of the superiority of our method.

That is what we claim for it and the only proper way to treat these diseases.

That the treatment is mild, painless and harmless.

That it is simple and uncomplicated, and the directions easily followed, and do not in any way interfere with ordinary occupations.

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DISEASES OF OUR SPECIALTY.

THE EYES: Are they weak or watery? Burn? Ache? See spots before them? Dull pain over eyes? Lids glued together in morning? Bright light causes pain?

THE EARS: Do they itch? Ache? Run matter? Ringing or buzzing noises? Partial loss of hearing?

THE NOSE: Is it dry? Stopped up? Crusts form? Watery discharge? Bad odor in it? Pain and tightness over bridge? Sense of smell impaired?

THE THROAT: Is it dry and parched? Tickling sensation? Get sore often? Matter gather in it? Hacking to clear it? Feels filled up? Matter drops from your head? Voice hoarse or husky?

THE LUNGS: Have you a cough? Is cough worse at night? Does it prevent sleeping? Pains in chest? Get short of breath? Losing flesh and strength? Wheezing in chest? Sharp pains in side?

THE STOMACH: Do you suffer with nausea? Have vomiting spells? Bloat after eating? Lift up gas? Pain after eating? Tongue coated? Sour stomach? Stomach feel full and heavy? Feel faint when stomach is empty? Full and oppressed after meals? Headache? Dizziness?

THE LIVER: Is your complexion sallow or yellow? Pains under right shoulder? Low spirited at times? Memory failing? Easily tired out? Hot and cold flashes? Pain in right side? Sick headache?

THE KIDNEYS: Hands and feet swell? Skin cold and clammy? Pain in small of back? Urine dark and cloudy? Deposit forms when left standing? Puffiness under eyes? Mouth and throat dry? Perspiration has a bad odor? Unpleasant dreams? Swelling around ankles? Palpitation of heart?

OTHER DISEASES: Joints swollen? Bones ache? Rheumatism? Neuralgia? Asthma? Nervous trouble? Blood diseases? Skin diseases? Diseases of rectum? Piles? Etc?

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Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal.

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UNPARALLELED BARGAINS.

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80 doz. Ladies' Navy Blue, Polka Dot and Striped Waists, ruffled fronts, plaited front and back, high sleeves, made in the best possible manner: regular selling price 49c.; our price for this sale 29c each. First come first served.

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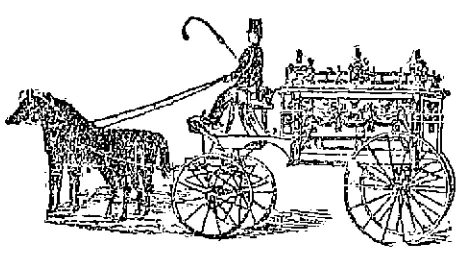

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Prices on Furniture in proportion, to close out the entire stock, as it must be sold.

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Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

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Dress Suits to Let.

CHARM OF THE SHAMROCK!

Story Of a St. Patrick's Day and a Courtship On the Old Isle.

Mystic Power Of the Four Leaf and the Wife and Fortune It Brought Gerald Gleason—A True Irish Love Story By an Irish Writer.

I'll seek a four leafed shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And when I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
—Samuel Lover.

"Oh, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! I have found a four leafed shamrock. It grew near the sloe bushes at the banks of Teelin stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyrconnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeated Gerald Gleason, to whom a fair young Irish girl addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quaint village in the north of Ireland. "Fairies! Sure, you're the sweetest fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like you."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald emphasized his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the ruby lips upturned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she knew there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been years away from these lovely glens and mountains and have forgotten all about the fairies. In the United States, you know, we have no such superstitions."

"Superstitions!" she exclaimed, surprised at his incredulity. "Don't you believe in the luck a four leafed shamrock brings?"

"Shamrock!" he remarked. "I'll wager it's only a clover. But your name—or that part of it you will not have to change, Una—means fortunate, so that you need no four leafed clover as a talisman."

Disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock, which seemed to be hiding itself among others that were of the ordinary trefoil. Una felt she had a prize, for she had found it the day before beneath a sheltered bower, where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven—fallen angels who could find no place to remind them so much of the paradise they had lost as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, is it a clover?" she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"I'm not botanist enough to say, and if I were I would not undermine your faith and patriotism. But"—as to avoid a discussion of the point he took the shamrock and put the leaves near her rosy cheek—"here's the green above the red. It's something I've often prayed for in the land beyond the seas."

"But it must be more real than that," she replied as the treasured sod was returned to her. While replacing it in the window she remarked a little pettishly, "I do think you Irish-Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleason was 30 years of age. He had left Ireland 10 years before for New York and since then had risen from a clerkship to membership in one of the great law firms of the metropolis. In New York he was welcomed by an uncle, a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later, Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept

"NOW, IS IT A CLOVER"

peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature has bestowed so bounteously upon the Irish soil.

It was only natural that he should want to look in at the little school where his early education was received. The old schoolmaster he knew was there no longer, but in his stead a young girl with winsome smiles. Una Costello had just attained her majority, fresh from the training institute at Glasnevin, Dublin, and her artless manner, sylphlike form and true Irish beauty fairly won the young lawyer, whose toilful ambition had hitherto precluded thoughts of love from his mind.

So he staid among old scenes longer than he had intended. July fled and with it August. Scarcely a day passed that did not see him visit the cottage where Una and her widowed mother dwelt. The peasantry had already decided that Una would return with him to America. In fact, he had visited her that day to make the proposition.

Gerald followed her as she went to replace the shamrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill of love warned her instinct that he had something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that kept arranging the shamrock sod in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether contained himself. It was the first case of the kind he had ever pleaded. He would make love readily, as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to ask her to leave the quietude to which she had been accustomed, the dear scenes and dearer friends, for her love for him.

"Yes, America is everything to you," she repeated, not knowing exactly how to break the silence and its strain.

"Not quite everything," he rejoined. "There's yourself, for instance. America would be brighter and dearer to me if you were there spurring on my ambition. Una, darling, you will not let me go alone, will you? I have gone beyond my vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and stripes, but there will be no such home for me, darling, if you are not there."

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother do? I cannot leave her."

"Leave her! Of course not. She will come with us."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Una, looking up regretfully, appealingly, to him. "Oh, what will I do?"

"My darling, don't get excited. Something strange must have happened. Tell me about it."

Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could not induce her to share with Una and him the happiness that awaited them in America.

"Tell me," he said coaxingly, "what is this nightmare that haunts you?"

"It is no nightmare," she replied. "It is too real. You have heard mother speak of my brother Maurice—her only boy—who went to America some years ago. She never heard from him after the

"I HAVE FAITH IN YOU."

first year. She has conceived a strange notion of America. She likes its people for the good they do, but the country itself she looks upon as a siren that lured her most precious idol away to destruction. She would not live there. Gerald, and my place is with her. I am all she has left. Only last night she hinted at the probability of parting and advised me to leave her, if you asked me, and go with you. I had not thought of such a trial coming; I was so happy in your love. We must part, Gerald, but I will always remember you."

Tears came to her eyes, and emotion mastered her. Gerald tried to reassure her, saying he was sure her mother would relent. But Mrs. Costello, when she returned, having been paying a visit to a neighbor when Gerald called, completely disillusioned him of the idea. Her appeal in vain was united with Gerald's to shake Una in her resolution to remain at her mother's side.

"It is only a short time, and I'll not be here, with my old notions, to keep you apart," said Mrs. Costello.

"You mustn't talk in that strain," said Gerald. "You will live many years, I hope, and soon outgrow this prejudice."

"I'm afraid it will live with the memory of my dear boy all my life," she answered, her voice tremulous with awakened sorrow.

Gerald realized that he had lost. Further discussion would but intensify the pain each felt. He arose and went to the window which looked out upon the ocean he was soon to cross, the white capped waves coming dancing in to the Irish shores, still singing to the toilers on the braes above of the queer chimes that lay far beyond the horizon. His eyes fell on the shamrock. Calling Una to his side, he pointed to the shamrock sod and said:

"Una, I am going to ask a favor. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my power," she replied, divining his request by the unerring intuition every loving woman seems to possess.

"This sod," he continued, "will have memories for me that will bring you often before me as you met me today. We will part for awhile. Circumstances may change your mother's views. Maybe the good genius of this shamrock will pity me in that faroff land when he hears my plaint and bring you to me. May I have it?"

"You do not believe in the mystic power," she said. "I'm skeptical myself now. But if you desire the shamrock as a memento, it is yours."

Mrs. Costello had considerately left them alone. Oh, how the good mother had argued vainly against herself, trying to break down the barriers her peculiar ideas had placed in the way of her daughter's happiness, but the years had so thoroughly impregnated them into a sensitive, impressionable organization that they could not be eradicated, and Gerald had to sail some days later unaccompanied by Una.

On landing in New York, Gerald went to the immigrant's mission at the Battery with a few blackthorns he had promised to bring to the manager, an old and valued friend. The manager was talking to one of those careworn unfortunates whom reverses send to the mission for advice and assistance. Gerald paid no attention to the visitor, but rushing in exclaimed as he laid the blackthorns on the manager's desk:

"Here I am again, and I've kept my promise, you see."

"Well, Gerald, how are you?" was the cordial greeting that followed the extended hand. "But what is that?" forgetting to return thanks when he saw the box of shamrocks Gerald carried, the keepsake being too precious to commit to other hands.

A shadow of pain crossed Gerald's features as he allowed his friend to examine the treasure. The thought of his love, now more distant than ever, with all the bitterness of parting, came to mind. Forgetting the presence of another, Gerald told in open words the story of the shamrock and of his disappointed love for Una Costello to this man, who had long been his confidential friend.

"Pardon me," said a voice behind him, that of the careworn visitor who had sat unnoticed and heard the story, "will you let me kiss that shamrock for the sake of the old land and its memories?"

There was a tremor, an earnestness in his voice that awakened Gerald's sympathy. The man's frame trembled with feeling as he stooped to kiss the sod. Tears fell upon the green leaves, and longingly and lovingly were the lips pressed to the shamrock. When his head again uplifted, the man said:

"I've drowned that shamrock in tears today. Too often have I drowned it in something else, too often steeped it and my senses in the flowing bowl."

Then, raising his right hand and looking upward as if calling on God to bear witness to his oath, he added:

"I swear by this shamrock never more to dishonor it and the land it grew in."

His passionate outburst impressed Gerald, who turned to the manager inquiringly, inviting explanation in his look. His friend seemed to read his query in his gaze and said:

"This man has come today for advice and aid. His appearance gives evidence that he has had the usual experience. I hate to recommend him to any one for employment, unless there is virtue in your shamrock that can redeem him."

Virtue in that shamrock! Who would dare deny it? Gerald himself might in Una's presence, but it had become sacred in his eyes afar from her, and he would resent any doubt as to the power resting in that cherished emblem of his love and land.

"I have faith in you," he said to the stranger as he took out his cardcase and hurriedly scrawled the address on the reverse side of his own card. Then, handing the same with a crisp bill to the man, he added: "Go to the man whose name you see there, and he'll fix you in a place according to your ability. Brush up a little before you go."

The man looked at the name and opened wide his eyes in doubt and bewilderment. It was that of the greatest political light in the city of New York. Brighter days were ahead. The poor man grasped Gerald's hand and said:

"I'll repay you for this."

He bowed himself out. The manager laughed. He had heard many such promises and saw nearly all of them broken. It was merely an incident of his day's business. He turned the conversation into other channels, and before Gerald took his leave the promise over the shamrock and the man who made it had passed out of mind for the time being.

Gerald took up the thread of his business where he had dropped it, and the rush to catch up with the run kept him busy, but not too occupied to prevent him from giving due care to the shamrock that thrived in its native clay and flourished on his desk before him as well as if the Irish dew and the Irish air were upon it as in days gone by.

Gerald wrote to Una frequently, but her mother was still obdurate, and the time fled by until St. Patrick's morning. The sun streamed through the window, smiled upon the shamrock and awakened tender recollections within the heart of Gerald. His office windows overlooked the route of the procession. The gallant Sixty-ninth was to lead that day in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The manager of the mission had sent a message that morning to have a place reserved for himself and a few friends who wished to view the marching columns. Gerald awaited them.

The door opened. His eyes were on the shamrock, but the bang of the door as it closed awakened him from his reverie. He looked up and—did his eyes deceive him? There stood Una Costello and her mother, behind them two men, one of whom he recognized as his friend. But it was on Una that his eyes rested. He rushed forward to greet her. What ecstasy in that embrace!

After greeting Mrs. Costello, kissing her as if she were his own mother, Gerald turned to welcome the manager and his companion, but before an explanation could be asked the stranger stepped forward, offered his hand to Gerald and said:

"I have changed considerably. You may not remember me. I was the poor outcast you met at the immigrant home.

THE GREETING.

I heard your story and learned therefrom that my waywardness, my descent in paths that made me oblivious to mother, home and friends, was responsible for blighting the lives of those near and dear to me. I have kept the pledge made over the shamrock. Your card secured me a good position, and I planned this by way of compensation. I surprised mother and sister a few weeks ago as I now do you. With my return, mother's prejudice disappeared. I am Maurice Costello."

"You have more than repaid me," said Gerald, pressing Maurice's hand warmly. Then, turning to Una, he said:

"The four leafed shamrock had a charm, after all. See how I have cared for it."

He led her to the desk on which the shamrock rested. The others followed to look at the magic exile of Erin. Una grasped the box and raised the shamrock to her lips with fervid emotion, and tears fell upon the flower, but this time they were tears of joy. Then laying the box on the desk, she said to Gerald:

"For luck, I'll place a sprig in your lapel today."

Her delicate fingers parted a small branch from the parent stem. Gerald looked proudly as she fastened the shamrock on his coat. When she had finished, he took her in his arms again and kissed her, nobody paying attention to their fond caressings, as all but the lovers had gone to the window to view the procession, summoned there by the opening notes of "The Wearing of the Green."

JOHN J. MCGINNISS.

Priest and Man.

Time—Sunday evening at 10 o'clock. Scene—A horse car on Broadway, New York. Among the passengers are two Italians, one very drunk, the other tolerably drunk. Very drunken one, making noise, disturbing passengers and frightening ladies. Enter intellectual looking but stalwart priest. Observes situation, speaks in Italian to less drunk of the two, saying: "Tell your friend that he doesn't know when he is well off. Keep him quiet or he will get into trouble."

Upon complaint of passenger very drunken man is put off. Other begins abusing priest. Asks in English, in rapid succession: "Are you a priest? Are you a spy? Are you an Irishman?

Priest returns self control perfectly until these questions are repeated several times in steadily rising tones. Then suddenly he responds: "Yes, I'm a priest, I'm an Irishman, and I'm a man. Shut up, or I will knock the head entirely off you."

Half drunken Italian subsides. Lady on opposite side of car says impulsively: "Thank you! I'm afraid of these people."

Priest, speaking from the man and the Irishman side of him, "Madam, no man shall hurt the hair of a woman's head in this car, no matter how treacherous he is, while I'm here."

Order reigns in Warsaw.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Has Given to the World.

A new kind of dwelling house has been invented. It is remarkable in many ways, being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight and as near disease proof as any building can be made. It is warranted microbe proof, and should any stray disease producing germ through any accident or oversight find its way within the forbidden precincts the conditions it finds there will be so obnoxious to its taste and feelings that it will immediately die of despair. The new kind of building is a Japanese invention. Dr. W. van der Hayden of Yokohama is its originator and builder. He has constructed one for his own use, and has lived in it for over a year, testing its good qualities before publishing to the world any of its peculiarities. The tests applied have been so satisfactory in their results that the world is now informed of them.

Glass is the chief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum. These boxes are formed of two panes of glass each four-tenths of an inch in thickness. The glass is fixed in iron frames screwed together. The whole is so constructed that the building will resist the influence of heat, cold, shocks and earthquakes. Between the joints of the iron framework felt is inserted, and then the space is covered with boards. The roof is flat and is supported by cast iron pillars. It, too, is glass, with strips of rubber covering the joints. Over the glass is spread a thin layer of ashes, and upon this is placed a light wooden frame, which is covered with cement to protect the interior from the radiation of heat. The building has outer and inner walls, with a space between affording air passages to neutralize all atmospheric influences without.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it is through this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained. The building is heated and ventilated on the most scientific principles. Pure air is secured from the upper atmosphere and conveyed to the interior of the building through pipes after it has been screened through fine wire netting and filtered through cotton batting so as to deprive it of any microbes or other disease germs it might contain. After being used it escapes from the house through valves fixed in the walls and ceilings for that purpose. The heat is also brought to the house from the outside through pipes running to open flues in the rooms, and as it passes away through these a draft is created which assists in ventilating the rooms. The whole limits of the building are made as asceptic as a wound dressing of lister.—Chicago Post.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 19 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"—two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in 99 cases out of 100. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off and is called the filet de bœuf. It makes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "top sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the tenderloin steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone" sirloin, which is itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of them. Ingenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When meat rises quickly after being pressed, it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.—Washington Post.

Drying an Umbrella.

When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella, ferrule down, into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of "grit" run down into the lining under the iron ring that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rots it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it handle down where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded. It will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely.—Washington Star.

IRISH AND AMERICAN.

St. Patrick's Day and the Spirit In Which It Is Observed.

St. Patrick's day is about the only foreign national holiday that is generally observed in this country, and looking at it in almost any way it is really an Irish-American institution. It will be remembered by the student of history that the potato which was discovered in America was developed until it achieved the prestige of perfection in the Emerald Isle, thus making the potato an Irish-American or American-Irish institution, if you will.

Some 80 years ago the farmer who farmed in Morris county, N. J., and fought the earth for the benefit of his bank account and table, made it a point to plant his potatoes on the 17th of March. It seems almost incredible in this age of climate that potatoes could ever have been set out on St. Patrick's day unless set out before a horse. Yet this was done, and the first potatoes from that planting were always ready for the farmer's table on the ever glorious Fourth of July. It will thus be clearer than ever to the patriotic mind that the potato is so Irish-American that it is difficult to tell just where the Irish begins and the American terminates.

St. Patrick's day is as dear to the Irishman as the Fourth of July is to the American, for, upon this day of days in the history of Ireland, the Irishman, in being an American citizen, feels that he is both an Irishman and an American, and it is a matter of fact that both the Irish and American flags are as conspicuous in the famous processions as are the well known tunes of "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Wearing of the Green."

It is upon St. Patrick's day in the morning that he takes out the high hat that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather wore and brushes it with his sleeve and dances a breakdown of joy in the bosom of his family while he pictures in his mind the approaching hilarity.

It is often wondered how it is that an Irishman can dance so long without breaking down. We might answer that the reason he doesn't break down is that he is dancing a breakdown, and if he should break down it might only serve to break him up, but we will not give that answer to the question.

But we will say that St. Patrick's day is a great institution, and that its parade or cavalcade is one which the representatives of all other nations turn out to see and enjoy. The Russian may be seen contentedly munching on a wax candle, or, if the times are hard, on an ordinary tallow dip, on the corner of Canal street and Broadway, while he watches the men that keep England in an Irish stew skip airily along. The Italian who has generously given himself a half holiday is on hand in his Sunday earrings, and he is full of the procession to such an extent that his mind is not at home in the chestnut roaster, nor does he caper in spirit with the red coated monkey who is at home asleep upon the hand organ or grinding "Tim Finnegan's Wake" upon the same in honor of the day that is being celebrated.

It is the day upon which the Italian musician might make money if he would only have the business head to go forth and discourse Hibernian melodies upon the harp, inasmuch as Ireland and Italy stand together as firmly on the harp as do the famous governors of North and South Carolina upon something totally different and alien to and from this famous string instrument of poetry and song. On other things they do not so well agree. No Irishman ever had the same respect for macaroni and olives that the Italian has, and no Italian ever had such a leaning toward the corned beef and potato habits that the Irishman knows. But they are one when it comes to the harp, which is the connecting link of sympathy between the Irish dancer and the Tuscan player.

When the Irishman starts out on his St. Patrick's day parade, he is as light hearted and happy as a small boy starting homeward from school to begin a three months' vacation, and it is fair to assume that he is then in too good natured a frame of mind to be offended with the man who might step on the caudal terminus of his coat, and even as he capers lightly along he is in spirit at the Donnybrook or some other fair. And as he is marching all over the world we might go so far as to declare, if permitted to burst into song, that—

From Dan to Beersheba,
From China to Milford,
From Ghent to Hoboken,
From Cairo to Guilford,

From Dublin to Yonkers,
From Calais to Cortland,
From Rome to Cossackie,
From Richmond to Portland,

From Hartford to Denver,
From Camden to Lansing,
Beneath the green banner
The Irishman's prancing.

And he is prancing along with a deep seated, heartfelt delight that makes him feel like a millionaire both in spirit and in pocket. Whether he is on a bounding billowy palfrey or upon his humble feet, the sensations of wealth and independence are the same. It is his day, and as he and his countrymen are celebrating all over the world it is the day upon which, figuratively speaking, they own the earth. And when he returns to his home at night, whether it is a brownstone front or a villa upon the rocks, he doesn't feel tired, but, on the contrary, feels just properly limbered up for a dance and to let the world know that he has no use for a king or a queen, except in a game of forty-fives. And when the evening is over he hangs up his blackthorn stick and his hat, and they remain hung up until the 17th of March next year. And then on St. Patrick's day in the midnight—

He is dreaming of Killarney,
And he wanders round in Cork,
And he sees the stone at Blarney
In the bosom of New York,
And in all his wildest snoring,
Kicking swiftly as he can,
He is with his boot heels scoring
Some infernal Englishman.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Shaking Paralysis.

It has been found that sufferers from "shaking paralysis" are much better after a rough railway journey, and the late Dr. Charcot of the Salpetriere, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity, and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it.

SOME OF PATRICK'S MIRACLES.

Legends Concerning the Patron Saint of the Emerald Isle.

THE Druids were the bitterest opponents of good St. Patrick in his great work of Christianizing Ireland. Their priests were powerful and malignant magicians, and in order to prevail against their wicked works St. Patrick had need of all his miracle working power. In spite of his benevolence he had to curse their fertile lands and cause them to become cold and barren bogs, their rivers were made uninhabitable to fish, and their very kettles were cursed, so that no matter how hot a fire was kindled under them water would not boil within them. At last, all these things failing to prevail against the Druids, St. Patrick ordered the earth to open and swallow them.

According to the legends, St. Patrick's power over fire was not confined to rendering it inoperative when placed under the kettles of his enemies. He was quite able to use snow and ice for fuel, and there are several versions of the manner in which he did this. According to one story, he and a number of his followers found themselves one cold morning on the top of a mountain without a fagot to cook their breakfast or warm their stiffened limbs. There was much complaining, to which the saint paid no heed. "Gather a pile of ice and snowballs," he commanded, and when this was done he breathed upon the frigid mass, and it instantly became a pleasant fire. Long after this version was put in rhyme by a lovelorn versifier as follows:

St. Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Roe.

Another form of the same story has it that when a child he busied himself one day in gathering bits of ice and snow, to the displeasure of his nurse, and when she told him he would be better employed if he gathered fagots he breathed on the ice, and it took fire.

Once, when St. Patrick met an old man who refused to believe the teachings of Christianity, the saint asked him if he would be convinced by the performance of a miracle. The answer being in the affirmative, the saint restored him to his youth, and of course the man became at once a convert. On another occasion, when in England, St. Patrick met a leper who desired to take passage on a certain ship, but the captain would not receive him. The saint threw a stone altar that had been blessed by the pope into the water. The leper was bidden to seat himself on the altar, which floated alongside the ship, bearing its single passenger, during the entire voyage.

The greatest of the miracles performed by St. Patrick was, of course, ridding Ireland of snakes and blessing the soil so that it would ever afterward be obnoxious to all reptiles. One legend goes that the saint called all the serpents to the top of a hill and compelled them to swallow one another till none was left. Another account is to the effect that Patrick drove them out by beating a drum, and that he struck it so hard as to knock a hole in it, whereupon an angel, lest the accident should frustrate the saint's object, appeared and mended the rent in the instrument, which, patch and all, was shown as a holy relic as late as 50 or 60 years ago. It is stated that one huge serpent was chained in Lough Dilveen, where it was bidden to remain till Monday. The word of release has never been spoken, and it is said that if your ears are properly quickened you may to this day at Lough Dilveen hear the snake call out on Monday mornings in good Irish, "It's a long Monday, Patrick."

The Irish Abroad.

"There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland. One exile became a marshal of France, another prime minister of Spain. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassadors of George II and of bidding defiance in high terms to the embassadors of George III. Scattered all over Europe were brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

So wrote Macaulay of the Irish of the eighteenth century, and though better days have come for Ireland it is still true that there are more successful Irishmen in other lands. There are Irish governors and high officials of British provinces and American states.

Thomas d'Arcy McGee was among the organizing statesmen of Canada. Thomas Francis Meagher was governor of Montana and marked for higher honors when accident cut short his career. Gervan Duffy was the leading attorney of Australia. And of the Irish soldiers, scholars, statesmen and writers eminent in America the names would fill a column.

L. B. O'G.

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CHARM OF THE SHAMROCK!

Story Of a St. Patrick's Day and a Courtship On the Old Isle.

Mystic Power Of the Four Leaf and the Wife and Fortune It Brought Gerald Gleason—A True Irish Love Story By an Irish Writer.

I'll seek a four leafed shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And when I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
—Samuel Lover.

"Oh, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! I have found a four leafed shamrock. It grew near the sloe bushes at the banks of Teelin stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyrconnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeated Gerald Gleason, to whom a fair young Irish girl addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quaint village in the north of Ireland. "Fairies! Sure, you're the sweetest fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like you."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald emphasized his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the ruby lips upturned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she knew there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been years away from these lovely glens and mountains and have forgotten all about the fairies. In the United States, you know, we have no such superstitions."

"Superstitions!" she exclaimed, surprised at his incredulity. "Don't you believe in the luck a four leafed shamrock brings?"

"Shamrock!" he remarked. "I'll wager it's only a clover. But your name—or that part of it you will not have to change, Una—means fortunate, so that you need no four leafed clover as a talisman."

Disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock, which seemed to be hiding itself among others that were of the ordinary trefoil. Una felt she had a prize, for she had found it the day before beneath a sheltered bower, where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven—fallen angels who could find no place to remind them so much of the paradise they had lost as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, is it a clover?" she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"I'm not botanist enough to say, and if I were I would not undermine your faith and patriotism. But"—as to avoid a discussion of the point he took the shamrock and put the leaves near her rosy cheek—"here's the green above the red. It's something I've often prayed for in the land beyond the seas."

"But it must be more real than that," she replied as the treasured sod was returned to her. While replacing it in the window she remarked a little pettishly, "I do think you Irish-Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleason was 30 years of age. He had left Ireland 10 years before for New York and since then had risen from a clerkship to membership in one of the great law firms of the metropolis. In New York he was welcomed by an uncle, a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later, Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept

"NOW, IS IT A CLOVER?"

peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature has bestowed so bountiously upon the Irish soil.

It was only natural that he should want to look in at the little school where his early education was received. The old schoolmaster he knew was there no longer, but in his stead a young girl with winsome smiles. Una Costello had just attained her majority, fresh from the training institute at Glasnevin, Dublin, and her artless manner, sylphlike form and true Irish beauty fairly won the young lawyer, whose toilful ambition had hitherto precluded thoughts of love from his mind.

So he staid among old scenes longer than he had intended. July fled and with it August. Scarcely a day passed that did not see him visit the cottage where Una and her widowed mother dwelt. The peasantry had already decided that Una would return with him to America. In fact, he had visited her that day to make the proposition.

Gerald followed her as she went to replace the shamrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill of love warned her instinct that he had something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that kept arranging the shamrock sod in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether contained himself. It was the first case of the kind he had ever pleaded. He would make love readily, as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to ask her to leave the quietude to which she had been accustomed, the dear scenes and dearer friends, for her love for him.

"Yes, America is everything to you," she repeated, not knowing exactly how to break the silence and its strain.

"Not quite everything," he rejoined. "There's yourself, for instance. America would be brighter and dearer to me if you were there spurring on my ambition. Una, darling, you will not let me go alone, will you? I have gone beyond my vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and stripes, but there will be no such home for me, darling, if you are not there."

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother do? I cannot leave her."

"Leave her! Of course not. She will come with us."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Una, looking up regretfully, appealingly, to him. "Oh, what will I do?"

"My darling, don't get excited. Something strange must have happened. Tell me about it."

Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could not induce her to share with Una and him the happiness that awaited them in America.

"Tell me," he said coaxingly, "what is this nightmare that haunts you?"

"It is no nightmare," she replied. "It is too real. You have heard mother speak of my brother Maurice—her only boy—who went to America some years ago. She never heard from him after the

"I HAVE FAITH IN YOU."

first year. She has conceived a strange notion of America. She likes its people for the good they do, but the country itself she looks upon as a siren that lured her most precious idol away to destruction. She would not live there, Gerald, and my place is with her. I am all she has left. Only last night she hinted at the probability of parting and advised me to leave her, if you asked me, and go with you. I had not thought of such a trial coming; I was so happy in your love. We must part, Gerald, but I will always remember you."

Tears came to her eyes, and emotion mastered her. Gerald tried to reassure her, saying he was sure her mother would relent. But Mrs. Costello, when she returned, having been paying a visit to a neighbor when Gerald called, completely disillusioned him of the idea. Her appeal in vain was united with Gerald's to shake Una in her resolution to remain at her mother's side.

"It is only a short time, and I'll not be here, with my old notions, to keep you apart," said Mrs. Costello.

"You mustn't talk in that strain," said Gerald. "You will live many years, I hope, and soon outgrow this prejudice."

"I'm afraid it will live with the memory of my dear boy all my life," she answered, her voice tremulous with awakened sorrow.

Gerald realized that he had lost. Further discussion would but intensify the pain each felt. He arose and went to the window which looked out upon the ocean he was soon to cross, the white capped waves coming dancing in to the Irish shores, still singing to the toilers on the braes above of the queer climes that lay far beyond the horizon. His eyes fell on the shamrock. Calling Una to his side, he pointed to the shamrock sod and said:

"Una, I am going to ask a favor. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my power," she replied, divining his request by the unerring intuition every loving woman seems to possess.

"This sod," he continued, "will have memories for me that will bring you often before me as you met me today. We will part for awhile. Circumstances may change your mother's views. Maybe the good genius of this shamrock will pity me in that faroff land when he hears my plaint and bring you to me. May I have it?"

"You do not believe in the mystic power," she said. "I'm skeptical myself now. But if you desire the shamrock as a memento, it is yours."

Mrs. Costello had considerately left them alone. Oh, how the good mother had argued vainly against herself, trying to break down the barriers her peculiar ideas had placed in the way of her daughter's happiness, but the years had so thoroughly impregnated them into a sensitive, impressionable organization that they could not be eradicated, and Gerald had to wait some days later unaccompanied by Una.

On landing in New York, Gerald went to the immigrant's mission at the Battery with a few blackthorns he had promised to bring to the manager, an old and valued friend. The manager was talking to one of those careworn unfortunates whom reverses send to the mission for advice and assistance. Gerald paid no attention to the visitor, but rushing in exclaimed as he laid the blackthorns on the manager's desk:

"Here I am again, and I've kept my promise, you see."

"Well, Gerald, how are you?" was the cordial greeting that followed the extended hand. "But what is that?" forgetting to return thanks when he saw the box of shamrocks Gerald carried, the keepsake being too precious to commit to other hands.

A shadow of pain crossed Gerald's features as he allowed his friend to examine the treasure. The thought of his love, now more distant than ever, with all the bitterness of parting, came to mind. Forgetting the presence of another, Gerald told in open words the story of the shamrock and of his disappointed love for Una Costello to this man, who had long been his confidential friend.

"Pardon me," said a voice behind him, that of the careworn visitor who had sat unnoticed and heard the story, "will you let me kiss that shamrock for the sake of the old land and its memories?"

There was a tremor, an earnestness in his voice that awakened Gerald's sympathy. The man's frame trembled with feeling as he stooped to kiss the sod. Tears fell upon the green leaves, and longingly and lovingly were the lips pressed to the shamrock. When his head again uplifted, the man said:

"I've drowned that shamrock in tears today. Too often have I drowned it in something else, too often steeped it and my senses in the flowing bowl."

Then, raising his right hand and looking upward as if calling on God to bear witness to his oath, he added:

"I swear by this shamrock never more to dishonor it and the land it grew in."

His passionate outburst impressed Gerald, who turned to the manager inquiringly, inviting explanation in his look. His friend seemed to read his query in his gaze and said:

"This man has come today for advice and aid. His appearance gives evidence that he has had the usual experience. I hate to recommend him to any one for employment, unless there is virtue in your shamrock that can redeem him."

Virtue in that shamrock! Who would dare deny it? Gerald himself might in Una's presence, but it had become sacred in his eyes afar from her, and he would resent any doubt as to the power resting in that cherished emblem of his love and land.

"I have faith in you," he said to the stranger as he took out his cardcase and hurriedly scrawled the address on the reverse side of his own card. Then, handing the same with a crisp bill to the man, he added: "Go to the man whose name you see there, and he'll fix you in a place according to your ability. Brush up a little before you go."

The man looked at the name and opened wide his eyes in doubt and bewilderment. It was that of the greatest political light in the city of New York. Brighter days were ahead. The poor man grasped Gerald's hand and said:

"I'll repay you for this."

He bowed himself out. The manager laughed. He had heard many such promises and saw nearly all of them broken. It was merely an incident of his day's business. He turned the conversation into other channels, and before Gerald took his leave the promise over the shamrock and the man who made it had passed out of mind for the time being.

Gerald took up the thread of his business where he had dropped it, and the rush to catch up with the run kept him busy, but not too occupied to prevent him from giving due care to the shamrock that thrived in its native clay and flourished on his desk before him as well as if the Irish dew and the Irish air were upon it as in days gone by.

Gerald wrote to Una frequently, but her mother was still obdurate, and the time fled by until St. Patrick's morning. The sun streamed through the window, smiled upon the shamrock and awakened tender recollections within the heart of Gerald. His office windows overlooked the route of the procession. The gallant Sixty-ninth was to lead that day in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The manager of the mission had sent a message that morning to have a place reserved for himself and a few friends who wished to view the marching columns. Gerald awaited them.

The door opened. His eyes were on the shamrock, but the bang of the door as it closed awakened him from his reverie. He looked up and—did his eyes deceive him? There stood Una Costello and her mother, behind them two men, one of whom he recognized as his friend. But it was on Una that his eyes rested. He rushed forward to greet her. What ecstasy in that embrace!

After greeting Mrs. Costello, kissing her as if she were his own mother, Gerald turned to welcome the manager and his companion, but before an explanation could be asked the stranger stepped forward, offered his hand to Gerald and said:

"I have changed considerably. You may not remember me. I was the poor outcast you met at the immigrant home,

THE GREETING.

I heard your story and learned therefrom that my waywardness, my descent in paths that made me oblivious to mother, home and friends, was responsible for blighting the lives of those near and dear to me. I have kept the pledge made over the shamrock. Your card secured me a good position, and I planned this by way of compensation. I surprised mother and sister a few weeks ago as I now do you. With my return, mother's prejudice disappeared. I am Maurice Costello."

"You have more than repaid me," said Gerald, pressing Maurice's hand warmly. Then, turning to Una, he said:

"The four leafed shamrock had a charm, after all. See how I have cared for it."

He led her to the desk on which the shamrock rested. The others followed to look at the magic exile of Erin. Una grasped the box and raised the shamrock to her lips with fervid emotion, and tears fell upon the flower, but this time they were tears of joy. Then laying the box on the desk, she said to Gerald:

"For luck, I'll place a sprig in your lapel today."

Her delicate fingers parted a small branch from the parent stem. Gerald looked proudly as she fastened the shamrock on his coat. When she had finished, he took her in his arms again and kissed her, nobody paying attention to their fond caressings, as all but the lovers had gone to the window to view the procession, summoned there by the opening notes of "The Wearing of the Green."

JOHN J. MCGINNISS.

Priest and Man.

Time—Sunday evening at 10 o'clock. Scene—A horse car on Broadway, New York. Among the passengers are two Italians, one very drunk, the other tolerably drunk. Very drunken one, making noise, disturbing passengers and frightening ladies. Enter intellectual looking but stalwart priest. Observes situation, speaks in Italian to less drunk of the two, saying: "Tell your friend that he doesn't know when he is well off. Keep him quiet or he will get into trouble."

Upon complaint of passenger very drunken man is put off. Other begins abusing priest. Asks in English, in rapid succession: "Are you a priest? Are you a spy? Are you an Irishman?

Priest retains self control perfectly until these questions are repeated several times in steadily rising tones. Then suddenly he responds: "Yes, I'm a priest, I'm an Irishman, and I'm a man. Shut up, or I will knock the head entirely off you."

Half drunken Italian subsides. Lady on opposite side of car says impulsively: "Thank you! I'm afraid of these people."

Priest, speaking from the man and the Irishman side of him, "Madam, no man shall hurt the hair of a woman's head in this car, no matter how treacherous he is, while I'm here."

Order reigns in Warsaw.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Has Given to the World.

A new kind of dwelling house has been invented. It is remarkable in many ways, being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight and as near disease proof as any building can be made. It is warranted microbe proof, and should any stray disease producing germ through any accident or oversight find its way within the forbidden precincts the conditions it finds there will be so obnoxious to its taste and feelings that it will immediately die of despair. The new kind of building is a Japanese invention. Dr. W. van der Hayden of Yokohama is its originator and builder. He has constructed one for his own use, and has lived in it for over a year, testing its good qualities before publishing to the world any of its peculiarities. The tests applied have been so satisfactory in their results that the world is now informed of them.

Glass is the chief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum. These boxes are formed of two panes of glass each four-tenths of an inch in thickness. The glass is fixed in iron frames screwed together. The whole is so constructed that the building will resist the influence of heat, cold, shocks and earthquakes. Between the joints of the iron framework felt is inserted, and then the space is covered with boards. The roof is flat and is supported by cast iron pillars. It, too, is glass, with strips of rubber covering the joints. Over the glass is spread a thin layer of ashes, and upon this is placed a light wooden frame, which is covered with cement to protect the interior from the radiation of heat. The building has outer and inner walls, with a space between affording air passages to neutralize all atmospheric influences without.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it is through this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained. The building is heated and ventilated on the most scientific principles. Pure air is secured from the upper atmosphere and conveyed to the interior of the building through pipes after it has been screened through fine wire netting and filtered through cotton batting so as to deprive it of any microbes or other disease germs it might contain. After being used it escapes from the house through valves fixed in the walls and ceilings for that purpose. The heat is also brought to the house from the outside through pipes running to open flues in the rooms, and as it passes away through these a draft is created which assists in ventilating the rooms. The whole limits of the building are made as asceptic as a wound dressing of lister.—Chicago Post.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 10 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse"—two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in 99 cases out of 100. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off and is called the filet do bœuf. It makes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "hip sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the tenderloin steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone" sirloin, which is itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of them. Ingenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When meat rises quickly after being pressed, it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.—Washington Post.

Drying an Umbrella.

When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella, ferrule down, into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of "grit" run down into the lining under the iron rhg that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rots it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it, handle down where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away lightly folded. It will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely.—Washington Star.

IRISH AND AMERICAN.

St. Patrick's Day and the Spirit In Which It Is Observed.

St. Patrick's day is about the only foreign national holiday that is generally observed in this country, and looking at it in almost any way it is really an Irish-American institution. It will be remembered by the student of history that the potato which was discovered in America was developed until it achieved the prestige of perfection in the Emerald Isle, thus making the potato an Irish-American or American-Irish institution, if you will.

Some 30 years ago the farmer who farmed in Morris county, N. J., and fought the earth for the benefit of his bank account and table, made it a point to plant his potatoes on the 17th of March. It seems almost incredible in this age of climate that potatoes could ever have been set out on St. Patrick's day unless set out before a horse. Yet this was done, and the first potatoes from that planting were always ready for the farmer's table on the ever glorious Fourth of July. It will thus be clearer than ever to the patriotic mind that the potato is an Irish-American that it is difficult to tell just where the Irish begins and the American terminates.

St. Patrick's day is as dear to the Irishman as the Fourth of July is to the American, for, upon this day of days in the history of Ireland, the Irishman, in being an American citizen, feels that he is both an Irishman and an American, and it is a matter of fact that both the Irish and American flags are as conspicuous in the famous processions as are the well known tunes of "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Wearing of the Green."

It is upon St. Patrick's day in the morning that he takes out the high hat that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather wore and brushes it with his sleeve and dances a breakdown of joy in the bosom of his family while he pictures in his mind the approaching hilarity.

It is often wondered how it is that an Irishman can dance so long without breaking down. We might answer that the reason he doesn't break down is that he is dancing a breakdown, and if he should break down it might only serve to break him up, but we will not give that answer to the question.

But we will say that St. Patrick's day is a great institution, and that its parade or cavalcade is one which the representatives of all other nations turn out to see and enjoy. The Russian may be seen contentedly munching on a wax candle, or, if the times are hard, on an ordinary tallow dip, on the corner of Canal street and Broadway, while he watches the man that keep England in an Irish slow skip airily along. The Italian who has generously given himself a half holiday is on hand in his Sunday carringe, and he is full of the procession to such an extent that his mind is not at home in the chestnut roaster, nor does he caper in spirit with the red coated monkey who is at home asleep upon the hand organ or grinding "Tim Finnegan's Wake" upon the same in honor of the day that is being celebrated.

It is the day upon which the Italian musician might make money if he would only have the business head to go forth and discourse Hibernian melodies upon the harp, inasmuch as Ireland and Italy stand together as firmly on the harp as do the famous governors of North and South Carolina upon something totally different and alien to and from this famous string instrument of poetry and song. On other things they do not so well agree. No Irishman ever had the same respect for macaroni and olives that the Italian has, and no Italian ever had such a leaning toward the corned beef and potato habits that the Irishman knows. But they are one when it comes to the harp, which is the connecting link of sympathy between the Irish dancer and the Tuscan player.

When the Irishman starts out on his St. Patrick's day parade, he is as light hearted and happy as a small boy starting homeward from school to begin a three months' vacation, and it is fair to assume that he is then in too good natured a frame of mind to be offended with the man who might step on the caudal terminus of his coat, and even as he capers lightly along he is in spirit at the Donnybrook or some other fair. And as he is marching all over the world we might go so far as to declare, if permitted to burst into song, that—

From Dan to Beersheba,
From China to Milford,
From Ghent to Hohokus,
From Cairo to Guilford,

From Dublin to Yonkers,
From Calais to Cortland,
From Rome to Cuxsackie,
From Richmond to Portland,

From Hartford to Denver,
From Camden to Lansing,
Beneath the green banner
The Irishman's prancing.

And he is prancing along with a deep seated, heartfelt delight that makes him feel like a millionaire both in spirit and in pocket. Whether he is on a bounding billowy palfrey or upon his humble feet, the sensations of wealth and independence are the same. It is his day, and as he and his countrymen are celebrating all over the world it is the day upon which, figuratively speaking, they own the earth. And when he returns to his home at night, whether it is a brownstone front or a villa upon the rocks, he doesn't feel tired, but, on the contrary, feels just properly limbered up for a dance and to let the world know that he has no use for a king or a queen, except in a game of forty-fives. And when the evening is over he hangs up his blackthorn stick and his hat, and they remain hung up until the 17th of March next year. And then on St. Patrick's day in the midnight—

He is dreaming of Killarney,
And he wanders round in Cork,
And he sees the stone of Blarney
In the bosom of New York.
And in all his wildest snoring,
Kicking swiftly as he can,
He is with his best heels scoring
Some infernal Englishman.

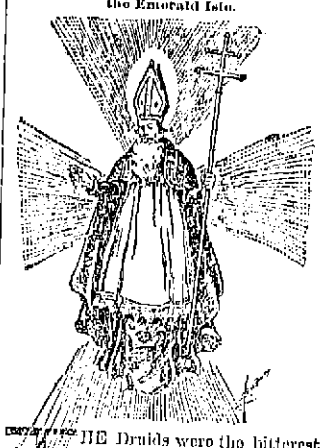
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Shaking Paralysis.

It has been found that sufferers from "shaking paralysis" are much better after a rough railway journey, and the late Dr. Charcot of the Salpetriere, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity, and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it.

SOME OF PATRICK'S MIRACLES.

Legends Concerning the Patron Saint of the Emerald Isle.



THE Druids were the bitterest opponents of good St. Patrick in his great work of Christianizing Ireland. Their priests were powerful and malignant magicians, and in order to prevail against their wicked works St. Patrick had need of all his miracle working power. In spite of his benevolence he had to curse their fertile lands and cause them to become cold and barren bogs, their rivers were made uninhabitable to fish, and their very kettles were cursed, so that no matter how hot a fire was kindled under them water would not boil within them. At last, all these things failing to prevail against the Druids, St. Patrick ordered the earth to open and swallow them.

According to the legends, St. Patrick's power over fire was not confined to rendering it inoperative when placed under the kettles of his enemies. He was quite able to use snow and ice for fuel, and there are several versions of the manner in which he did this. According to one story, he and a number of his followers found themselves one cold morning on the top of a mountain without a fagot to cook their breakfast or warm their stiffened limbs. There was much complaining, to which the saint paid no heed. "Gather a pile of ice and snowballs," he commanded, and when this was done he breathed upon the frigid mass, and it instantly became a pleasant fire. Long after this version was put in rhyme by a lovelorn versifier as follows:

St. Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Roe.

Another form of the same story has it that when a child he busied himself one day in gathering bits of ice and snow, to the displeasure of his nurse, and when she told him he would be better employed if he gathered fagots he breathed on the ice, and it took fire.

Once, when St. Patrick met an old man who refused to believe the teachings of Christianity, the saint asked him if he would be convinced by the performance of a miracle. The answer being in the affirmative, the saint restored him to his youth, and of course the man became at once a convert. On another occasion, when in England, St. Patrick met a leper who desired to take passage on a certain ship, but the captain would not receive him. The saint threw a stone altar that had been blessed by the pope into the water. The leper was bidden to seat himself on the altar, which floated alongside the ship, bearing its single passenger, during the entire voyage.

The greatest of the miracles performed by St. Patrick was, of course, ridding Ireland of snakes and blessing the soil so that it would ever afterward be obnoxious to all reptiles. One legend goes that the saint called all the serpents to the top of a hill and compelled them to swallow one another till none was left. Another account is to the effect that Patrick drove them out by beating a drum, and that he struck it so hard as to knock a hole in it, whereupon an angel, lest the accident should frustrate the saint's object, appeared and mended the rent in the instrument, which, patch and all, was shown as a holy relic as late as 50 or 60 years ago. It is stated that one huge serpent was chained in Lough Dilveen, where it was bidden to remain till Monday. The word of release has never been spoken, and it is said that if your ears are properly quickened you may to this day at Lough Dilveen hear the snake call out on Monday mornings in good Irish, "It's a long Monday, Patrick."

The Irish Abroad.

"There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland. One exile became a marshal of France, another prime minister of Spain. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassadors of George II and of bidding defiance in high terms to the embassadors of George III. Scattered all over Europe were brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

So wrote Macaulay of the Irish of the eighteenth century, and though better days have come for Ireland it is still true that there are more successful Irishmen in other lands. There are Irish governors and high officials of British provinces and American states.

Thomas d'Arcy McGee was among the organizing statesmen of Canada. Thomas Francis Meagher was governor of Montana and marked for higher honors when accident cut short his career. Gervan Duffy was the leading attorney of Australia. And of the Irish soldiers, scholars, statesmen and writers eminent in America the names would fill a column.

L. R. O'G.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Novelties In Evening Gowns For Girls and Matrons.

The Rich Moire Silks Again In Vogue—Figaros Becoming Very Popular—The Utility of Ribbon Bretelles and Other Simple Toilet Accessories.

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EARLY SPRING WRAPS.

The figure on the right shows a gown of the new twilled cashmere. The wrap is of black armure, embroidered with black and gold. The collar is of black velvet. The central figure shows a mole colored cloth, tailor finished wrap. The coat has a short cape, pointed in the front and back, made of the same material. The costume on the left shows a dress of gray faille, trimmed with garnet bands. The short cape is of cherry red velvet, with trimmings of madder red passementerie.

As spring advances it rather seems to me that we are to have the 1830 styles as the principal ones of the season, and that we may expect fashion to follow the salient modes, from 1830 on to 1883, though there are still many things, particularly basques and coats, that take their distinguishing points from the days of the empire and before.

The lighter materials and above all the evening dresses remind one of the days when "she wore a wreath of roses upon her

EVENING GOWNS FOR GIRLS AND MATRONS.

marble brow." These wreaths of roses were just roses pure and simple, without foliage, and they came right down to the forehead, where they rested their pink or white petals without any intervening bang or frizzes. They looked pretty in the old days, but somehow now they look quaint, but not so becoming as if the curls came down over the "marble brow," for there is not one woman in a hundred who looks well with her forehead bare. There is a really good excuse for those who wear "fronts" when their own hair is thin and scanty.

That reminds me that a young lady of my acquaintance, who has recently come here from Peru, told me of a remedy for thin hair. It is to take the shells from a pound of English walnuts and pour a quart of boiling water over them and leave them so. Every morning and evening some of the water should be rubbed into the roots of the hair. This has been productive of admirable results in two cases to my personal knowledge, and one subject is nearly 70 years old.

An evening dress, worn by a young lady at a recent function, was made of white mousseline de soie, with pink polka dots all over it—that is to say, the front of the dress was of that material, while the train was of rose pink satin. The front breadth of the silk muslin was embroidered in pink and gold threads. The baby waist was belted with pink moire ribbon and had a square bow of the same on the corsage, held by a rose. All around the shoulders there was a wreath of pink crush roses. There were two long ends of moire ribbon, which were sewed under a bunch of three large roses, and a double bow with fishtail ends. The elbow sleeves were made of one drooping puff. The whole gown was lovely. There was a wreath of pink roses intended to wear in the hair with this gown.

I have been pleased to note that the rich moire silks are again coming into vogue for elegant costumes for both young and old. The colored and tinted moires make exceptionally rich gowns for the young married ladies and the black for the older and middle aged ladies. They are also worn for half mourning. I took particular notice of a dress of black moire made for a young widow of three years, now in her last stage of mourning en regle. She had a rich black moire antique, cut princess, with the back of the skirt very full. There was a row of fine jet passementerie around the bottom. The upper sleeves were moire, and the lower portion was of black crepe lisse closely shirred over white satin. There was an inset vest front to the waist made in the same manner, bordered with a pointed bertha of passementerie.

There is a difference between moire and moire antique. The first has the pattern or shading which makes the "watered" appearance small and of almost regular pattern. The moire antique has large and irregular patterns. This is caused by pressure, and there is nothing that could be richer. Moire, or "ondine," as some call it, is not generally of as good quality as the moire antique. When one buys moire of second quality, it can be made to look equally rich by lining it with canton flannel. This also holds true with thin satins. It seems to give them body and weight, and they fold in a rich round style that is the distinguishing trait of the best and most expensive qualities. Moire sleeves and other garniture for fine dresses give a very elegant and sumptuous effect. White moire is beautiful for wedding gowns. Not even satin can throw up the beauty of lace as can moire.

The same house that made the last mentioned gown had another silken dress that was notable for its simple lines and genu-

NEW STYLES IN CORSAGES.

ine beauty and grace. It was of mat white cheney silk, with indistinct pale blue dots set irregularly all over it. The skirt was quite straight and gathered very full with deep gathers and sewed to the waist with a piping. The infant waist had a double shirring at the top and was brought to a very small point both front and back. There were bretelles of mazarin blue velvet ribbon, which formed knots on the shoulders, and there was a belt made of the same, ending a close knot. The sleeves had triple puffs, each one held in by a velvet ribbon. There was no other ornamentation, but the dress was beautiful.

The fashion of having ribbon bretelles is a pretty one, and one that is productive of a very dressy effect with little trouble. Almost any one can add these little touches to a plain frock, and it is often done so that one dress may have three or four sets of ribbon, of different colors. One young lady had a plain black taffeta gown, and to wear with this she had five different sets of ribbons, not quite alike, but still all made on the same general plan. It was not 10 minutes' work to adjust a fresh set, and she pleased everybody by her infinite variety, obtained at a limited expense.

A pretty way to manage these is to follow a design originating in Berlin, which is now the rival of Paris in fashions. The design in question was a set of two toned ribbon in light and dark blue stripes. There were bretelles tied into knots on the shoulders, and reaching the waist back and front, and from there each back ribbon and each front one was carried down to the hips, where they met and tied into a double bow with ends. From the shoulder one of the ends was lengthened to the elbow and there ended in a butterfly bow. This set of ribbon garniture was worn over a gown of mottled black and brown taffeta.

Crossed draperies as trimming for corsages are very often seen, particularly for light materials, such as challis and wash goods. But the same fancy is also frequently carried out on gowns of more expensive material. One rich figured silk in beige and green had a basque of myrtle green velvet, with a sprung frill lined with beige satin. There was a crossed drapery of the silk [illegible] from a shirring at the arm [illegible] ending under a draped sash belt of the [illegible] at the waist. It crossed the bust in front in the same manner. The collar was also draped with the silk and had a chou of the same at the back of the neck. Many of the gowns have draperies of the same or contrasting color or material in form of simulated figaros.

I think I should mention the figaro separately, since it is liable to become a fad this season. There is such a variety that I hardly know where to begin first. Some have sleeves. Some have none. Some have jockeys instead of sleeves, and some have fringes or tassels of silk or metal. Some are short under the arms and high necked with collars. Some have the top turned over, forming a bertha. Some are square pointed and some rounded or even scalloped. Some are of velvet heavily embroidered, and some are of cloth, and others are severely plain. Some contrast with the gown, and some are of the same material. Some have the Eton shape and some the Turkish or oriental, and all are pretty and becoming. Thin persons look a better figure, and plump ones look more slender—that is, if they have the sense to wear those that set out loosely from the waist.

The figaro can be made into one of the daintiest and most ornamental adjuncts to a lady's wardrobe of any one thing ever yet devised. Very many handsome evening gowns have real or simulated figaros. The white cloth, satin or velvet, worked with gold braid, is the richest of all with a border of little gold frogs. Such a figaro, literally stiff with gold braid, costs about $30, which is little when one counts the stitches that are required. These are the oriental ones.

While speaking of accessories to the toilet I must mention the deep lace pelerines. These are made with a square yoke front and back, bordered with deep vandyke points of lace set on with the least possible amount of fullness. There must be some on the shoulder, but only enough to make it set rightly. It is cut just to the neck

NEW ACCESSORIES.

line. There is a strong reaction setting in against the high collars women have been wearing so long. No amount of cleaning could keep the inside of the band from becoming greasy and dusty, and sometimes the material was rough, but with it all not one woman out of fifty can show her neck now without some sort of device to hide the roughness and pimples. With warmer weather the collars will grow narrower and disappear, and ladies will poultice their necks with bread and milk and tincture of benzoin until they are white and smooth once more.

Lace will play a very prominent part again this spring. I have seen three or four woolen gowns, to say nothing of several silk ones, with the sleeves made of lace. Fur is seen on such sleeves united with lace and ribbon. Naturally, where lace, ribbon and fur are all used on one sleeve, that sleeve is for some rather festive occasion. A sleeve of this style had a balloon puff, with a band of fur at the elbow, just above a fall of lace. A bow on the shoulder had three long ends, which formed loops ending under the fur band. The forearm piece had fur around the wrist. This sleeve is an ornament to a plain gown and I think could be made of black lace with good effect.

My attention has been called to some novel fichus, and as they are not only pretty, but easily made, I mention them. One had the foundation of net, and down the front there were three rows of Irish point, reaching to the waist. There was a ruffle of mull all around the shoulders, edged with Irish point. Above that was a doubled ruffle of mull, and a narrower one of the same, which stood upright. From under the drooping ruffle started two scarf ends of mull, reaching to the waist line, where they gathered in under a bow of ribbon with long ends. This can be worn over any gown and forms a very dainty and graceful finish to a plain toilet.

Another pretty fichu collarette was much in the same style, but had a foundation of valenciennes lace, with a hemmed frill of pale blue chiffon and a standing ruching of the same. There was a row of lace sewed to a row of the sheerest swiss embroidery. There were blue chiffon ties, which were over a yard long and intended to be tied into a bow and ends at the waist in front or brought around behind the back and knotted loosely there.

There was a novel fichu made in the form of a sailor collar of white surah over a stiff foundation. The collar was bordered with a double ruching of narrow black lace, and below that was a frill of black lace 4 inches wide. From under the ends of the collar there were two brides of white crepe lisse, brought to points intended to cross over the breast and fasten under a belt. There was another fichu made on this model, only this had two mull ruffles bordered with narrow black lace instead of the one deep frill of black lace. They were both pretty and suitable to wear with anything.

MATE LEROY.

Alcoholic Gas In a Drunkard's Skull.

When the skull of a man who has died of delirium tremens is opened, the gas which escapes can be ignited and burns with a bluish alcoholic flame.

The Millionaire a Worker.

The difficulties of my boyhood are still fresh in my mind and still strangely influence my views of life. Those early years—and they were years of struggle—in which I bumped against human nature and studied it, did more to strengthen me in mind and character than anything else that has come in my life since.

I consider it one of the most fortunate things to be born poor. The argument that the poor young man has not an equal chance with the rich young man is profoundly silly. In this age of development, rapidity of change and national prosperity the rise of a young man depends entirely upon his individual and faithful effort. We have a distinctly American disease—it is American push. It is contagious, and the sooner a young man is seized by it the sooner will he succeed.

It is a mistake to suppose that millionaires do not work. Probably the greatest and saddest misunderstanding between the rich man and the poor is that the rich man does not know how much the poor man suffers, and the poor man does not know how hard the rich man works.

[The above was contributed by the late Orlando B. Potter to Demorest's Magazine a few hours before his sudden death.]—New York Mail and Express.

What He Could Do.

The mission worker had a lot of boys from the street before him, trying to see what their capacities were for other work than wandering. He had called up several and questioned them and came next to a redheaded urchin of about 12. As the boy rose to be put through the course one of the other boys prodded him with a pin. He jumped, of course, but being on his good behavior he managed to suppress his feelings, though it could be plainly seen that he was almost at the limit.

"You want to work, too, do you?" asked the missionary kindly.

The boy merely nodded.

"What can you do?" inquired the missionary.

The boy could hold in no longer.

"I kin lick de stuffin out of de kid wot sticked me wid a pin, and I'm goin to do it," he burst forth, and a few minutes later the job had been done thoroughly.—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middlesboro by the Rev. Bryan Dale. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"—Exchange.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY DISPLAY OF PRETTY CHINA.

When Painting on Glass—The Correct Thing In Drapery—Culinary Recipes For the Housewife.

Wise housekeepers learned some time ago that a simple meal prettily served had an elegance of effect that was wanting in a more elaborate menu when dainty dishes were lacking. There is probably no expenditure which gives more general satisfaction in a household than that which spreads a table with wisely chosen china. The housekeeper indeed rejoices over well stocked linen shelves, and the student feels a peculiar bliss when he makes additions to his library, but the entire family shares in the pleasure imparted by a new dish or a fresh set of plates.

The time has gone by when it was considered good form to have all the china of the same pattern. It is well to have a dinner set so that there may be some correspondence between vegetable dishes, meat platters, and at least one set of plates. But further than that unity of design or color need not go. The oyster plates may differ from those in which the soup is brought in. There may be no points of resemblance between fish and entree and dinner plates. The salad set may be sui generis, and the dessert or fruit plates unique. "Everything goes" (forgive the slang) in this day of catholicity of taste.

This delightful fashion renders it possible for the housekeeper to make a gorgeous showing without too great extravagance. A dozen plates now, a dozen then—the expense need not be such a burden after all. If it pleases her, she may have a set in which no two pieces match, and so long as the china is good and the choice shows taste the whim needs no apology.

The price of china is graded to suit all purses. A pretty display may be made for a small outlay, judiciously expended, or the cost of each plate may be enough to keep a poor family in provisions for a month. Perhaps the porcelain from which the greatest pleasure is derived is not that whose weight in gold would hardly pay its price. One may be happy with her table furnished with cheaper ware, and in most cases only the connoisseur can judge of the value of the rarest pieces. The beauty of the china and decoration is, after all, the most important point to be considered in buying tableware, according to Harper's Bazar, which has the foregoing to say about pretty china.

When Painting on Glass.

For those who wish to avoid employing a glazier or to save the expenses of the diamond that most readily cuts the tinted glass to any shape required, press heavily upon the glass with a steel cutter; then lay upon the scratched line a length of linen thread soaked in turpentine. Press the thread to the surface of the glass and set it on fire. This will heat the glass around the marked line. While heated throw upon it a few drops of cold water, and it will then readily break into the desired form.—Art Amateur.

Bread Omelet.

Housekeepers who have too much principle to throw away stale bread, and who cannot bring their families to relish bread pudding, will find they can put their loaves to practical use by making what an experienced mother calls "bread omelet." Cut the bread in very thin slices—and there is nothing that one can slice so thin as stale bread—and dip the slices in beaten eggs. Fry in butter. A most substantial, economical and satisfactory dish for breakfast.

The Light From the Window.

To make the objects in the room distinct the light entering the windows must be conserved as much as possible. This will best be accomplished, according to Popular Science, by banishing all dark materials. Heavy hangings absorb light as well as dirt. Oak or enameled furniture reflects the light that black walnut or rosewood absorbs, and a light colored wall will do almost as much as a sunny disposition to fill a room with sunshine and good cheer.

A Good Hot Supper Dish.

Wash, peel and boil a pound of potatoes. When quite cooked, strain and mash them with a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg and cayenne. Put this mixture into six clean buttered scallop shells, score it with a knife, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg and scatter small pieces of butter on each scallop; set the shell in the oven. When of a bright brown, take them up and serve.

The "Correct" Thing In Drapery.

Many single doors are using only one curtain, the material bought by the yard and the fringe sewed on. No rings are used. The red is put on inside the doorways, with space above sufficient to permit the portieres to be thrown over the pole once or twice, according to the width of the doorway—one end reaching the floor, the other

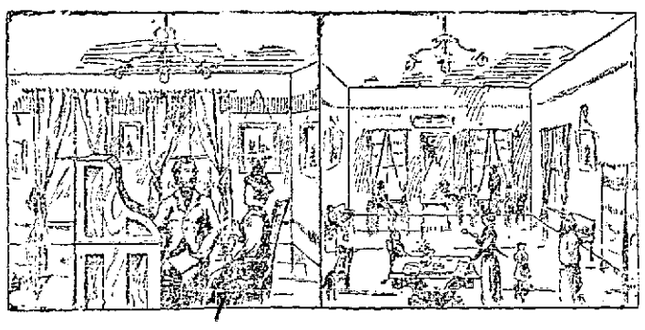
A FRENCH FANCY IN PORTIERES.

quite short. The fabric can be wound so loosely over the pole that the "sagging" in the center will form graceful curves.

"Draping remains elaborate in the four piece style for all 'correct' windows. First comes the plain white shade, then a sash curtain of yellow silk; next, dainty lace curtains of larger design, and lastly a heavy Turkish curtain of mingled oriental colors. The lace curtains are hung plain, and the one Turkish curtain is swung over the pole," says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the accompanying sketch of a portiere is reproduced.

Their Native Climes.

Spinach is a Persian plant.
Filberts came from Greece.
Quinces came from Corinth.
The turnip came from Rome.
The peach came from Persia.
The nasturtium came from Peru.
Horse radish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Sage is a native of the south of Europe.



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For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

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Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

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or Woburn, 6.30, ¶7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.30, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m, 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

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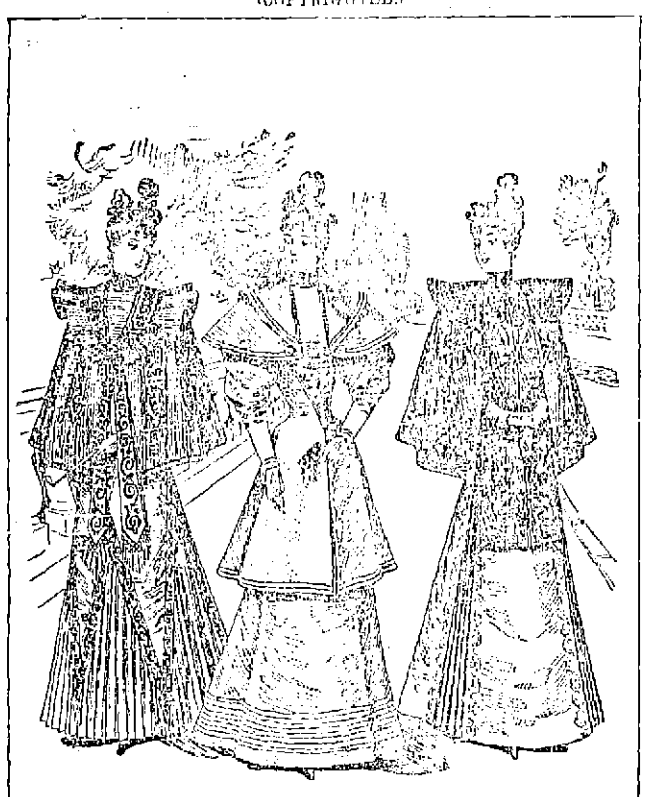

EARLY SPRING WRAPS.

The figure on the right shows a gown of the new twilled cashmere. The wrap is of black armure, embroidered with black and gold. The collar is of black velvet. The central figure shows a mode colored cloth, tailor finished wrap. The coat has a short cape, pointed in the front and back, made of the same material. The costume on the left shows a dress of gray faille, trimmed with garnet bands. The short cape is of cherry red velvet, with remnings of madder red passementerie.

As spring advances it rather seems to me that we are to have the 1830 styles as the principal ones of the season, and that we may expect fashion to follow the salient modes, from 1830 on to 1852, though there are still many things, particularly basques and coats, that take their distinguishing points from the days of the empire and before.

The lighter materials and above all the evening dresses remind one of the days when "she wore a wreath of roses upon her

EVENING GOWNS FOR GIRLS AND MATRONS.

marble brow." These wreaths of roses were just roses pure and simple, without foliage, and they come right down to the forehead, where they rested their pink or white petals without any intervening bang or frizzes. They looked pretty in the old days, but somehow now they look quaint, but not so becoming as if the curls came down over the "marble brow," for there is not one woman in a hundred who looks well with her forehead bare. There is a really good excuse for those who wear "fronts" when their own hair is thin and scanty.

That reminds me that a young lady of my acquaintance, who has recently come here from Peru, told me of a remedy for thin hair. It is to take the shells from a pound of English walnuts and pour a quart of boiling water over them and leave them so. Every morning and evening some of the water should be rubbed into the roots of the hair. This has been productive of admirable results in two cases to my personal knowledge, and one subject is nearly 70 years old.

An evening dress, worn by a young lady at a recent function, was made of white mousseline de soie, with pink polka dots all over it—that is to say, the front of the dress was of that material, while the train was of rose pink satin. The front breadth of the silk muslin was embroidered in pink and gold threads. The baby waist was belted with pink moire ribbon and had a square bow of the same on the corsage, held by a rose. All around the shoulders there was a wreath of pink crush roses. There were two long ends of moire ribbon, which were sewed under a bunch of three large roses, and a double bow with distant ends. The elbow sleeves were made of one drooping puff. The whole gown was lovely. There was a wreath of pink roses intended to wear in the hair with this gown.

I have been pleased to note that the rich moire silks are again coming into vogue for elegant costumes for both young and old. The colored and tinted moires make exceptionally rich gowns for the young married ladies and the black for the older and middle aged ladies. They are also worn for half mourning. I took particular notice of a dress of black moire made for a young widow of three years, now in her first stage of mourning en regle. She had a rich black moire antique, cut princess, with the back of the skirt very full. There was a row of fine jet passementerie around the bottom. The upper sleeves were moire, and the lower portion was of black crepe lisse closely shirred over white satin. There was an inset vest front to the waist made in the same manner, bordered with a pointed bertha of passementerie.

There is a difference between moire and moire antique. The first has the pattern or shading which makes the "watered" appearance small and of almost regular pattern. The moire antique has large and irregular patterns. This is caused by pressure, and there is nothing that could be richer. Moire, or "toudine," as some call it, is not generally of as good quality as the moire antique. When one buys moire of second quality, it can be made to look equally rich by lining it with canton flannel. This also holds true with thin satins. It seems to give them body and weight, and they fold in a rich round style that is the distinguishing trait of the best and most expensive qualities. Moire sleeves and other garniture for fine dresses give a very elegant and sumptuous effect. White moire is beautiful for wedding gowns. Not even satin can throw up the beauty of lace as can moire.

The same house that made the last mentioned gown had another silken dress that was notable for its simple lines and genu-

NEW STYLES IN CORSAGES.

ine beauty and grace. It was of mat white cheney silk, with indistinct pale blue dots set irregularly all over it. The skirt was quite straight and gathered very full with deep gathers and sewed to the waist with a piping. The infant waist had a double shirring at the top and was brought to a very small point both front and back. There were bretelles of mazarin blue velvet ribbon, which formed knots on the shoulders, and there was a belt made of the same, ending a close knot. The sleeves had triple puffs, each one held in by a velvet ribbon. There was no other ornamentation, but the dress was beautiful.

The fashion of having ribbon bretelles is a pretty one, and one that is productive of a very dressy effect with little trouble. Almost any one can add these little touches to a plain frock, and it is often done so that one dress may have three or four sets of ribbon, of different colors. One young lady had a plain black taffeta gown, and to wear with this she had five different sets of ribbons, not quite alike, but still all made on the same general plan. It was not 10 minutes' work to adjust a fresh set, and she pleased everybody by her infinite variety, obtained at a limited expense.

A pretty way to manage these is to follow a design originating in Berlin, which is now the rival of Paris in fashions. The design in question was a set of two toned ribbon in light and dark blue stripes. There were bretelles tied into knots on the shoulders, and reaching the waist back and front, and from there each back ribbon and each front one was carried down to the hips, where they met and tied into a double bow with ends. From the shoulder one of the ends was lengthened to the elbow and there ended in a butterfly bow. This set of ribbon garniture was worn over a gown of mottled black and brown taffeta.

Crossed draperies as trimming for corsages are very often seen, particularly for light materials, such as challis and wash goods. But the same fancy is also frequently carried out on gowns of more expensive material. One rich figured silk in beige and green had a bertha of myrtle green velvet, with a spring frill lined with beige satin. There was a crossed drapery of the silk [illegible] from a shirring at the arm [illegible] going under a draped sash belt of the [illegible] at the waist. It crossed the bust in [illegible] manner. The collar was also draped with the silk and had a chou of the same at the back of the neck. Many of the gowns have draperies of the same or contrasting color or material in form of simulated figures.

I think I should mention the figaro separately, since it is liable to become a fad this season. There is such a variety that I hardly know where to begin first. Some have sleeves. Some have none. Some have jockeys instead of sleeves, and some have fringes or tassels of silk or metal. Some are short under the arms and high necked with collars. Some have the top turned over, forming a bertha. Some are square pointed and some rounded or even scalloped. Some are of velvet heavily embroidered, and some are of cloth, and others are severely plain. Some contrast with the gown, and some are of the same material. Some have the Eton shape and some the Turkish or oriental, and all are pretty and becoming. Thin persons look a better figure, and plump ones look more slender—that is, if they have the sense to wear those that set out loosely from the waist.

The figaro can be made into one of the daintiest and most ornamental adjuncts to a lady's wardrobe of any one thing ever yet devised. Very many handsome evening gowns have real or simulated figaros. The white cloth, satin or velvet, worked with gold braid, is the richest of all with a border of little gold frogs. Such a figaro, literally stiff with gold braid, costs about $40, which is little when one counts the stitches that are required. These are the oriental ones.

While speaking of accessories to the toilet I must mention the deep lace pelerines. These are made with a square yoke front and back, bordered with deep vandyke points of lace set on with the least possible amount of fullness. There must be some on the shoulder, but only enough to make it set rightly. It is cut just to the neck

NEW ACCESSORIES.

line. There is a strong reaction setting in against the high collars women have been wearing so long. No amount of cleaning could keep the inside of the band from becoming greasy and dusty, and sometimes the material was rough, but with it all not one woman out of fifty can show her neck now without some sort of device to hide the roughness and pimples. With warmer weather the collars will grow narrower and disappear, and ladies will poultice their necks with bread and milk and tincture of benzoin until they are white and smooth once more.

Lace will play a very prominent part again this spring. I have seen three or four woolen gowns, to say nothing of several silk ones, with the sleeves made of lace. Fur is seen on such sleeves united with lace and ribbon. Naturally, where lace, ribbon and fur are all used on one sleeve, that sleeve is for some rather festive occasion. A sleeve of this style had a balloon puff, with a band of fur at the elbow, just above a full of lace. A bow on the shoulder had three long ends, which formed loops ending under the fur band. The forearm piece had fur around the wrist. This sleeve is an ornament to a plain gown and I think could be made of black lace with good effect.

My attention has been called to some novel fichus, and as they are not only pretty, but easily made, I mention them. One had the foundation of net, and down the front there were three rows of Irish point, reaching to the waist. There was a ruffle of mull all around the shoulders, edged with Irish point. Above that was a doubled ruffle of mull, and a narrower one of the same, which stood upright. From under the drooping ruffle started two scarf ends of mull, reaching to the waist line, where they gathered in under a bow of ribbon with long ends. This can be worn over any gown and forms a very dainty and graceful finish to a plain toilet.

Another pretty fichu collarette was much in the same style, but had a foundation of valenciennes lace, with a hemmed frill of pale blue chiffon and a shading ruching of the same. There was a row of lace sewed to a row of the sheerest swiss embroidery. There were blue chiffon ties, which were over a yard long and intended to be tied into a bow and ends at the waist in front or brought around behind the back and knotted loosely there.

There was a novel fichu made in the form of a sailor collar of white surah over a stiff foundation. The collar was bordered with a double ruching of narrow black lace, and below that was a frill of black lace 4 inches wide. From under the ends of the collar there were two brides of white crepe lisse, brought to points intended to cross over the breast and fasten under a belt. There was another fichu made on this model, only this had two mull ruffles bordered with narrow black lace instead of the one deep frill of black lace. They were both pretty and suitable to wear with anything.

MATE LEROY.

Alcoholic Gas In a Drunkard's Skull.

When the skull of a man who has died of delirium tremens is opened, the gas which escapes can be ignited and burns with a bluish alcoholic flame.

The Millionaire a Worker.

The difficulties of my boyhood are still fresh in my mind and still strangely influence my views of life. Those early years—and they were years of struggle—in which I bumped against human nature and studied it, did more to strengthen me in mind and character than anything else that has come in my life since.

I consider it one of the most fortunate things to be born poor. The argument that the poor young man has not an equal chance w th the rich young man is profoundly silly. In this age of development, rapidity of change and national prosperity the rise of a young man depends entirely upon his individual and faithful effort. We have a distinctly American disease—this American push. It is contagious, and the sooner a young man is seized by it the sooner will he succeed.

It is a mistake to suppose that millionaires do not work. Probably the greatest and saddest misunderstanding between the rich man and the poor is that the rich man does not know how much the poor man suffers, and the poor man does not know how hard the rich man works.

[The above was contributed by the late Orlando B. Potter to Demorest's Magazine a few hours before his sudden death.]—New York Mail and Express.

What He Could Do.

The mission worker had a lot of boys from the street before him, trying to see what their capacities were for other work than wandering. He had called up several and questioned them and came next to a redheaded urchin of about 12. As the boy rose to be put through the course one of the other boys prodded him with a pin. He jumped, of course, but being on his good behavior he managed to suppress his feelings, though it could be plainly seen that he was almost at the limit.

"You want to work, too, do you?" asked the missionary kindly.

The boy merely nodded.

"What can you do?" inquired the missionary.

The boy could hold in no longer.

"I kin lick de stuffin out of de kid wot sticked me wid a pin, and I'm goin to do it," he burst forth, and a few minutes later the job had been done thoroughly.—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middlesboro by the Rev. Bryan Dale. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"—Exchange.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY DISPLAY OF PRETTY CHINA.

When Painting on Glass—The Correct Thing In Drapery—Culinary Recipes For the Housewife.

Wise housekeepers learned some time ago that a simple meal prettily served had an elegance of effect that was wanting in a more elaborate menu when dainty dishes were lacking. There is probably no expenditure which gives more general satisfaction in a household than that which spreads a table with wisely chosen china. The housekeeper indeed rejoices over well stocked linen shelves, and the student feels a peculiar bliss when he makes additions to his library, but the entire family shares in the pleasure imparted by a new dish or a fresh set of plates.

The time has gone by when it was considered good form to have all the china of the same pattern. It is well to have a dinner set so that there may be some correspondence between vegetable dishes, meat platters, and at least one set of plates. But further than that unity of design or color need not go. The oyster plates may differ from those in which the soup is brought in. There may be no points of resemblance between fish and entree and dinner plates. The salad set may be sui generis, and the dessert or fruit plates unique. "Everything goes" (forgive the slang) in this day of catholicity of taste.

This delightful fashion renders it possible for the housekeeper to make a gorgeous showing without too great extravagance. A dozen plates now, a dozen then—the expense need not be such a burden after all. If it pleases her, she may have a set in which no two pieces match, and so long as the china is good and the choice shows taste the whim needs no apology.

The price of china is graded to suit all purses. A pretty display may be made for a small outlay, judiciously expended, or the cost of each plate may be enough to keep a poor family in provisions for a month. Perhaps the porcelain from which the greatest pleasure is derived is not that whose weight in gold would hardly pay its price. One may be happy with her table furnished with cheaper ware, and in most cases only the connoisseur can judge of the value of the rarest pieces. The beauty of the china and decoration is, after all, the most important point to be considered in buying tableware, according to Harper's Bazar, which has the foregoing to say about pretty china.

When Painting on Glass.

For those who wish to avoid employing a glazier or to save the expenses of the diamond that most readily cuts the tinted glass to any shape required, press heavily upon the glass with a steel cutter; then lay upon the scratched line a length of linen thread soaked in turpentine. Press the thread to the surface of the glass and set it on fire. This will heat the glass around the marked line. While heated throw upon it a few drops of cold water, and it will then readily break into the desired form.—Art Amateur.

Bread Omelet.

Housekeepers who have too much principle to throw away stale bread, and who cannot bring their families to relish bread pudding, will find they can put their loaves to practical use by making what an experienced mother calls "bread omelet." Cut the bread in very thin slices—and there is nothing that one can slice so thin as stale bread—and dip the slices in beaten eggs. Fry in butter. A most substantial, economical and satisfactory dish for breakfast.

The Light From the Window.

To make the objects in the room distinct the light entering the windows must be conserved as much as possible. This will best be accomplished, according to Popular Science, by banishing all dark materials. Heavy hangings absorb light as well as dirt. Oak or enameled furniture reflects the light that black walnut or rosewood absorbs, and a light colored wall will do almost as much as a sunny disposition to fill a room with sunshine and good cheer.

A Good Hot Supper Dish.

Wash, peel and boil a pound of potatoes. When quite cooked, strain and mash them with a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg and cayenne. Put this mixture into six clean buttered scallop shells, score it with a knife, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg and scatter small pieces of butter on each scallop; set the shell in the oven. When of a bright brown, take them up and serve.

The "Correct" Thing In Drapery.

Many single doors are using only one curtain, the material bought by the yard and the fringe sewed on. No rings are used. The rod is put on inside the doorways, with space above sufficient to permit the portieres to be thrown over the pole once or twice, according to the width of the doorway—one end reaching the floor, the other

A FRENCH FANCY IN PORTIERES.

quite short. The fabric can be wound so loosely over the pole that the "sagging" in the center will form graceful curves.

"Draping remains elaborate in the four piece style for all 'correct' windows. First comes the plain white shade, then a sash curtain of yellow silk; next, dainty lace curtains of longer design, and lastly a heavy Turkish curtain of mingled oriental colors. The lace curtains are hung plain, and the one Turkish curtain is swung over the pole," says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the accompanying sketch of a portiere is reproduced.

Their Native Climes.

Spinach is a Persian plant.
Filberts came from Greece.
Quinces came from Corinth.
The turnip came from Rome.
The peach came from Persia.
The nasturtium came from Peru.
Horseradish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Sago is a native of the south of Europe.

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With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

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For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

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Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

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or Woburn, *6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.30, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ‡Via Bedford.

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☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

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For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 6.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

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WITH MAIMED RITES.

A Love Affair Which the Scottish Law Assisted Greatly.

In Instance Where the Course of True Love Ran Smoothly But Not In the Established Route of Society—It Came to a Happy End.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

Mrs. Carnegie's last words had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again today!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just 15 minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's order, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dollie is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us once since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dollie. She is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia?' Ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is 26, and Agnes only a year younger."

"But Dollie is 21."

"What is 21?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the elder two—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap—in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollie is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold and perfectly bidable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dews of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at teatime.

Dollie blushed—her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments—and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt. It is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie!" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said, "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes"——

"An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautiful hints. He has taught me"——

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sentence for her, "to color, my dear; yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Philip, but when that business is settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No, I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring. So she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sunderlandshire, dispatched this telegram to him: "Am ill and must have rest. Have a large party here and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a very great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed I did. I have known for 10 days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dollie."

* * * * * * *

Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter, he was still Sir Philip. So, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollie. No one could find her, until at last an under gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecelia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word!"

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes. But the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie tenderly, "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until today, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dollie; it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother"—Dollie began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Carnegie when he and Sir Philip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till tomorrow?" said Sir Philip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle. Besides, Dollie may not be well enough to see you tomorrow."

Sir Philip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go today, as your uncle wishes. You will stay at Glenfindie as long as he stays—I think you said he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dollie. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words: "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways called the wisdom or the serpent to his aid and wrote: "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for 10 minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week. We can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied: "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come tomorrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for 10 minutes, but her family will be present."

* * * * * * *

"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two elder daughters were assembled to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said.

"Be brave, darling; it will soon be over. You could not have married him. But I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dollie as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her and then turned to the family group and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might not he be trying to persuade Dollie to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who"——

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the 10 minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so serious and Dollie listening so intently.

* * * * * * *

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed almost joyously as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said, "Dollie, have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?"

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered from the shock of hearing these words Dollie had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

A Plague Incident.

I once saw a young man bear on his shoulders the corpse of his father wrapped in a bed sheet. It was in a suburb of New Orleans during a yellow fever epidemic. People were dying by hundreds. At night nothing but the rattle of the dead cart broke the stillness as the dismal burdens were borne over the bleached roads toward the ditch at the upper levee.

Unable to find aid for his sad work, the young man bore his load alone, as Æneas bent under the weight of his beloved Anchises—with this difference—Anchises was alive. From time to time the lad stopped, overcome by fatigue. He would lay the body tenderly down upon the burned grass by the roadside, while he wiped the sweat from his face and neck. Once a man came out from a shop bringing him a mug of water. He murmured his thanks and swallowed the liquid rapidly. Then he shouldered his burden and went on. He had taken but a few steps when he stumbled and fell forward. When they reached him, he was dead. His body lay across that of his father.

At that moment the patrol passed, and they were carted away. They probably lie side by side in the depths of the levee trench.—Boston Courier.

Cruelty to Animals.

Two little girls, whose father was an earnest member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were taken to a menagerie by a visiting aunt. When they returned, their father said:

"I hope you didn't see any cruelty to the poor beasts."

"Oh, yes, papa," said the older girl, "there was one case of it."

"What was it?"

"Why, the lion tamer put his head right in the lion's mouth"——

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, you could see, just as plainly as could be, that the horrid man had hair oil on his head!"—Youth's Companion.

Race and Disease.

Dr. R. N. Cunningham, an ex-physician at the Alabama penitentiary, speaking on the results of his investigations, says: 1. That there is a much larger class of diseases represented among the negro than among the white deaths. 2. That the whites are more liable to die from accident, meningitis and the essential fevers than the negroes. 3. That the negroes are especially predisposed to tuberculous disease, the various forms of pneumonia, pleurisy and organic heart disease—in other words, to thoracic diseases generally.

A Thirteenth Century Epidemic.

Have any of my readers ever thought the following very curious disease Camden tells us about in his "Britannia" might have been an epidemic of influenza? "In the year 1241, in the county of Leister, there happened such a strange prodigy as has not been heard of. A person traveling along the road found a pair of gloves fit for his use, as he thought, but when he put them on he lost his speech immediately and began to bark like a dog. Nay, but from that moment the men and women throughout the whole country barked like great dogs and the children like whelps. This plague continued with some 18 days, with others a month and with some two months, and also infected the neighboring counties and set them a-barking too."—London Gentlewoman.

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

A WRITER RELATES A STRANGE AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A Living Person's Astral Body Makes a Journey From New York to Philadelphia and Back Again—Was It a Dream, a Vision or Really a Migration?

So much has been said and written of the "astral body" that I am led to give one of my own strange experiences.

It happened in the summer of 185—. A mild epidemic of cholera was prevailing at the time. My cook had died of it, and a member of my family had recovered from it. I was next attacked and had recovered from it, but was left in so weak a condition that I was unable to turn in my bed without help. A young friend, Miss H. M. of Washington, was staying with me to nurse me.

It was night, and I was very weak. The Rev. Father A. and other friends had called to see me, and these visits had so prostrated me that I could not move without help or speak above a whisper. My friend H. sat beside my bed. I knew she was there, for I could hear her breathing, but the room was dark as pitch and silent as death. It might have been about 10 o'clock. It was at this hour and under these circumstances that the strangest, the most inexplicable of my experience occurred. I do not know for what reason or with what object in view I left my body. The movement seemed involuntary, almost automatic. I slipped out of my body easily and naturally, and for a few moments I floated above it.

The air did not seem to bear me up; but, impelled by some strange force, I rose toward the ceiling and passed through the roof as if it had been a shadow and my spirit form a substance. Indeed the laws of nature seemed reversed to my apprehension. All substantial things seemed to be shadows, offering no resistance to my passage, and my spirit form seemed to be substance. Above the roof I threw myself upon the fresh night air as a swimmer does upon the water, only instead of throwing my arms out upon the air I folded them upon my bosom, while a movement within my chest carried me forward without any conscious effort of my own. The motion was perfectly delightful in its ease, freedom and rapidity. I rose far above the roofs of the houses, above the smoking chimneys, yet in sight of them and the streets, and floated toward the city, then on a line above the avenue, on to the railroad depot, thence along and above the line of the railroad.

I took my way back to Philadelphia and thence to New York city. The sensation of ease, the freedom and delight of this floating far above fields and farms, villages and cities, is indescribable.

I hovered for a moment and then dived down into the pretty sitting room of Mrs. B., where, late as it was, she sat at supper with some people whom I recognized. I saw them distinctly and heard them talk. It seemed from their conversation that they were a theater party who had taken a box and after the performance had come home to "a little supper." Hearing my name mentioned, I discovered that they were talking of me. They were not only criticising my novels, but abusing them in the most cruel manner. That my friend should do this—my bosom friend up to that time, one in whom I trusted, whom I had loved and even benefited, should do this—cut me to the soul. In great excitement, I went up to her and confronted her and vehemently denied her assertions. But, to my amazement and infinite distress, I found that I could not even make my presence felt by any of them. I pressed between Mrs. B. and Colonel G., with my right hand on her shoulder and my left on his, and said, vehemently: "Mrs. B., you know this is not true! Colonel G., do you believe this?" But I could not make the slightest impression upon them. They went on talking calmly.

Suddenly, with an excruciating pang of horror, anguish and alarm, I realized that I could not impress them without my material body, and I had left it behind! And in one instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," I flashed back into that body, stretched prostrate on the bed in my room at home, where it lay, too weak to lift its hand, and where the reunion took place as easily as two streams brought into contact flow into one. My return journey had not been the delightful, luxurious floating in the upper air that my outward journey had been. It was swift as lightning! The reunion accomplished, I came to my normal condition.

Call this a dream if you will, but there is no occurrence in my actual life so little like a dream as was this experience. Afterward I partly verified the truth of the scene that I had witnessed and that had distressed me so much. Without mentioning my dream or vision or migration, whichever you please to call it, I questioned a mutual friend of Mrs. B., Colonel G. and myself, and learned that about the same time just such a scene had taken place in Mrs. B.'s house, and my informant added that the gentleman to whom Mrs. B. had spoken warmly defended me. If he did so, it must have been after I had fled. Perhaps my vehement denial may in some fine occult manner have reached his spirit and inspired him. But I could not identify the night of my strange experience with the night of the conversation my friend related. She did not remember the precise time, and then I was too weak and ill to have noted the date of even so remarkable an experience.

I do not believe that such experiences are peculiar to myself or that they are peculiar to only a few abnormal temperaments. I believe everybody must have or may have had experiences of what we call the "supernatural," but have with them the almost universal reluctance to acknowledge them, for the fear of being called cranky or eccentric or mendacious seals their lips. This I am led to believe from many confidential conversations with friends whom I have drawn out and who have told me strange experiences which they have declared they would not like to tell others.—Chicago News.

She Knew.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, "do you know where my hat is?"

"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs. Chugwater, "is in the corner over there by the bookcase, where you tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano, just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor, exactly as you left it. Your slippers are under the lounge, where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel and the other has a hole worn through the sole, and"——

"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and coat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeous."—Chicago Tribune.

Highness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman emperors, then by bishops, then by the princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to princes who are vassals of an empire.

Never poke a fire on top. The place to use a poker, especially when hard coal is used, is at the bottom of the grate, where the clinkers and ashes obstruct the free passage of air.

The Good and Bad Lands of Alaska.

The "bad lands" of Alaska—the ice capped mountain region where the big glaciers are found, and where the country will probably never afford the means of sustaining any but a meager population—lie to the north of the Sitka region, forming the eastern and northern shores of the gulf of Alaska. This is the region of high, inaccessible and eternally snowclad mountain ranges. Here Mount St. Elias marks the highest point on the North American continent, while Fairweather, Crillon, La Perouse and a half dozen others not yet named are fit mates to their grand neighbor. Flowing to the southward down the slopes of this Alpine region numerous glaciers follow the valleys and pierce through all obstacles till they reach the inland waterways made so familiar by tourists' descriptions. The sight of these ice streams, the crashing of their faces as they break and fall into the water, the floating bergs apparently about to hem in and destroy the steamer, all tend to leave in the minds of people who see only this part of Alaska an impression of desolate grandeur not easily effaced.

But the glacier region of Alaska is comparatively small. It is, in fact, a rare incident, and not a type of the general topography of the country.

Leaving the region just described and steering westward, the traveler leaves all trace of this forbidding landscape behind, and his first glimpse of land, some miles west from Sitka, is of low green hills softly rounded and clothed from base to summit in verdure. Patches of timber darken the valleys and mark the course of innumerable streams, while every islet—almost every rock—has its clustering growth of trees. From Kodiak island westward the timber on the Aleutian Islands is confined to the smaller species of trees. Willow and larch thickets still cling to the lower valleys, but all the rest of the country is covered during the summer with an exceedingly rich and diverse growth of grass. During the winter months the grasses gradually die until nothing is seen except the thick mantle of moss, which grows everywhere in Alaska.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Aerial Rapid Transit.

The day of aerial navigation is at hand. Persons now living will see travel in the air as common as it is now on land and water. The writer of this prepared the first comprehensive article on electric lighting published in any Pittsburg newspaper and well remembers the confident assertions at the time that electricity could not be used for light except in a very crude way, that it would never do for dwellings. That was only a few years ago, but it is already ancient history.

He published the first article on the cable railways which appeared in this city—a summary of description and cost as given by an agent trying to introduce the system at Cincinnati. These things, which would have been wonders in his boyhood are commonplaces now. Aerial navigation will be a commonplace before many years have passed. To the numerous short articles on this subject which have appeared this one is added to show the progress made toward the new means of passenger and freight traffic.

To begin with, a reference to Professor Langley's recent paper on the internal work of the wind. He found that in a wind of 20 miles an hour there were fluctuations ranging from 10 to 35 miles at intervals of only 20 seconds. From this he argued a condition of the wind involving upward and backward currents, and these, he believed, explained why birds can rise and circle about without moving a wing.

From this he proceeds to show how an inclined plane, heavier than the air, may rise and be sustained in motion in the teeth of the wind by utilization of this internal work. Such a plane, capable of changing its inclination, will gain energy by falling and expend it by rising. All that it would need of power would be such as is necessary to carry it over the region of calm. For the rest it could depend on the internal work of the wind and on rising and falling.—Pittsburg Times.

Women and Waiters.

If there is one position in which the average woman does not shine with dazzling brilliancy, it is at a hotel or restaurant dining table. At her home she may be the most self possessed and charming of hostesses, but let her undertake to act in that capacity in a restaurant, and she becomes awkward, ill at ease and uncomfortable.

In the first place she generally steers straight for the least desirable spot in the room. After she has sunk breathlessly into the chair nearest the steam radiator or directly in the draft, she nervously scans the bill of fare. If she were giving a luncheon at her own home, she would, of course, have ordered the daintiest repast her judgment dictated, without consulting her guests. But when she gets some unfortunate woman opposite her at a hotel table the burden of choice is promptly shifted to her.

When, after long and patient study and many changes of mind, the luncheon has been decided upon, the order is given in a way which would excuse murder on the waiter's part. "Which did you say you'd have, Emma?" asks one, "baked or French fried sweets—oh, yes, we decided on white potatoes au gratin after all, didn't we? Bring us some potatoes au gratin, please," and so on, until the waiter is distracted. Of course he gets somewhat mixed, and then he is scolded. Finally, when the repast is safely over and he has helped both women into their wraps, picked up their gloves and handkerchiefs and found their umbrellas, the hostess gives him a nickel, telling her friend at the same time that he doesn't deserve it, for the service was outrageous.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar to naturalists, but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of great royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity.

The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than smirch one of its snow white hairs.—Philadelphia Times.

An Omission.

Managing Editor—You have not been in this business very long.

New Reporter—No, I am almost a novice at it.

Managing Editor—That's what I supposed when in your report of the conflagration of Jones' stable last night you failed to call fire the red tongued demon. Don't omit it again.—Texas Siftings.

HOW THE MAORIS LIVE.

Their Food, Dress, Occupations and Home and Church Religious Ceremonies.

The Maori lives mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provision of various kinds imported from other lands. His native cloth (tappa) has long gone out of use, and European fabrics have taken its place. The men are clad in English style, though seldom wearing shoes. The women, also shoeless, as a rule, dress with taste and adjure gorgeous colors, sham jewelry and loud display, but are greedy of lace trimmings, ostrich feathers, artificial flowers and adornments of a similar kind. To pay for their new wants, the copra of commerce is made from the dried fruit of the cocoanut.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent oranges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make lime juice on the same condition, but their chief export is coffee, for which a market is always sure. The beauty and wildness of the trees make the picking of berries a slow process, but planting and pruning to keep the growth within bounds would involve too much continuous care to be acceptable. Marketing the Maori regards as filthy and detestable, a practice unknown to his fathers and exciting only disgust in himself. Meanwhile the coffee tree in its wild state flourishes as the Maori did in his. The breaking of the branches by the lads who climb to pick may serve as a rough kind of pruning and do for the coffee what in old times war did for the man.

When the seasons come, copra making, cotton picking and coffee or orange gathering are turned into picnic performances rather than made work in our sense of the term. The people sally forth from the village in merry parties, and in this spirit the whole work of the country is done. Saturday they devote to cleaning their houses and collecting and preparing food for the Sunday, which is observed as a Sabbath of the ancient Biblical kind. On three of the week days there is early morning service. Every day, in every household, is opened and closed with hymns and family prayer.

On Sunday, clad in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read. The intervals are spent in discussing the public announcements—which are always made in church before the service—or in the gossip and bits of scandal, which they dearly love. So assiduous are they that women will often leave their homes at daylight for the early Sunday service and not return till the day is done. At sunset the church is closed. There are no evening services, and the people are free once more to resume the habits of ordinary life.—Fortnightly Review.

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali mujuh," or "death plant." It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from 2½ to 3 feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness. The name of the plant is from a characteristic of these splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip with a deadly poison.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, crazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of inhaling this odor is said to be very slow.—St. Louis Republic.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes to slice away the 10 foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, has alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's ribs at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some eons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.—A Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choirmaster and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds, it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people to church by the same attract on which draws them to the concert room."

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if it were followed out it would obviate all the jostlings and elbowings that make a crowded thoroughfare so disagreeable. Another rule is apt to conflict in a puzzling way with this one, and that is the unwritten edict that gives a woman the inside of the walk. Confusion between the two makes a bad business of the matter.—Philadelphia Press.

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

Bay State Girl—Yes. But then the paucity of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

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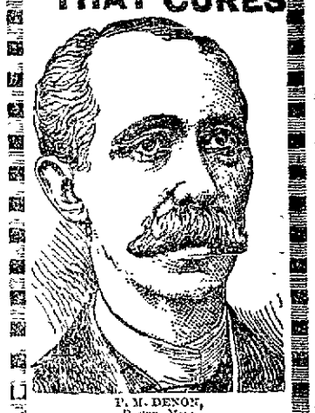

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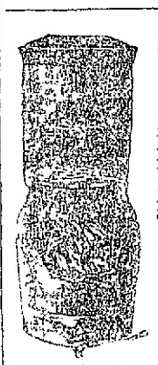

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WITH MAIMED RITES.

A Love Affair Which the Scottish Law Assisted Greatly.

In Instance Where the Course of True Love Ran Smoothly But Not In the Established Route of Society—It Came to a Happy End.

Story Complete In This Issue.)

Mrs. Carnegie's last words had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again today!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just 15 minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's order, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dollie is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us once since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dollie. She is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia?' Ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is 26, and Agnes only a year younger."

"But Dollie is 21."

"What is 21?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the elder two—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the simple and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap—in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollie is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold and perfectly bidable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dews of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather plied to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at teatime.

Dollie blushed—her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments—and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt. It is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie!" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said, "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes"——

"An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautiful hints. He has taught me"——

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sentence for her, "to color, my dear; yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Philip, but when that business is settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No, I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring. So she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sunderlandshire, dispatched this telegram to him: "Am ill and must have rest. Have a large party here and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a very great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed I did. I have known for 10 days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dollie."

* * * * * * *

Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter, he was still Sir Philip. So, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollie. No one could find her, until at last an under gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecelia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word!"

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes. But the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie tenderly, "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until today, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dollie; it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother"—Dollie began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Carnegie when he and Sir Philip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till tomorrow?" said Sir Philip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle. Besides, Dollie may not be well enough to see you tomorrow."

Sir Philip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go today, as your uncle wishes. You will stay at Glenfiddle as long as he stays—I think you said he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dollie. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words: "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways called the wisdom of the serpent to his aid and wrote: "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for 10 minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week. We can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied: "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come tomorrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for 10 minutes, but her family will be present."

* * * * * * *

"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two elder daughters were assembled to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said:

"Be brave, darling; it will soon be over. You could not have married him. But I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dollie as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her and then turned to the family group and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might not he be trying to persuade Dollie to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who"——

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the 10 minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so serious and Dollie listening so intently.

* * * * * * *

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed almost joyously as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said, "Dollie, have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered from the shock of hearing these words Dollie had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

A Plague Incident.

I once saw a young man bear on his shoulders the corpse of his father wrapped in a bed sheet. It was in a suburb of New Orleans during a yellow fever epidemic. People were dying by hundreds. At night nothing but the rattle of the dead cart broke the stillness as the dismal burdens were borne over the bleached roads toward the ditch at the upper levee.

Unable to find aid for his sad work, the young man bore his load alone, as Æneas bent under the weight of his beloved Anchises—with this difference—Anchises was alive. From time to time the lad stopped, overcome by fatigue. He would lay the body tenderly down upon the burned grass by the roadside, while he wiped the sweat from his face and neck. Once a man came out from a shop bringing him a mug of water. He murmured his thanks and swallowed the liquid rapidly. Then he shouldered his burden and went on. He had taken but a few steps when he stumbled and fell forward. When they reached him, he was dead. His body lay across that of his father.

At that moment the patrol passed, and they were carted away. They probably lie side by side in the depths of the levee trench.—Boston Courier.

Cruelty to Animals.

Two little girls, whose father was an earnest member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were taken to a menagerie by a visiting aunt. When they returned, their father said:

"I hope you didn't see any cruelty to the poor beasts."

"Oh, yes, papa," said the older girl, "there was one case of it."

"What was it?"

"Why, the lion tamer put his head right in the lion's mouth"——

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, you could see, just as plainly as could be, that the horrid man had hair oil on his head!"—Youth's Companion.

Race and Disease.

Dr. R. N. Cunningham, an ex-physician at the Alabama penitentiary, speaking on the results of his investigations, says: 1. That there is a much larger class of diseases represented among the negro than among the white deaths. 2. That the whites are more liable to die from accident, meningitis and the essential fevers than the negroes. 3. That the negroes are especially predisposed to tuberculous disease, the various forms of pneumonia, pleurisy and organic heart disease—in other words, to thoracic diseases generally.

A Thirteenth Century Epidemic.

Have any of my readers ever thought the following very curious disease Camden tells us about in his "Britannia" might have been an epidemic of influenza? "In the year 1311, in the county of Leister, there happened such a strange prodigy as has not been heard of. A person traveling along the road found a pair of gloves fit for his use, as he thought, but when he put them on he lost his speech immediately and began to bark like a dog. Nay, but from that moment the men and women throughout the whole country barked like great dogs and the children like whelps. This plague continued with some 18 days, with others a month and with some two months, and also infested the neighboring counties and set them a-barking too."—London Gentlewoman

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

A WRITER RELATES A STRANGE AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A Living Person's Astral Body Makes a Journey From New York to Philadelphia and Back Again—Was It a Dream, a Vision or Really a Migration?

So much has been said and written of the "astral body" that I am led to give one of my own strange experiences.

It happened in the summer of 185—. A mild epidemic of cholera was prevailing at the time. My cook had died of it, and a member of my family had recovered from it. I was next attacked and had recovered from it, but was left in so weak a condition that I was unable to turn in my bed without help. A young friend, Miss H. M. of Washington, was staying with me to nurse me.

It was night, and I was very weak. The Rev. Father A. and other friends had called to see me, and these visits had so prostrated me that I could not move without help or speak above a whisper. My friend H. sat beside my bed. I knew she was there, for I could hear her breathing, but the room was dark as pitch and silent as death. It might have been about 10 o'clock. It was at this hour and under these circumstances that the strangest, the most inexplicable of my experience occurred. I do not know for what reason or with what object in view I left my body. The movement seemed involuntary, almost automatic. I slipped out of my body easily and naturally, and for a few moments I floated above it.

The air did not seem to bear me up; but, impelled by some strange force, I rose toward the ceiling and passed through the roof as if it had been a shadow and my spirit form a substance. Indeed the laws of nature seemed reversed to my apprehension. All substantial things seemed to be shadows, offering no resistance to my passage, and my spirit form seemed to be substance. Above the roof I threw myself upon the fresh night air as a swimmer does upon the water, only instead of throwing my arms out upon the air I folded them upon my bosom, while a movement within my chest carried me forward without any conscious effort of my own. The motion was perfectly delightful in its ease, freedom and rapidity. I rose far above the roofs of the houses, above the smoking chimneys, yet in sight of them and the streets, and floated toward the city, then on a line above the avenue, on to the railroad depot, thence along and above the line of the railroad.

I took my way back to Philadelphia and thence to New York city. The sensation of ease, the freedom and delight of this floating far above fields and farms, villages and cities, is indescribable.

I hovered for a moment and then dived down into the pretty sitting room of Mrs. B., where, late as it was, she sat at supper with some people whom I recognized. I saw them distinctly and heard them talk. It seemed from their conversation that they were a theater party who had taken a box and after the performance had come home to "a little supper." Hearing my name mentioned, I discovered that they were talking of me. They were not only criticising my novels, but abusing them in the most cruel manner. That my friend should do this—my bosom friend up to that time, one in whom I trusted, whom I had loved and even benefited, should do this—cut me to the soul. In great excitement, I went up to her and confronted her and vehemently denied her assertions. But, to my amazement and infinite distress, I found that I could not even make my presence felt by any of them. I pressed between Mrs. B. and Colonel G., with my right hand on her shoulder and my left on his, and said, vehemently: "Mrs. B., you know this is not true! Colonel G., do you believe this?" But I could not make the slightest impression upon them. They went on talking calmly.

Suddenly, with an excruciating pang of horror, anguish and alarm, I realized that I could not impress them without my material body, and I had left it behind! And in one instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," I flashed back into that body, stretched prostrate on the bed in my room at home, where it lay, too weak to lift its hand, and where the reunion took place as easily as two streams brought into contract flow into one. My return journey had not been the delightful, luxurious floating in the upper air that my outward journey had been. It was swift as lightning! The reunion accomplished, I came to my normal condition.

Call this a dream if you will, but there is no occurrence in my actual life so little like a dream as was this experience. Afterward I partly verified the truth of the scene that I had witnessed and that had distressed me so much. Without mentioning my dream or vision or migration, whichever you please to call it, I questioned a mutual friend of Mrs. B., Colonel G. and myself, and learned that about the same time just such a scene had taken place in Mrs. B.'s house, and my informant added that the gentleman to whom Mrs. B. had spoken warmly defended me. If he did so, it must have been after I had fled. Perhaps my vehement denial may in some fine occult manner have reached his spirit and inspired him. But I could not identify the night of my strange experience with the night of the conversation my friend related. She did not remember the precise time, and then I was too weak and ill to have noted the date of even so remarkable an experience.

I do not believe that such experiences are peculiar to myself or that they are peculiar to only a few abnormal temperaments. I believe everybody must have or may have had experiences of what we call the "supernatural," but have with them the almost universal reluctance to acknowledge them, for the fear of being called cranky or eccentric or mendacious seals their lips. This I am led to believe from many confidential conversations with friends whom I have drawn out and who have told me strange experiences which they have declared they would not like to tell others.—Chicago News.

She Knew.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, "do you know where my hat is?"

"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs. Chugwater, "is in the corner over there by the bookcase, where you tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano, just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor, exactly as you left it. Your slippers are under the lounge, where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel and the other has a hole worn through the sole, and"——

"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and coat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeable."—Chicago Tribune.

Highness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman emperors, then by bishops, then by the princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to princes who are vassals of an empire.

Never poke a fire on top. The place to use a poker, especially when hard coal is used, is at the bottom of the grate, where the clinkers and ashes obstruct the free passage of air.

The Good and Bad Lands of Alaska.

The "bad lands" of Alaska—the ice capped mountain region where the big glaciers are found, and where the country will probably never afford the means of sustaining any but a meager population—lie to the north of the Sitka region, forming the eastern and northern shores of the gulf of Alaska. This is the region of high, inaccessible and eternally snowclad mountain ranges. Here Mount St. Elias marks the highest point on the North American continent, while Fairweather, Crillon, La Perouse and a half dozen others not yet named are fit mates to their grand neighbor. Flowing to the southward down the slopes of this Alpine region numerous glaciers follow the valleys and pierce through all obstacles till they reach the inland waterways made so familiar by tourists' descriptions. The sight of these ice streams, the crashing of their faces as they break and fall into the water, the floating bergs apparently about to hem in and destroy the steamer, all tend to leave in the minds of people who see only this part of Alaska an impression of desolate grandeur not easily effaced.

But the glacier region of Alaska is comparatively small. It is, in fact, a rare incident, and not a type of the general topography of the country.

Leaving the region just described and steering westward, the traveler leaves all trace of this forbidding landscape behind, and his first glimpse of land, some miles west from Sitka, is of low green hills softly rounded and clothed from base to summit in verdure. Patches of timber darken the valleys and mark the course of innumerable streams, while every islet—almost every rock—has its clustering growth of trees. From Kodiak island westward the timber on the Aleutian islands is confined to the smaller species of trees. Willow and larch thickets still cling to the lower valleys, but all the rest of the country is covered during the summer with an exceedingly rich and diverse growth of grass. During the winter months the grasses gradually die until nothing is seen except the thick mantle of moss, which grows everywhere in Alaska.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Aerial Rapid Transit.

The day of aerial navigation is at hand. Persons now living will see travel in the air as common as it is now on land and water. The writer of this prepared the first comprehensive article on electric lighting published in any Pittsburg newspaper and well remembers the confident assertions at the time that electricity could not be used for light except in a very crude way, that it would never do for dwellings. That was only a few years ago, but it is already ancient history.

He published the first article on the cable railways which appeared in this city—a summary of description and cost as given by an agent trying to introduce the system at Cincinnati. These things, which would have been wonders in his boyhood, are commonplaces now. Aerial navigation will be a commonplace before many years have passed. To the numerous short articles on this subject which have appeared this one is added to show the progress made toward the new means of passenger and freight traffic.

To begin with, a reference to Professor Langley's recent paper on the internal work of the wind. He found that in a wind of 20 miles an hour there were fluctuations ranging from 10 to 35 miles at intervals of only 20 seconds. From this he argued a condition of the wind involving upward and backward currents, and these, he believed, explained why birds can rise and circle about without moving a wing.

From this he proceeds to show how an inclined plane, heavier than the air, may rise and be sustained in motion in the teeth of the wind by utilization of this internal work. Such a plane, capable of changing its inclination, will gain energy by falling and expend it by rising. All that it would need of power would be such as is necessary to carry it over the region of calm. For the rest it could depend on the internal work of the wind and on rising and falling.—Pittsburg Times.

Women and Waiters.

If there is one position in which the average woman does not shine with dazzling brilliancy, it is at a hotel or restaurant dining table. At her home she may be the most self possessed and charming of hostesses, but let her undertake to act in that capacity in a restaurant, and she becomes awkward, ill at ease and uncomfortable.

In the first place she generally steers straight for the least desirable spot in the room. After she has sunk breathlessly into the chair nearest the steam radiator or directly in the draft, she nervously scans the bill of fare. If she were giving a luncheon at her own home, she would, of course, have ordered the daintiest repast her judgment dictated, without consulting her guests. But when she gets some unfortunate woman opposite her at a hotel table the burden of choice is promptly shifted to her.

When, after long and patient study and many changes of mind, the luncheon has been decided upon, the order is given in a way which would excuse murder on the waiter's part. "Which did you say you'd have, Emma?" asks one, "baked or French fried sweets—oh, yes, we decided on white potatoes au gratin after all, didn't we? Bring us some potatoes au gratin, please," and so on, until the waiter is distracted. Of course he gets somewhat mixed, and then he is scolded. Finally, when the repast is safely over and he has helped both women into their wraps, picked up their gloves and handkerchiefs and found their umbrellas, the hostess gives him a nickel, telling her friend at the same time that he doesn't deserve it, for the service was outrageous.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar to naturalists, but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of great royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity.

The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than soil the one of its snow white hairs.—Philadelphia Times.

An Confusion.

Managing Editor—You have not been in this business very long.

New Reporter—No. I am almost a novice at it.

Managing Editor—That's what I supposed when in your report of the conflagration of Jones' stable last night you failed to call fire the red tongued demon. Don't omit it again.—Texas Siftings.

HOW THE MAORIS LIVE.

Their Food, Dress, Occupations and Home and Church Religious Ceremonies.

The Maori lives mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provision of various kinds imported from other lands. His native cloth (tapps) has long gone out of use, and European fabrics have taken its place. The men are clad in English style, though seldom wearing shoes. The women, also shoeless, as a rule, dress with taste and affect gorgeous colors, show jewelry and loud display, but are greedy of lace trimmings, ostrich feathers, artificial flowers and adornments of a similar kind. To pay for their new wants, the copra of commerce is made from the dried fruit of the cocoanut.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent oranges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make lime juice on the same condition, but their chief export is coffee, for which a market is always sure. The height and wildness of the trees make the picking of berries a slow process, but planting and pruning to keep the growth within bounds would involve too much continuous care to be acceptable. Marketing the Maori regards as filthy and detestable, a practice unknown to his fathers and exciting only disgust in himself. Meanwhile the coffee tree in its wild state flourishes as the Maori did in his. The breaking of the branches by the lads who climb to pick may serve as a rough kind of pruning and do for the coffee what in old times war did for the man.

When the seasons come, copra making, cotton picking and coffee or orange gathering are turned into picnic performances rather than made work in our sense of the term. The people sally forth from the village in merry parties, and in this spirit the whole work of the country is done. Saturday they devote to cleaning their houses and collecting and preparing food for the Sunday, which is observed as a Sabbath of the ancient Biblical kind. On three of the week days there is early morning service. Every day, in every household, is opened and closed with hymns and family prayer.

On Sunday, clad in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read. The intervals are spent in discussing the public announcements—which are always made in church before the service—or in the gossip and bits of scandal, which they dearly love. So assiduous are they that women will often leave their homes at daylight for the early Sunday service and not return till the day is done. At sunset the church is closed. There are no evening services, and the people are free once more to resume the habits of ordinary life.—Fortnightly Review.

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali mujah," or "death plant." It grows only on the sterile soils of the volcanic regions of Java and the adjoining islands and is even there reckoned as a curiosity on account of its extreme scarcity. It grows from 2½ to 3 feet in height, with long, slender stems, well protected by stout thorns nearly an inch in length. The ground leaves are of a delicate, satinlike smoothness, heart shaped, emerald green on one side and blood red, streaked and veined with light buff on the other.

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness. The name of the plant is from a characteristic of those splendid flowers, which, beautiful though they are, continually drip with a deadly poison.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air. The perfume, if such a pungent odor can properly be so called, produces insensibility in the form of convulsions, distorting the face, especially the mouth and eyes, into a horrid, crazy looking grin. Recovery from the effects of inhaling this odor is said to be very slow.—St. Louis Republic.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes to slice away the 10 foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, lies alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's ribs at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some eons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.—A. Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choirmaster and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds, it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people to church by the same attraction which draws them to the concert room."

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if it were followed out it would obviate all the jostlings and elbowings that make a crowded thoroughfare so disagreeable. Another rule is apt to conflict in a puzzling way with this one, and that is the unwritten edict that gives a woman the inside of the walk. Confusion between the two makes a bad business of the matter.—Philadelphia Press.

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

Bay State Girl—Yes. But then the pursuit of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Durham Cor. Appleton St.

THE KIND THAT CURES

P. M. DENOR, Boston, Mass.

A Prominent Business Man OF BOSTON, TELLS OF UNEXPECTED RELIEF

"I Recommend Dana's to All!"

Mr. Denor, whose statement follows, has been engaged in the Furniture and Piano Furnishing business at his place on Dover St. for over 20 years. Read his wonderful statement:

"For the last 3 or 4 years I have been obliged to take a vacation in the Spring. And last March I was feeling unusually miserable. I was so nervous I could not get to sleep some nights until six o'clock in the morning, and when I did sleep would have horrible dreams. A friend came in and recommended DANA'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS. I did not have much faith in patent medicines, but I procured the Sarsaparilla and Pills. Before one bottle was gone I unexpectedly found I was receiving great benefit. My appetite became ravenous, could eat four squares meals a day. I have taken four bottles and can sleep all night and get up in the morning feeling as well as I did 20 years ago. I also had Varicose Veins on my left leg that were very bad, and they are almost well. I recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS to all. A number of my friends have also been greatly benefited.

Yours very truly, P. M. DENOR,
103 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'fg Co., 158-170 Middle St.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn,

HARDWARE.

Merrimack - Square, Cor. Bridge St.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

P. TEAGUE,

265 Merrimack Street.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

J. F. BETZ & SONS' Celebrated

PHILADELPHIA

ALE, PORTER and LAGERS

Will build up the system when you are run down. Recommended by the most eminent physicians. We make a specialty of Family Trade. Orders for pints, quarts, barrels and halves promptly attended to. Also choice Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Finest brands Cigars and Tobacco.

265 MERRIMACK STREET.

WATSON BAKERY

Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at

Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.

Peter Watson, Prop.

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

SUN RISES	5 53	MOON SETS	4 02 AM
SUN SETS	5 53	FULL SEA	7 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	12 00		8 00 PM

Forecast for New England: Fair; probably slightly warmer; southwest winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Mr. Fred'k M. Burrows is critically ill at his father's home on Arlington street.

When coming through Merrimack street do not fail to look at the beautiful display of confectionary at the D. L. Page Co., for Easter. The window displays are something remarkably fine.

Chelmsford holds its town meeting on Monday. The voters will be called upon to act on the petition of the French Catholics for permission to open a burial ground in the town.

At the meeting of Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T. elected the following delegates to the grand lodge session: Atwood Allen, Thomas Mahon, George H. Blood, Ernest Corbett and Miss Maggie Claxton; alternates, Misses Mary Shay, Hattie Patrick, Mary Goodwin, Annie Welch and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards.

If anybody doubts the popularity of Anheuser Busch beer that person should have seen the pile of empty lager kegs in front of John Lennon's store on Market street yesterday. There were hundreds of them and as they were piled up, it looked like a stockade. This is the beer which took the prize at the World's fair. John Lennon of Market street is the sole agent.

The friends of Prof. W. H. Mason, the well known music teacher, assembled at his home, 77 Durant street, Thursday evening. Solos were given by the professor, a violin solo by Dr. Edwin F. Mason; a song, "The Lost Chord (of Wood)" by Mr. Michael Bouliger; recitation by Jas. F. Derman, the crack bowler of Centralville; song by Mr. John F. Boyle, the efficient clerk at the city dispensary. About eleven o'clock the party enjoyed supper and broke up shortly after midnight.

Today's Observance in Chelmsford.

The people of North Chelmsford will celebrate the day this evening. The St. John's Total Abstinence society of that place will march from their hall to the town hall. The North Chelmsford Brass band will furnish music. At the town hall, the "Danger Signal" will be produced and it is expected that a large audience will be in attendance.

The After Effect.

When the meeting broke up there was considerable talk among the members, and the matter of Dr. Dana's rising from a sick bed to go to Brooklyn to preach was commented upon. It is said that on that Sunday it was given out at the church and house that Dr. Dana was ill in bed. This fact and several others which did not come out at the meeting did much to bring about a vote to accept the resignation. Dr. Dana's side has received considerable attention, but there is another story which some day may come out, and which will show considerable inconsistency on the part of many people in the church and pastor.

Unemployed People are Warned.

When an advertisement appeared in THE SUN early in the week that weavers, carders and other mill help were wanted in the western part of the state, at a new woolen mill, a score or more of unemployed people wrote to the address given, in Boston. In return came a circular and application from a labor employment office. The application called for the answering of a long list of questions and gave nothing definite; in fact the people who received the return circular could not see wherein the advertisement was fulfilled, as nothing was said of the Pittsfield mill. The application was to be returned with $1. According to the statements the advertisement was misleading, and moreover there was nothing to show whether the so-called labor bureau was a good channel through which to get a job or not. Moreover, the suspicious part of it was that the location of the bureau was not given, simply address, a. p. o. lock box. Unemployed mill hands will govern themselves accordingly.

BILLERICA'S MEETING.

What the Warrant for the Town Meeting Calls For.

The annual town meeting, for the election of town officers, is called for Monday, at 9 o'clock, in Gardner Parker hall. The warrant contains 30 articles. Considerable interest centers in article 26, which calls for action on the new town hall.

Public sentiment seems to be in favor of building a structure this year that will be a credit to the town. Among the features of a modern town hall should be the permanent location of the town post office, with roomy quarters.

Post office facilities are matters of everyday convenience, and the method that results in a frequent change of location is not to the credit of a town. The plan to include a post office in the new town hall should commend itself to the wisdom of Billerica voters.

LOWELL MILL MEN

May Not be Above Suspicion in the Matter of Cut Marks.

It will be remembered that a short time ago THE SUN gave a report of the hearing at the state house on the weavers' particulars' bill, in which the matter of length of cuts was gone into to some extent. It was stated that in Fall River it was a frequent occurrence for the weavers to weave cuts many yards over the 40 yard mark.

At these labor hearings very little is heard from Lowell, but it appears from stories told by operatives that Lowell operatives suffer fully as much as those of Fall River at the hands of the mill men. For instance, there is not a mill in the city but where weavers are duped. They may weave a cut of cloth supposing it to be 40 yards in length, while in reality it is many yards over that figure. The weaver is the dupe while the slasher, does the trick. There is a registering machine on the slasher, but not on the loom. Why could not one be put on a loom to protect the weaver? By changing an eccentric movement on the slasher register just one notch the cut mark can be set as many yards over 40 as there are yards in the circumference of the drum over which the warps run. This is one method of robbing operatives, and it is said to be done on more than one corporation, the protestation of honesty of a Lowell mill agent before the labor committee to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a certain corporation the weavers on a certain class of goods had their pay raised presumably. When they commenced working under the raise they found to their surprise that they did not make any more money than before. They have since learned that the cuts had been lengthened.

Who says that the poor weaver is not in need of a bill of particulars?

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE OLD COLONY LEASE DECLARED LEGAL.

A Matter of Interest to Bicyclists--The Committee on Liquor Law Reports Against Removal of License Limit.

BOSTON, March 17.—A long opinion was received from the attorney general in reply to the request of the legislature in regard to the legality of the lease of the Old Colony to the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. He decides that the lease is legal.

The committee on cities has reported a bill to regulate the use of bicycles on public ways. The bill provides, in section 1, that whoever without a permit, provided for in the bill, rides a bicycle or tricycle at a rate of speed exceeding 10 miles an hour, or rides on a sidewalk, or rides a machine without a bell or gong, or fails to sound the bell or gong whenever necessary to give reasonable warning of his approach, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $20 for each offence, and shall be further liable for all damages occasioned to any person by such unlawful act. Section 2 defines the meaning of the word "sidewalk" as used in the bill, as intended to cover any sidewalk laid out as such by a city or town, and any walk in a village which is reserved by custom for the use of pedestrians or specially prepared for their use. It is not to include footpaths on portions of public ways lying outside of the thickly settled parts of cities and towns, which are worn only by travel and are not improved by such cities or towns or by abutters.

Section 3 provides for the issuing of special permits by town and city authorities, to persons to ride machines during a specified time, upon specified portions of the public ways at any rate of speed. City and town authorities are also allowed to permit the use of velocipedes by children on sidewalks. By section 4, proceedings for the enforcement of the penalties imposed by the act are to be instituted within 60 days from the time the offence is committed.

The committee on liquor law reported against the bill removing the liquor license limitation from the city of Fall River; against a bill providing that the number of liquor licences shall not exceed one to every 500 inhabitants in cities, and one to every 1000 inhabitants in towns; against a bill to restrict the number of liquor licenses in Boston to one for every 1000 inhabitants; against a bill abolishing the limitation of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors; against a bill removing the limitation on the number of licenses granted in cities, and fixing fees for licenses; the committee reported leave to withdraw on numerous petitions of mayors of cities for the removal of the restriction on the number of liquor licenses to be granted.

The committee on education, Senator Green and Mr. Tolman dissenting, reported a bill appropriating not exceeding $100,000 for a state normal school at North Adams, the town to pay $25,000 of the sum appropriated.

The committee on manufactures reported leave to withdraw on the petition that no arbitrary charge be made for the use of electric light meters; also on a petition for the appointment of inspectors of electric meters; also on the petition for lower rates for gas.

Kid Was the Best Man.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 17.—J. E Scully of Woonsocket was knocked out in seven rounds here last night by Kid McCoy. Scully was badly punished, but he continued in the fray with bulldog tenacity and was knocked down nine times before he was counted out. His opponent escaped without a scratch.

A Peculiar Proceeding.

HARTFORD, March 17.—The officials of Putnam yesterday found a child, which was sick with smallpox, which had been abducted from a hospital in Boston by a woman named Talton. The woman went to the hospital in Boston to see the child, and she managed to escape without being observed.

May Be Reported on Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Senators, representing both the Democratic and Republican sides of the senate committee on finance, expressed the opinion at the close of the committee meeting yesterday that the tariff bill would be reported to the senate on Tuesday next.

Won by the Coffee Cooler.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Frank Craig, the Harlem "coffee cooler," defeated Fred Morris, Billy Madden's cyclone, in 18 rounds last night. It was a good, hard fight with small gloves. Craig weighed 10 or 15 pounds better than his opponent.

A Loss of $125,000.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The loss is $125,000.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—The jury in the case of Timothy McDermott, the slayer of George Clancy, brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree.

A LECTURE FOR BOYS

Taken Part In by Students, to Anthony Comstock's Regret.

NEW HAVEN, March 17.—Anthony Comstock lectured here last night on the street to a big crowd of boys on the evils of drunkenness and dime novel reading. Several thousand boys gathered around Comstock and cheered and made such a noise that his remarks could not be heard. Some Yale students were attracted to the lecturer, and finally rushed at him and handled Comstock in a rough manner, putting their arms around his neck and pushing him out into the street, amid the cries of the mob of boys and others who were attracted by the excitement. There was no police interference.

Not So Bad as Reported.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The story to the effect that the crew of the schooner Bancroft were 20 hours on an iceberg, which proved to be false. The schooner reached port at Boston yesterday. The schooner was within 200 feet of the iceberg, and stood off in the night, and when daylight came the ice had formed so thick that the crew easily walked ashore.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

A delicious smoke—Old Hundred cigar.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

A chance is now offered to secure some great bargains at the assignee sale of Manning & Leighton.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Hosford Social club will observe St. Patrick's day with a social in Associate hall tonight. The American orchestra will be in attendance.

It is possible that the contracts for the plumbing and gas fitting in the new post office will come to Lowell. It is reported that there are doubts of the reliability of the Chicago bidder and that the government is inquiring into the standing of Farrell & Conaton, who are the next lowest bidders.

SEEN AND HEARD.

"I saw a young woman the other day whose face had been enameled. I am quite sure that she did not belong in Lowell, but she attracted the attention of every one and shocked not a few," says the young man of æsthetic tastes, on the Courier, who has charge of the column edited by a Lowell lady. "There have been and perhaps there are now several well known society ladies in Lowell who were generally credited with enamelling."

CATHOLIC PARISH NOTES.

The Easter vacations of the parochial schools of the city will begin next week. They will be of one week's duration.

In all the Catholic churches tomorrow the blessing of the palms will take place at the high mass.

At the lenten services in St. Michael's church, Wednesday evening, an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Fahey of the Augustinian order of preachers.

The retreat given annually at Notre Dame academy which usually falls within the Eastertide will, this year, be postponed on account of the mission which begins tomorrow at St. Patrick's church, until later. Invitations to former pupils will be extended as is customary.

The Easter vacation of the pupils of both academy and parochial schools will begin on Thursday, the 22nd.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart school are rehearsing for a concert and entertainment which will take place on April 5th.

The feast of St. Patrick was observed this morning at the Sacred Heart church with a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock. An eloquent panegyric was preached by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I.

The special services for Holy Week, the tenebrae will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Announcements will be made tomorrow from the different pulpits, regarding the morning services.

The Catholic clergy of the city, without exception, say that the attendances at the Lenten devotions this season have been much larger than formerly.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Millionaire Timothy Porter Leads Miss Mabel Earle to the Altar.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., March 17.—The wedding of Timothy H. Porter, the eccentric millionaire of Stamford, Conn., to Miss Mabel Earle of Bridgeport, was solemnized here yesterday at the rectory of the Episcopal church. Porter has figured prominently in legal proceedings, which were instituted against him by his relatives in Connecticut. He is over 60 years of age, and was infatuated with the young girl whom he married yesterday, and who was employed in his house as a governess.

Recently the suit brought by his relatives were withdrawn and preparations were made immediately after by the old man and Miss Earle for their marriage. The bride is only 21 years of age, and she was accompanied here by her father. In the suit several well-known ladies in Stamford were brought into notoriety by the testimony of witnesses, who testified to their conduct with the old man. The couple intend to go to Bridgeport to reside.

Priest and Judge In a Scrape.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 17.—Church and legal circles are excited over the arrest of three leading citizens of Cayenne. Rev. Father Violante, a civil judge and a member of the city council are charged with falsifying the matrimonial records of the civil registry.

Signed by Crisp.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The silver seigniorage bill will not go to the president until Monday. It was presented to Speaker Crisp yesterday, and it received his signature. The president has 10 days in which to approve or disapprove the bill.

Obstinate Selectmen.

CHASSET, Mass., March 17.—The voters of this town, by a vote of nearly 2 to 1, voted for license at the recent town meeting. The selectmen decline to grant any licenses, despite the town vote, and, furthermore, say they will not.

Kick Caused Death.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., March 17.—Daniel Higgins, while on his way to school, stopped with a number of his playmates to fool with a horse. The animal kicked Higgins in the stomach, and the lad died soon after from his injuries.

For Mariners' Benefit.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Representative Breckner was directed by the house commerce committee to report favorably the bill authorizing the establishment of a lightship with a fog signal to the eastward of Boston light.

Suicide Frustrated.

CHARLESTON, March 17.—Jerry Hornberg was hanged here for the murder of Bob Hazel, a constable. The prisoner succeeded in gashing his neck and wrist with a piece of tin, but he was quickly revived and hanged.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Finson, Tailor 6 Central street, has received the late novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for spring wear.

If Not, Why Not

buy your sugar [illegible] of us? We save you 10c. [illegible] your purchases. Dickson Bros. 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on approved notes, personal security or mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Bartlett Exch. Telephone 905-4.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

AGENTS FOR

THE ABBOT - DOWNING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the

Celebrated - Concord - Wagons.

Driving, Light and Heavy Express Wagons, Team Wagons, Heavy Trucks of all kinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DESPERATE NEGRO

Makes a Savage Assault Upon Four Persons With a Gun.

MALDEN, Mass., March 17.—A brutal assault took place here last night, in which four persons had a narrow escape from being murdered, all concerned in the affair being colored.

People passing the house of Spencer Williams on Center street court, heard cries of "Murder" issuing from the house. Officer Bowker and a number of citizens entered the house and found a terrible scene.

Sidney Horner had a loaded gun in his hand and had committed an assault with this weapon upon John S. Thomas, aged 92, and Mrs. Annie Williams, Spencer Williams and little Gertie Williams, badly injuring them all.

Spencer Williams' left arm was broken and he was injured about the head and body; his wife, Annie Williams, was repeatedly beaten over the head and body, and was unconscious for several hours. Thomas, the old man, was also badly cut on the arm, and was otherwise injured, but will recover.

The gun was badly broken in the affair, but luckily was not discharged.

Sidney Horner, who committed the assault, is about 37 years old, and a very powerful negro. He claims that he was robbed of $68 while asleep.

BRECKINRIDGE'S MARRIAGE.

Dame Rumor Was Right Concerning a Secret Ceremony.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Two distinct sensations were furnished yesterday in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise trial. The foremost was the appearance of the plaintiff on the stand as a witness on her own behalf, but the one of greatest interest to legal circles was the corroboration of the rumor which has been for several days afloat that Colonel Breckinridge was secretly married to Mrs. Louise Wing in New York last April, three months before the public ceremony in Cincinnati.

When Breckinridge was shown the dispatch from New York he refused to admit its truth or to contradict it. His counsel and law partner, Colonel Shelby, however, confirmed the report, as did Attorney Stoll. The latter said, when inquiry was made whether the defense would be based on this earlier marriage: "It would not be proper to forecast our case at this stage, but I will say that Colonel Breckinridge is to take the stand very soon, and it will all be made known. Until then neither Colonel Breckinridge nor his counsel would be wise to discuss the defense."

The Strike a Failure.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., March 17.—Four of the ringleaders of the rioting strikers at the Mingo mines have been arrested and taken to Knoxville to answer in the federal court. The backbone of the strike seems to be broken at last.

South Acton, Mass.

Blood Poisoning

After a Severe Accident

Life in Great Danger—Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Roses to the Cheeks and Vigor to the System.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"My little granddaughter, Gracie E. Nash of Boston, while visiting at our house met with an accident which nearly killed her. She fell from the hay mow to the barn floor almost 18 feet below and was rendered unconscious. Her mother took her to the Boston City Hospital. The side of the head was badly crushed. Blood poisoning set in and the child did not rally. She could not eat anything; her stomach was so rebellious that she threw off all nourishment. Her mother sent for me and when I went to the girl, her spinal cord and the cords of her neck were all drawn up and a copper color had settled over her. I could quickly see the traces of blood poisoning, and persuaded her mother to let me take the girl back to our country home. She consented and as soon as I reached home I commenced to give the child Hood's Sarsaparilla. It quickly overcame her sickness and the stiffness left her neck. The good effects were also noticeable about the wound on her head. In less than a month she was able to

Run About the Farm,

and in a short time afterwards she had completely recovered her full strength and health, and it is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has since resided with us at the farm, and at intervals I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and by so doing have kept her in excellent health and spirits." MRS. SOPHIA RANDALL, So. Acton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

Ward One Drug Store,

W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Mr. Enloe's second amendment aimed at the coast and geodetic survey, providing for the investigation of that bureau and a determination of the advisability of its transfer to the navy and interior departments, was defeated in the house by a majority of 23 votes. The latter part of the day was devoted to a discussion of the appropriation for the Missouri river commission of $750,000. The senate was not in session.

Died From Natural Causes.

NORWICH, Conn., March 17.—Coroner Park of this city, who investigated the death of Mrs. D. Henry Miller, the wife of the Baptist minister, whose death aroused considerable suspicion, found nothing to indicate that the woman's death was hastened in any manner. Miller threatens to bring suit against some people whom he claims tried to defame him.

Mob Was After Them.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 17.—The vicinity of Union Springs and Suspension is excited over the murder of Railway Agent Carey, Hall, his clerk, and Detective Wallace. Richard Jordan and Amos Iver were arrested for the crime, narrowly avoiding a mob formed to lynch them.

Spilled Out of Their Carriage.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, with several other members of her company, while driving from this city to New Britain, were thrown out of their carriage in a runaway accident. Miss Coghlan was badly shaken up, but sustained no serious injury.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

The Great Clothing Leader.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN QUANTITY, QUALITY AND STYLE.

Below All Others in Prices.

Although our spring stock is not yet all in, enough is here to enable the most particular man to make a pleasing selection. There are in fact more new styles to choose from even now than you will find at any two clothing houses combined at the height of the season.

MEN'S SPRING DERBYS.

We are head quarters for all the new and popular styles in Men's Spring Derbys. There isn't a maker of repute whose latest shape is not represented in our stock. See the superb quality we are offering at $2.

SPRING NECKWEAR.

Thousands of new shapes in Tecks and Four-in-Hands in the new stripes and checks, regular 50c. Scarf. Our price 25 CENTS.

Thousands of Tecks, graduated Four-in-hands in new crepe effects, also latest colorings in checks and stripes, the equal of any $1 Scarfs. Our price 48 CENTS

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

. . THE FIRST . .

Spring Opening,

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS,

Will occur on Friday and Saturday, March 16 and 17, at the

BELVIDERE MILLINERY STORE,

131 East Merrimack Street, when

COURVILLE & TARTE

Will exhibit a splendid line of Parisian and New York Millinery and Novelties in Hats, Bonnets and Flowers.

First-Class Dressmaking Establishment in Connection.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 318-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Low Prices

5lb. pail	Raspberry	Jelly	35c.	pail
5lb. "	Strawberry	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Currant	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Apple	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Raspberry	Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .: CASH .: GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.

Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

Wheel the Baby Out!

How many parents know that they should follow this advice, but how many mothers neglect it till too late. We have just received a handsome line of Wakefield Carriages, also the Brattleboro' Carriages; both manufacturers are first-class, and we solicit your inspection. A morning ride is better for the baby than the doctor's medicine.

Bedroom Sets, Springs, and Mattresses, Parlor Sets, Carpets and Mattings, Window Shades, &c., Husks, East India Bedding and Excelsior for filling Ticks, and all other goods that go to make a home what it should be. Call and see.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

BIG STRIKE ON THE TAPIS

IS - AT - THE

UNION MARKET.

The object is to Strike the Lowest Prices on Record. A dime saved in these days of business depression amounts to more than a dollar earned when business is booming. Save one dime and many dimes at Walsh's Mammoth Market, where prices are 20 per cent. under other dealers.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, 165 and 167 Middlesex St.

CHILDREN'S - - - - CARRIAGES.

We have in stock the finest line of CARRIAGES in the market today. All new goods. Not one of last year's carriages in stock. If you need a carriage this season, it is for your interest to look over our stock and get our prices. When you purchase a Carriage from us you are sure to get the best Carriage in the market for the money. All our Carriages are standard make. Goods that we have sold for years and know that they are first-class. We guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

"Perfect Spring Poems!" Exclaimed a woman.

She referred to Our New Spring Garments,

And she was right, they are spring poems, new, handsome and full of the lightness and grace of spring. We are getting in such handsome Capes and perfect fitting Coats in the latest designs from the best New York houses and in our own make.

Our stock will be complete next week, with the latest novelties in Ladies', Misses' and Children's goods.

As to prices, well, just compare ours with any store in Lowell or Boston and judge for yourselves. Never were such goods so cheap before.

We have made a big cut on every suit and wrapper in stock, to make room for new goods.

We are Headquarters for Suits.

We are very busy on big orders for Boston houses, but save a few for our retail trade, at wholesale prices. We will give you a handsome Serge Suit, lined throughout, with umbrella skirt, at $3.75. Making so many enabled us to work it at bottom figures. AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT.

A handsome, serviceable Flannel Skirt for $1.50. We have an order from a Boston house for 350 of these skirts and make an extra lot for ourselves. Our $4 Winter Suits, of which we sold so many, are nearly gone. We will close them out at $2.50, and remember when you buy these goods

Your Money all Comes Back to You,

For you're helping Lowell operatives and your money stays right here. We have other suits, all styles and prices, straight from New York, at hard-time prices.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Achieved a substantial reputation last fall for skilful and artistic work. It's still in the same competent hands.

Everything Made to Order in First-class Style.

Every kind of Machine Embroidery done to order.

BEAVER - CLOAK - CO.,

51 MERRIMACK STREET, LOWELL.

To Boiler Makers.

Boiler makers are invited to send proposals for furnishing one horizontal tubular boiler, for the Lowell Water Works, same to be delivered and set complete, ready for use, at Dracut Wells Pumping Station, Lowell, on or before May 1, 1894.

Bids will be opened at Water Board Office on the evening of March 22nd, 1894 previous to which time specifications may be seen at Water Office, City Hall. Foundation will be put in by Water Works Department.

MILTON P. BRENNAN,
President, Lowell Water Board.

Lowell, March 17th, 1894.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle. 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

Joe Ott, the comedian, sings "Only One," and P. Devine, the Trunk Man, takes up the refrain and sings "Only One Trunk Manufacturer in Town." Others try to bluff the public, but when you want a Trunk get it at Devine's, in the wooden building, 70-72 Middlesex Street. Everything in Leather and Canvass Goods to be found in a Modern Trunk Store. Prices Cheapest in Town.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

70-72 Middlesex Street.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

SUN RISES	5 53	MOON SETS	4 02 AM
SUN SETS	6 53	FULL SEA	7 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	12 00		8 00 PM

Forecast for New England: Fair; probably slightly warmer; southwest winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Mr. Fred'k M. Burrows is critically ill at his father's home on Arlington street.

When coming through Merrimack street do not fail to look at the beautiful display of confectionary at the D. L. Page Co., for Easter. The window displays are something remarkably fine.

Chelmsford holds its town meeting on Monday. The voters will be called upon to act on the petition of the French Catholics for permission to open a burial ground in the town.

At the meeting of Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T. elected the following delegates to the grand lodge session: Atwood Allen, Thomas Mahon, George H. Blood, Ernest Corbett and Miss Madge Claxton; alternates, Misses Mary Shay, Hattie Patrick, Mary Goodwin, Annie Welch and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards.

If anybody doubts the popularity of Anheuser Busch beer that person should have seen the pile of empty lager kegs in front of John Lennon's store on Market street yesterday. There were hundreds of them and as they were piled up, it looked like a stockade. This is the beer which took the prize at the World's fair. John Lennon of Market street is the sole agent.

The friends of Prof. W. H. Mason, the well known music teacher, assembled at his home, 77 Durant street, Thursday evening. Solos were given by the professor, a violin solo by Dr. Edwin F. Mason; a song, "The Lost Chord (of Wood)" by Mr. Michael Boulger; recitation by Jas. F. Derman, the crack bowler of Centralville; song by Mr. John F. Hoyle, the efficient clerk at the city dispensary. About eleven o'clock the party enjoyed supper and broke up shortly after midnight.

Today's Observance in Chelmsford.

The people of North Chelmsford will celebrate the day this evening. The St. John's Total Abstinence society of that place will march from their hall to the town hall. The North Chelmsford Brass band will furnish music. At the town hall, the "Danger Signal" will be produced and it is expected that a large audience will be in attendance.

The After Effect.

When the meeting broke up there was considerable talk among the members, and the matter of Dr. Dana's rising from a sick bed to go to Brooklyn to preach was commented upon. It is said that on that Sunday it was given out at the church and house that Dr. Dana was ill in bed. This fact and several others which did not come out at the meeting did much to bring about a vote to accept the resignation. Dr. Dana's side has received considerable attention, but there is another story which some day may come out, and which will show considerable inconsistency on the part of many people in the church and pastor.

Unemployed People are Warned.

When an advertisement appeared in THE SUN early in the week that weavers, carders and other mill help were wanted in the western part of the state, at a new woolen mill, a score or more of unemployed people wrote to the address given, in Boston. In return came a circular and application from a labor employment office. The application called for the answering of a long list of questions and gave nothing definite; in fact the people who received the return circular could not see wherein the advertisement was fulfilled, as nothing was said of the Pittsfield mill. The application was to be returned with $1. According to the statements the advertisement was misleading, and moreover there was nothing to show whether the so-called labor bureau was a good channel through which to get a job or not. Moreover, the suspicious part of it was that the location of the bureau was not given, simply address, a p. o. lock box. Unemployed mill hands will govern themselves accordingly.

BILLERICA'S MEETING.

What the Warrant for the Town Meeting Calls For.

The annual town meeting, for the election of town officers, is called for Monday, at 9 o'clock, in Gardner Parker hall. The warrant contains 30 articles. Considerable interest centers in article 26, which calls for action on the new town hall.

Public sentiment seems to be in favor of building a structure this year that will be a credit to the town. Among the features of a modern town hall should be the permanent location of the town post office, with roomy quarters.

Post office facilities are matters of every-day convenience, and the method that results in a frequent change of location is not to the credit of a town. The plan to include a post office in the new town hall should commend itself to the wisdom of Billerica voters.

LOWELL MILL MEN

May Not be Above Suspicion in the Matter of Cut Marks.

It will be remembered that a short time ago THE SUN gave a report of the hearing at the state house on the weavers' particulars' bill, in which the matter of length of cuts was gone into to some extent. It was stated that in Fall River it was a frequent occurrence for the weavers to weave cuts many yards over the 40 yard mark.

At these labor hearings very little is heard from Lowell, but it appears from stories told by operatives that Lowell operatives suffer fully as much as those of Fall River at the hands of the mill men. For instance, there is not a mill in the city but where weavers are duped. They may weave a cut of cloth supposing it to be 40 yards in length, while in reality it is many yards over that figure. The weaver is the dupe while the slasher, does the trick. There is a registering machine on the slasher, but not on the loom. Why could not one be put on a loom to protect the weaver? By changing an ornament movement on the slasher register just one notch the cut mark can be set as many yards over 40 as there are yards in the circumference of the drum over which the warps run. This is one method of robbing operatives, and it is said to be done on more than one corporation, the protestation of honesty of a Lowell mill agent before the labor committee to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a certain corporation the weavers on a certain class of goods had their pay raised presumably. When they commenced working under the raise they found to their surprise that they did not make any more money than before. They have since learned that the cuts had been lengthened.

Who says that the poor weaver is not in need of a bill of particulars?

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 51 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE OLD COLONY LEASE DECLARED LEGAL.

A Matter of Interest to Bicyclists—The Committee on Liquor Law Reports Against Removal of License Limit.

BOSTON, March 17.—A long opinion was received from the attorney general in reply to the request of the legislature in regard to the legality of the lease of the Old Colony to the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. He decides that the lease is legal.

The committee on cities has reported a bill to regulate the use of bicycles on public ways. The bill provides, in section 1, that whoever without a permit, provided for in the bill, rides a bicycle or tricycle at a rate of speed exceeding 10 miles an hour, or rides on a sidewalk, or rides a machine without a bell or gong, or fails to sound the bell or gong whenever necessary to give reasonable warning of his approach, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $20 for each offence, and shall be further liable for all damages occasioned to any person by such unlawful act. Section 2 defines the meaning of the word "sidewalk" as used in the bill, as intended to cover any sidewalk laid out as such by a city or town, and any walk in a village which is reserved by custom for the use of pedestrians or specially prepared for their use. It is not to include footpaths on portions of public ways lying outside of the thickly settled parts of cities and towns, which are worn only by travel and are not improved by such cities or towns or by abutters.

Section 3 provides for the issuing of special permits by town and city authorities, to persons to ride machines during a specified time, upon specified portions of the public ways at any rate of speed. City and town authorities are also allowed to permit the use of velocipedes by children on sidewalks. By section 4, proceedings for the enforcement of the penalties imposed by the act are to be instituted within 60 days from the time the offence is committed.

The committee on liquor law reported against the bill removing the liquor license limitation from the city of Fall River; against a bill providing that the number of liquor licences shall not exceed one to every 500 inhabitants in cities, and one to every 1000 inhabitants in towns; against a bill to restrict the number of liquor licenses in Boston to one for every 1000 inhabitants; against a bill abolishing the limitation of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors; against a bill removing the limitation on the number of licenses granted in cities, and fixing fees for licenses; the committee reported leave to withdraw on numerous petitions of mayors of cities for the removal of the restriction on the number of liquor licenses to be granted.

The committee on education, Senator Green and Mr. Tolman dissenting, reported a bill appropriating not exceeding $100,000 for a state normal school at North Adams, the town to pay $25,000 of the sum appropriated.

The committee on manufactures reported leave to withdraw on the petition that no arbitrary charge be made for the use of electric light meters; also on a petition for the appointment of inspectors of electric meters; also on the petition for lower rates for gas.

Kid Was the Best Man.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 17.—J. E. Scully of Woonsocket was knocked out in seven rounds here last night by Kid McCoy. Scully was badly punished, but he continued in the fray with bulldog tenacity and was knocked down nine times before he was counted out. His opponent escaped without a scratch.

A Peculiar Proceeding.

HARTFORD, March 17.—The officials of Putnam yesterday found a child, which was sick with smallpox, which had been abducted from a hospital in Boston by a woman named Talton. The woman went to the hospital in Boston to see the child, and she managed to escape without being observed.

May Be Reported on Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Senators, representing both the Democratic and Republican sides of the senate committee on finance, expressed the opinion at the close of the committee meeting yesterday that the tariff bill would be reported to the senate on Tuesday next.

Won by the Coffee Cooler.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Frank Craig, the Harlem "coffee cooler," defeated Fred Morris, Billy Madden's cyclone, in 18 rounds last night. It was a good, hard fight with small gloves. Craig weighed 10 or 15 pounds better than his opponent.

A Loss of $125,000.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 17.—Stanley's large brewery on Oxford street in this city was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning. The loss is $125,000.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—The jury in the case of Timothy Mellemott, the slayer of George Cluney, brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree.

A LECTURE FOR BOYS

Taken Part In by Students, to Anthony Comstock's Regret.

NEW HAVEN, March 17.—Anthony Comstock lectured here last night on the street to a big crowd of boys on the evils of drunkenness and dime novel reading. Several thousand boys gathered around Comstock and cheered and made such a noise that his remarks could not be heard. Some Yale students were attracted to the lecturer, and finally rushed at him and handled Comstock in a rough manner, putting their arms around his neck and pushing him out into the street, amid the cries of the mob of boys and others who were attracted by the excitement. There was no police interference.

Not So Bad as Reported.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 17.—The story to the effect that the crew of the schooner Bauche were 20 hours on an iceberg, which pushed the schooner near Port au Basque, is now to be a hoax. The schooner came to her anchorage within 300 feet of the shore, in a snowstorm in the night, and when daylight came the ice had formed so thick that the crew easily walked ashore.

Wall paper at 13 Church street.

A delicious smoke—Old Hundred cigar.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

A chance is now offered to secure some great bargains at the assignee sale of Manning & Leighton.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Hosford Social club will observe St. Patrick's day with a social in Associate hall tonight. The American orchestra will be in attendance.

It is possible that the contracts for the plumbing and gas fitting in the new post office will come to Lowell. It is reported that there are doubts of the reliability of the Chicago bidder and that the government is inquiring into the standing of Farrell & Conaton, who are the next lowest bidders.

SEEN AND HEARD.

"I saw a young woman the other day whose face had been enameled. I am quite sure that she did not belong in Lowell, but she attracted the attention of every one and shocked not a few," says the young man of æsthetic tastes, on the Courier, who has charge of the column edited by a Lowell lady. These have been and perhaps there are now several well known society ladies in Lowell who were generally credited with enamelling.

CATHOLIC PARISH NOTES.

The Easter vacations of the parochial schools of the city will begin next week. They will be of one week's duration.

In all the Catholic churches tomorrow the blessing of the palms will take place at the high mass.

At the lenten services in St. Michael's church, Wednesday evening, an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Fahey of the Augustinian order of preachers.

The retreat given annually at Notre Dame academy which usually falls within the Eastertide will, this year, be postponed on account of the mission which begins tomorrow at St. Patrick's church, until later. Invitations to former pupils will be extended as is customary.

The Easter vacation of the pupils of both academy and parochial schools will begin on Thursday, the 22nd.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart school are rehearsing for a concert and entertainment which will take place on April 5th.

The feast of St. Patrick was observed this morning at the Sacred Heart church with a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock. An eloquent panegyric was preached by Rev. Fr. Barrett, O. M. I.

The special services for Holy Week, the tenebrae will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Announcements will be made tomorrow from the different pulpits, regarding the morning services.

The Catholic clergy of the city, without exception, say that the attendances at the Lenten devotions this season have been much larger than formerly.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Millionaire Timothy Porter Leads Miss Mabel Earle to the Altar.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., March 17.—The wedding of Timothy H. Porter, the eccentric millionaire of Stamford, Conn., to Miss Mabel Earle of Bridgeport, was solemnized here yesterday at the rectory of the Episcopal church. Porter has figured prominently in legal proceedings, which were instituted against him by his relatives in Connecticut. He is over 60 years of age, and was infatuated with the young girl whom he married yesterday, and who was employed in his house as a governess.

Recently the suit brought by his relatives were withdrawn and preparations were made immediately after by the old man and Miss Earle for their marriage. The bride is only 21 years of age, and she was accompanied here by her father. In the suit several well-known ladies in Stamford were brought into notoriety by the testimony of witnesses, who testified to their conduct with the old man. The couple intend to go to Bridgeport to reside.

Priest and Judge In a Scrape.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 17.—Church and legal circles are excited over the arrest of three leading citizens of Coyenne. Rev. Father Violante, a civil judge and a member of the city council are charged with falsifying the matrimonial records of the civil registry.

Signed by Crisp.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The silver seigniorage bill will not go to the president until Monday. It was presented to Speaker Crisp yesterday, and it received his signature. The president has 10 days in which to approve or disapprove the bill.

Obstinate Selectmen.

COHASSET, Mass., March 17.—The voters of this town, by a vote of nearly 2 to 1, voted for license at the recent town meeting. The selectmen decline to grant any licenses, despite the town vote, and, furthermore, say they will not.

Kick Caused Death.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., March 17.—Daniel Higgins, while on his way to school, stopped with a number of his playmates to fool with a horse. The animal kicked Higgins in the stomach, and the lad died soon after from his injuries.

For Mariners' Benefit.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Representative Breickner was directed by the house commerce committee to report favorably the bill authorizing the establishment of a lightship with a fog signal to the eastward of Boston light.

Suicide Frustrated.

CHARLESTON, March 17.—Jerry Hornberg was hanged here for the murder of Bob Hazel, a constable. The prisoner succeeded in gashing his neck and wrist with a piece of tin, but he was quickly revived and hanged.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 6 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trimmings, for spring wear.

If Not, Why Not

Buy your sugar, tea and coffee of us? We save you big money on your purchases. Dickson Bros. 48 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal security and second mortgages on real estate by O. H. Swift, 27 Barristers hall. Telephone 165-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DESPERATE NEGRO

Makes a Savage Assault Upon Four Persons With a Gun.

MALDEN, Mass., March 17.—A brutal assault took place here last night, in which four persons had a narrow escape from being murdered, all concerned in the affair being colored.

People passing the house of Spencer Williams on Center street court, heard cries of "Murder" issuing from the house. Officer Bowker and a number of citizens entered the house and found a terrible scene.

Sidney Horner had a loaded gun in his hand and had committed an assault with this weapon upon John S. Thomas, aged 82, and Mrs. Annie Williams, Spencer Williams and little Gertie Williams, badly injuring them all.

Spencer Williams' left arm was broken and he was injured about the head and body; his wife, Annie Williams, was repeatedly beaten over the head and body, and was unconscious for several hours. Thomas, the old man, was also badly cut on the arm, and was otherwise injured, but will recover.

The gun was badly broken in the affair, but luckily was not discharged.

Sidney Horner, who committed the assault, is about 37 years old, and a very powerful negro. He claims that he was robbed of $68 while asleep.

BRECKINRIDGE'S MARRIAGE.

Dame Rumor Was Right Concerning a Secret Ceremony.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Two distinct sensations were furnished yesterday in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise trial. The foremost was the appearance of the plaintiff on the stand as a witness on her own behalf, but the one of greatest interest to legal circles was the corroboration of the rumor which has been for several days afloat that Colonel Breckinridge was secretly married to Mrs. Louise Wing in New York last April, three months before the public ceremony in Cincinnati.

When Breckinridge was shown the dispatch from New York he refused to admit its truth or to contradict it. His counsel and law partner, Colonel Shelby, however, confirmed the report, as did Attorney Stoll. The latter said, when inquiry was made whether the defense would be based on this earlier marriage: "It would not be proper to forecast our case at this stage, but I will say that Colonel Breckinridge is to take the stand very soon, and it will all be made known. Until then neither Colonel Breckinridge nor his counsel would be wise to discuss the defense."

The Strike a Failure.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., March 17.—Four of the ringleaders of the rioting strikers at the Mingo mines have been arrested and taken to Knoxville to answer in the federal court. The backbone of the strike seems to be broken at last.

South Acton, Mass.

Blood Poisoning

After a Severe Accident

Life in Great Danger—Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Roses to the Cheeks and Vigor to the System.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"My little granddaughter, Gracie E. Nash of Boston, while visiting at our house met with an accident which nearly killed her. She fell from the hay mow to the barn floor almost 18 feet below and was rendered unconscious. Her mother took her to the Boston City Hospital. The side of the head was badly crushed. Blood poisoning set in and the child did not rally. She could not eat anything; her stomach was so rebellious that she throw off all nourishment. Her mother sent for me and when I went to the girl, her spinal cord and the cords of her neck were all drawn up and a copper color had settled over her. I could quickly see the traces of blood poisoning, and persuaded her mother to let me take the girl back to our country home. She consented and as soon as I reached home I commenced to give the child Hood's Sarsaparilla. It quickly overcame her sickness and the stiffness left her neck. The good effects were also noticeable about the wound on her head. In less than a month she was able to

Run About the Farm,

and in a short time afterwards she had completely recovered her full strength and health, and it is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has since resided with us at the farm, and at intervals I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and by so doing have kept her in excellent health and spirits." MRS. SOPHIA RANDALL, South Acton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

Ward One Drug Store,

W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

JAMES MARREN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

AGENTS FOR

THE ABBOT - DOWNING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the

Celebrated - Concord - Wagons.

Driving, Light and Heavy Express Wagons, Team Wagons, Heavy Trucks of all kinds.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Mr. Enloe's second amendment aimed at the coast and geodetic survey, providing for the investigation of that bureau and a determination of the advisability of its transfer to the navy and interior departments, was defeated in the house by a majority of 23 votes. The latter part of the day was devoted to a discussion of the appropriation for the Missouri river commission of $750,000. The senate was not in session.

Died From Natural Causes.

NORWICH, Conn., March 17.—Coroner Park of this city, who investigated the death of Mrs. D. Henry Miller, the wife of the Baptist minister, whose death aroused considerable suspicion, found nothing to indicate that the woman's death was hastened in any manner. Miller threatens to bring suit against some people whom he claims tried to defame him.

Mob Was After Them.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 17.—The vicinity of Union Springs and Suspension is excited over the murder of Railway Agent Carey, Hall, his clerk, and Detective Wallace. Richard Jordan and Amos Iver were arrested for the crime, narrowly avoiding a mob formed to lynch them.

Spilled Out of Their Carriage.

HARTFORD, March 17.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, with several other members of her company, while driving from this city to New Britain, were thrown out of their carriage in a runaway accident. Miss Coghlan was badly shaken up, but sustained no serious injury.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

The Great Clothing Leader.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN QUANTITY, QUALITY AND STYLE.

Below All Others in Prices.

Although our spring stock is not yet all in, enough is here to enable the most particular man to make a pleasing selection. There are in fact more new styles to choose from even now than you will find at any two clothing houses combined at the height of the season.

MEN'S SPRING DERBYS.

We are head quarters for all the new and popular styles in Men's Spring Derbys. There isn't a maker of repute whose latest shape is not represented in our stock. See the superb quality we are offering at $2.

SPRING NECKWEAR.

Thousands of new shapes in Teeks and Four-in-Hands in the new stripes and checks, regular 50c. Scarf. Our price 25 CENTS.

Thousands of Teeks, graduated Four-in-hands in new crepe effects, also latest colorings in checks and stripes, the equal of any $1 Scarfs. Our price 48 CENTS

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

. . THE FIRST . .

Spring Opening,

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS,

Will occur on Friday and Saturday, March 16 and 17, at the

BELVIDERE MILLINERY STORE,

131 East Merrimack Street, when

COURVILLE & TARTE

Will exhibit a splendid line of Parisian and New York Millinery and Novelties in Hats, Bonnets and Flowers.

First-Class Dressmaking Establishment in Connection.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 338-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Low Prices

5lb.	pail	Raspberry Jelly	35c.	pail
5lb.	"	Strawberry "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Currant "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Apple "	35c.	"
5lb.	"	Raspberry Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.

Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

Wheel the Baby Out!

How many parents know that they should follow this advice, but how many mothers neglect it till too late. We have just received a handsome line of Wakefield Carriages, also the Brattleboro' Carriages; both manufacturers are first-class, and we solicit your inspection. A morning ride is better for the baby than the doctor's medicine.

Bedroom Sets, Springs, and Mattresses, Parlor Sets, Carpets and Mattings, Window Shades, &c., Husks, East India Bedding and Excelsior for filling Ticks, and all other goods that go to make a home what it should be. Call and see.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 85 Prescott Street.

BIG STRIKE ON THE TAPIS

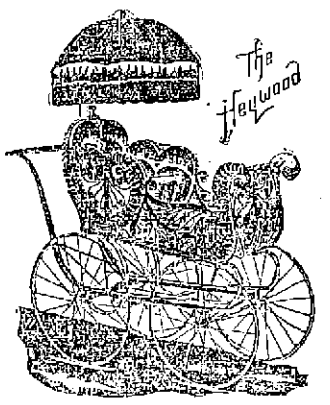
IS - AT - THE

UNION MARKET.

The object is to Strike the Lowest Prices on Record. A dime saved in these days of business depression amounts to more than a dollar earned when business is booming. Save one dime and many dimes at Walsh's Mammoth Market, where prices are 20 per cent. under other dealers.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, 165 and 167 Middlesex St.

CHILDREN'S - - - - CARRIAGES.



We have in stock the finest line of CARRIAGES in the market today. All new goods. Not one of last year's carriages in stock. If you need a carriage this season, it is for your interest to look over our stock and get our prices. When you purchase a Carriage from us you are sure to get the best Carriage in the market for the money. All our Carriages are standard make. Goods that we have sold for years and know that they are first-class. We guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

"Perfect Spring Poems!" Exclaimed a woman.

She referred to Our New Spring Garments,

And she was right, they are spring poems, new, handsome and full of the lightness and grace of spring. We are getting in such handsome Capes and perfect fitting Coats in the latest designs from the best New York houses and in our own make.

Our stock will be complete next week, with the latest novelties in Ladies', Misses' and Children's goods.

As to prices, well, just compare ours with any store in Lowell or Boston and judge for yourselves. Never were such goods so cheap before.

We have made a big cut on every suit and wrapper in stock, to make room for new goods.

We are Headquarters for Suits.

We are very busy on big orders for Boston houses, but save a few for our retail trade, at wholesale prices. We will give you a handsome Serge Suit, lined throughout, with umbrella skirt, at $3.75. Making so many enabled us to work it at bottom figures. AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT.

A handsome, serviceable Flannel Skirt for $1.50. We have an order from a Boston house for 350 of these skirts and make an extra lot for ourselves. Our $4 Winter Suits, of which we sold so many, are nearly gone. We will close them out at $2.50, and remember when you buy these goods

Your Money all Comes Back to You,

For you're helping Lowell operatives and your money stays right here. We have other suits, all styles and prices, straight from New York, at hard-time prices.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Achieved a substantial reputation last fall for skillful and artistic work. It's still in the same competent hands.

Everything Made to Order in First-class Style.

Every kind of Machine Embroidery done to order.

BEAVER - CLOAK - CO.,

51 MERRIMACK STREET, LOWELL.

To Boiler Makers.

Boiler makers are invited to send proposals for furnishing one horizontal tubular boiler for the Lowell Water Works, same to be delivered and set complete, ready for use, at Dracut Well's Pumping Station, Lowell, on or before May 1, 1894.

Bids will be opened at Water Board Office on the evening of March 22nd, 1894, previous to which time specifications may be seen at Water Office, City Hall. Foundation will be put in by Water Works Department.

MILES F. BRENNAN,
President Lowell Water Board.

Lowell, March 17th, 1894.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

ALLAN FRAZER,

Odd Fellows' Block, Middlesex Street

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

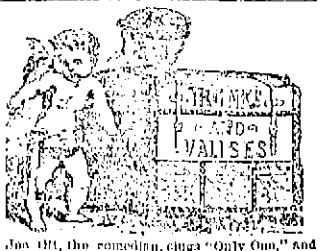
COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.



Joe Hill, the comedian, sings "Only One," and P. Devine, the Trunk Man, takes up the refrain and sings "Only One Trunk Manufacturer in Town." Others try to imitate the public, but when you want a Trunk get it at Devine's, in the wooden building, 70-72 Middlesex Street. Everything in Leather and Canvas Goods to be found in a Modern Trunk Store. Prices Cheapest in Town.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

70-72 Middlesex Street.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.